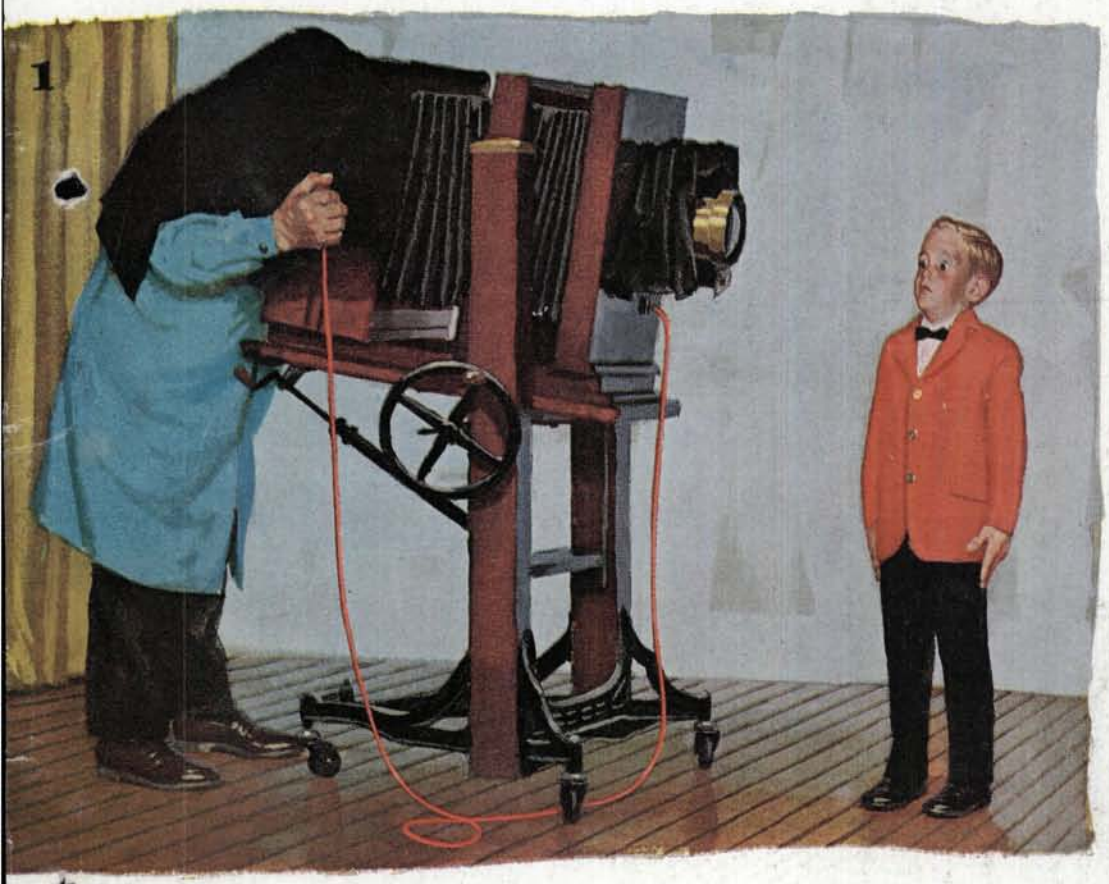
MY 9

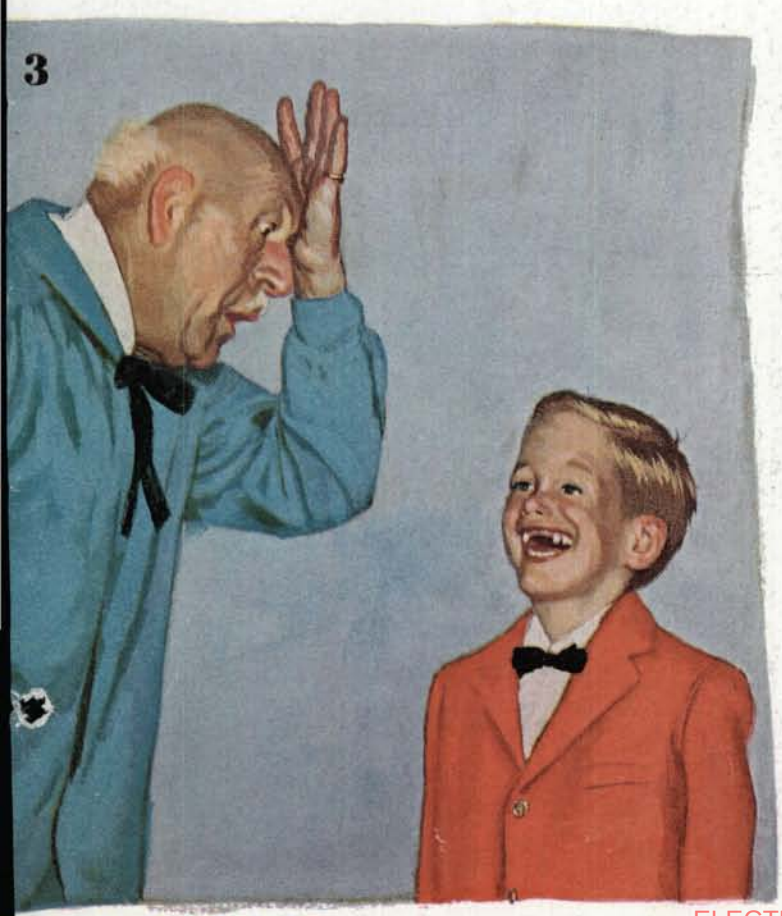
IKE Takes a Look at the GOP

with a portfolio of exclusive pictures of his Mexican holiday

The Saturday Evening POST

Apr. 21, 1962 20¢





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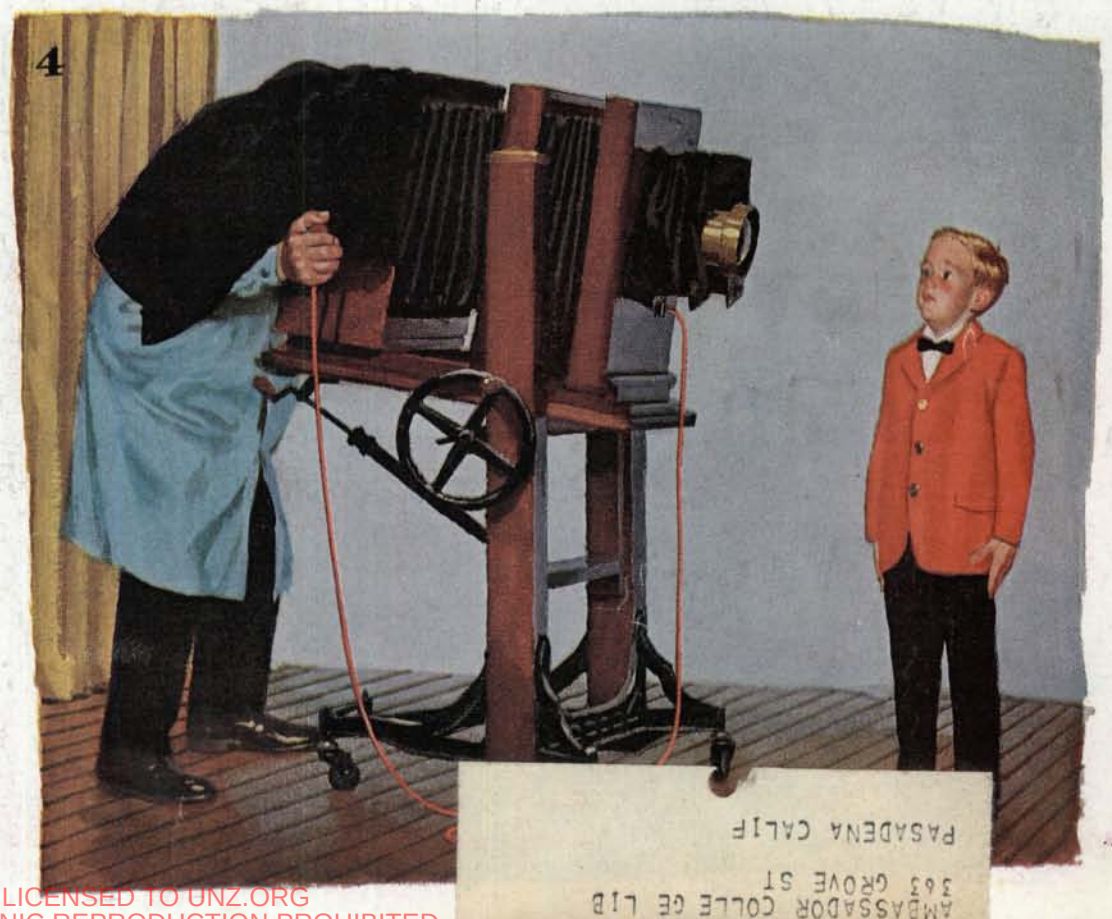

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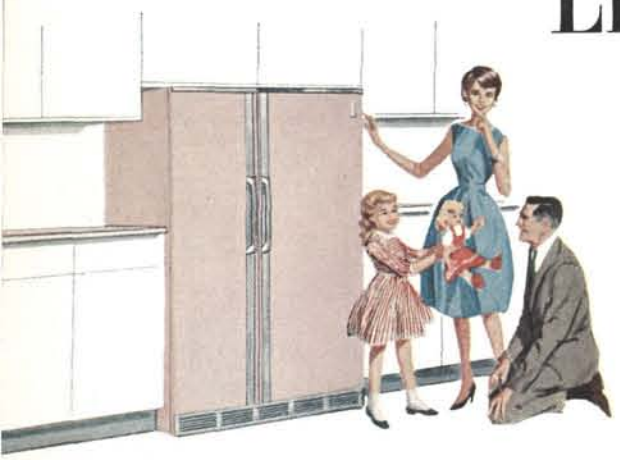
Living Dolls Love Foodarama Living



What's Foodarama Living? A wonderful new way for the whole family to live better and save money, too!

Foodarama gives you a supermarket selection of fresh and frozen food at your fingertips. Save time by shopping less . . . save money by having room for "specials." Entertaining's more fun . . . you can prepare everything in advance.

With Foodarama, you never have to defrost either the refrigerator or freezer. And "No-Frost" Foodarama costs less to buy and operate than a separate refrigerator and freezer.

Fabulous Foodarama is just one example of what Kelvinator's policy of constant basic improvement can do for you. Kelvinator doesn't waste money on costly annual model changes. Instead, it devotes all of its efforts to constantly improving the quality and usefulness of its appliances.

Foodarama gives you a 12 cu. ft. refrigerator and a 5 cu. ft. upright freezer . . . all in a beautiful cabinet only 41 inches wide that fits flush to the wall. Available in 4 decorator colors and white.

Now is the time to move up to

FOODARAMA *by* **Kelvinator**

KELVINATOR AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION RAMBLER

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If you're thinking of investing

The right way vs. the wrong way to invest

in stocks and bonds

Before you invest one dollar, examine the choices below and decide which way you would prefer to go about investing.

Wrong: Don't bother about setting aside money for emergencies. Why worry about tomorrow? Put everything you can into the stock market.

Right: Invest only money left over *after* providing for living expenses and a fund for emergencies.

Wrong: Buy fast when you hear a "hot" tip. Get inside information from "somebody who knows somebody." What does it matter if nobody knows much about the company you're investing in?

Right: Get the facts. Check the company's sales and profit record. Investigate its prospects.

Wrong: Don't worry that any stocks or bonds you buy will decrease in value. Everything is on the way up, and your securities can't miss.

Right: Remember that when you invest there are no guarantees. Prices of stocks and bonds go down as well as up. What's more, they may not continue to pay dividends or interest.

Wrong: Plunge just for the "fast buck." Investing is only for people who want to make a quick killing.

Right: Remember that certain securities are better than others, depending on your purpose. Some may seem to you to stand a good chance to grow in value over the years. You might decide that others are a better choice to provide a steady income from dividends.

Wrong: All brokers are alike. Pick one at random.

Right: Choose a broker with care. Drop in, for example, on a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange and talk to a Registered Representative there. Nobody has all the answers, but he has satisfied Exchange training requirements, passed examinations on his knowledge of the securities business, and is subject to Exchange regulations which govern all Member Firms.

You'll be wise to ask a Member Firm broker about the famous companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Member Firms are listed in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory. Look in the Stock Broker section under "New York Stock Exchange." Talk to the broker about your goals. If you like, ask about the Monthly Investment Plan, which lets you invest with as little as $40 every three months. If you are planning to invest, start right—with the help of a Member Firm broker.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under "New York Stock Exchange" in the stock broker section of the Yellow Pages.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 2-T, P. O. Box 1070, New York 1, N.Y.

Please send me, free "INVESTMENT FACTS," listing more than 400 stocks that have paid dividends every three months for twenty years or more.

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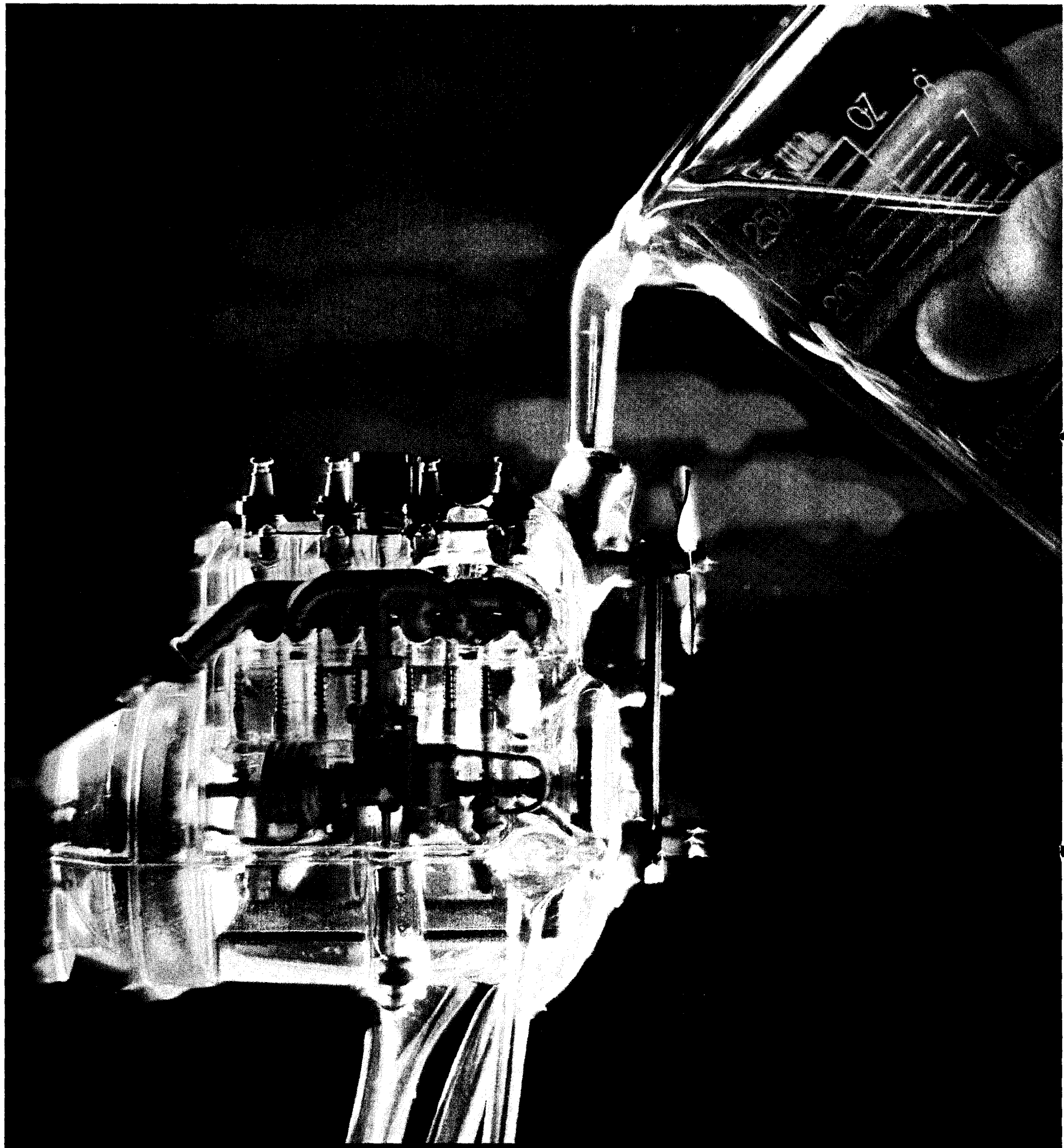

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In this issue

VOLUME 235, NO. 16

Articles

Ike Takes a Look at the GOP, *by Dwight D. Eisenhower* 15
Ike's Mexican Holiday, *photographs and text by Edward Clark* 20
Love Letter to the Queen, *by James Morris* 32
A Night With the S Squad, *by Dean Jennings* 36
The Menningers of Kansas, *by Steven M. Spencer (Part III of 4)* 52
Flattery Can Get You Somewhere, *by Phyllis McGinley* 68
Wacky Artist of Destruction, *by William R. Byron* 76

Fiction

What a Bit of Moonlight Can Do, *by Paul Darcy Boles* 26
The Pressure at the Top, *by Brooks Baldwin* 46
Eden 1962, *by Dick Pearce (Conclusion)* 70

Departments

Letters 4
Speaking Out: *What Has Texas Got to Brag About? by Stanley Walker* 10
People on the Way Up 28
Post Scripts 59
Hazel 74
Editorial 80

Photographer Ed Clark and former President Eisenhower in Mexico.

Hunting With Ike. *Post* photographer **Ed Clark,** invited to accompany General Eisenhower on his recent hunting trip in Mexico, took the exclusive pictures of the former President on pages 20 through 25: Ike dove-shooting and Ike at his easel. Clark shares many of the general's leisure-time interests, such as hunting, fishing and golf. Painting? He makes pictures strictly on film.

Brooks Baldwin, author of THE PRESSURE AT THE TOP (page 46), spends his days working as a lawyer in New York under his real name, which he asks us not to disclose. "There's a good deal of 'type-casting' in business," he says. "Lawyers are supposed to be dull and stuffy in order to be responsible, and writers are supposed to be emotional visionaries. A lawyer who writes fiction runs the risk of being cast as an emotional and visionary lawyer." On weekends, if he doesn't have a satchelful of work, he writes stories. THE PRESSURE AT THE TOP is his first sale. . . . Another first by-line in these pages is that of **William R. Byron,** who works—under the same name—on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*'s Paris edition. After scouting around Paris in his spare time for our PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP feature, he suggested "metamatic" sculptor Jean Tinguely as a possible subject. "Try a full-length article on him," answered *The Post*'s editors. He did, and the result is WACKY ARTIST OF DESTRUCTION on page 76.

Racing against one-way traffic, a patrol car containing three San Francisco S Squad men and photographer **Joern Gerdts** managed to catch up with a man who was running and obviously agitated. His store had been robbed. He jumped into the patrol car, which sped on, and soon identified the holdup man sprinting up Market Street. "We cut in about twenty yards in front of the robber," reports Gerdts, "and he pulled his gun. If a few of my pictures didn't turn out, it's because yours truly was trying to take cover and take pictures at the same time." For the rest of the story—and plenty of pictures that did turn out—see A NIGHT WITH THE S SQUAD (page 36).

Love Letter to the Queen (page 32). Englishman **James Morris,** who spends most of his time in remote countries gathering material for books and reporting for the Manchester *Guardian*, has written articles for *The Post* on Chile, Afghanistan and The Netherlands. Recently he paused at home to examine one of the world's most undemocratic institutions—the monarchy—as it operates in one of the world's most democratic nations.

Queen Elizabeth II. In the background a hanging shows Windsor Castle.

The Cover. The photographer is bothered by the gaps in his subject's mouth, but the boy is bothered only by the forbidding camera. As for the missing grinders, the young man remembers how each of them, deposited under his pillow, was changed by a good fairy from pure ivory into pure coin. We won't venture to speculate on the current price of ivory: For those of us over twenty-five, a tooth was worth a dime. But has inflation hit fairyland too? We hear that nowadays gaps are often good for a quarter.

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LETTERS

INCOME-TAX DEBATE

Dear Sirs:

The suggestion by Ross M. Robertson [SPEAKING OUT: CHANGE THOSE UNFAIR TAX LAWS, Mar. 17] that "the rental value of owner-occupied houses ought to be figured as income" opens magnificent vistas for tax collectors everywhere. Why not figure as income the "taxi value" of owner-driven automobiles? The "laundry value" of owner-sloshing washing machines? The "handyman value" of owner-pushed lawn mowers? . . .

Mr. Robertson says of his owner-occupied house tax, "The British tax this kind of income." Those British! Weren't they the ones who used to tax tea in Boston?

MARJORIE BANISTER
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Although I would raise questions with many points, I was heartened by Mr. Robertson's bold attack on the various vested interests.

NORMAN N. BOWSHER
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Professor Robertson must be a rent-paying, child-hating bachelor to come up with his biased views on income taxes.

JACKSON D. DEWAR
La Jolla, Calif.

● *Actually author Robertson is married, has two children and is "encumbered with my own home and mortgage." He adds, "The point people seem to miss is that I'd be willing to lose some of my deductions if, in doing so, over-all income-tax rates could be reduced."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I agree with Professor Robertson that the income-tax regulations are complicated and that there are inequities. . . . Since it is a complicated task to earn a living, it will always be equally complicated to report the same. Before we jump with both feet for simplification, let's be certain that the end result will not be even more complicated—as has happened so often in the past.

GEORGE E. HUNT, JR., C.P.A.
Champaign, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Please inform Ross M. Robertson that if he would devote his energies to eliminating wasteful Government spending, he wouldn't have to worry about having enough tax revenue. He should direct his fire toward those who spend and spend and spend, and not toward those whose enterprise and thrift provide the present huge sums for irresponsible spenders. Even if a new plan of taxation would double the revenue, the spenders would dissipate it and ask for more. The answer to American financial integrity lies not in the ability of the taxpayers to produce revenue, but in fiscal sanity and control in Washington.

STUART W. COCHRAN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Three cheers for Ross M. Robertson. His constructive article has finally exposed our "subsidized" income-tax laws. It is good to know that *The Post* is willing to print articles in the public interest, however controversial they are.

WAYNE L. NAUKA
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

If Karl Marx or Nikolai Lenin had proposed a plan by which democracy would be brought to its knees quietly, effectively and almost painlessly, they could have found no method more effective than that proposed by Ross Robertson. After slicing through the double-talk, one ugly and frightening fact remains. He is advocating the removal of all incentive for ownership, personal betterment, growth and self-sustenance.

MRS. E. M. WALTERS
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

While I might deplore Professor Robertson's classifying me as a "spinster"—and incidentally one who enjoys life in one of those "potty little houses that infest our suburbs"—I nonetheless do applaud his concern for the unmarried tax bearer. His is, I believe, the first written word I have ever seen to this effect. . . . It's nice to know that somewhere somebody cares!

MARJORIE J. STEINMEYER
Webster Groves, Mo.

OUR WASTED KIDS

Dear Sirs:

Your articles WE WASTE A MILLION KIDS A YEAR [by Mary Conway Kohler and André Fontaine, Mar. 10–24] were thought provoking—enough for me to suggest the armed services for about 90 percent of [these kids]. Their resentment would be no greater than mine when I donated four years of my professional life to the U.S.A. These boys and girls would get a new sense of belonging, an *esprit*, and learn that one isn't a square if he loves the country of his birth enough to serve it.

JOHN O. BANGEMAN, M.D.
Lakeside, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

Why, why, why, always put our kids in the headlines? I just boil and grit my teeth when I read articles like WE WASTE A MILLION KIDS A YEAR. Every day kids take the blame for parents' mistakes. Why don't the writers come out and publish the truth. It all directly or indirectly stems from both parents working, trying to keep up with the Joneses, and the poor kids are paying for it. If the mother would just stay

home and take the proper care of her family, financially, physically, morally, and above all lovingly, she would have a full-time job. It would pay her great dividends.

BESS LE GATE
Sidney, Nebr.

Dear Sirs:

The *Post* has vindicated itself in our family with the series WE WASTE A MILLION KIDS A YEAR. [This situation] *is* a disgrace, and let's do something about it, and by us I mean everybody—government, industry, schools, small towns and big towns and the labor unions. This is a crisis.

MRS. K. F. SPECHT
Compton, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations for an outstanding series of articles in the public interest. WE WASTE A MILLION KIDS A YEAR should have enormous impact on our thinking regarding the whole problem of educating youth.

MILTON L. GRAHM
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

We [also] should be alerted to the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of young people seeking admission to college for the first time in their family tradition and finding it impossible to be admitted, or to afford the tuition costs. . . . We need a new kind of college that can offer post-secondary school higher education to young people for a world in which such education is fundamental for their survival.

ABRAHAM TAUBER, Dean
Bronx Community College
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your articles may be timely, but should have been subtitled, The Fruit of the Welfare State. . . . The basic cause is irresponsible parenthood, encouraged and promoted by the thought that the world owes them a living and will owe their children a living.

K. O. NEWHOUSE
Glendale, Calif.

CAROL BURNETT'S DEBT

Dear Sirs:

Carol Burnett is one of my favorites, and I am grateful to *The Post* for having Pete Martin interview her [BACKSTAGE WITH CAROL BURNETT, Mar. 10]. Now for my question: Did Miss Burnett repay the owner of the construction company in San Diego the $1000 he so graciously loaned her to first go to New York to get her start?

SAMMIE N. HAIR
North Charleston, S.C.

● *Miss Burnett says she paid back the loan "right smack on the day" it was due—five years later.—ED.*

CHICAGO-NEW YORK FEUD

Dear Sirs:

Although Stanley Frank's article [NEW YORK'S COLOSSAL COLISEUM, Feb. 24] was very informative, we do take objection to his statement that the New York Coliseum is the leading exposition center in the United States. Chicago is not only the "Convention Capital of the World," but it has two exposition centers which are larger than the New York Coliseum, namely the International Amphitheatre and McCormick Place. In fact, the International Amphitheatre is the largest exhibit hall in the United States.

A close check of the records will reveal that in the same five-year period that you mentioned, 1956–1961, the Chicago International Amphitheatre held first place as the nation's foremost exposition center, and in 1961, the first year of its operation, McCormick Place in Chicago established a United States convention record, as an exposition center.

HARRY G. KIPKE, President
Chicago Convention Bureau, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

● *Mr. Kipke, former Michigan football great, draws this rebuttal from author Frank: "My article was devoted exclusively to expositions. The caliber of*

these events in regard to importance, goods sold and international commerce stimulated is the determining factor governing leadership in the field, and on this count I defend the top billing given the New York Coliseum."—ED.

ON DISCRIMINATION

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial on MR. KENNEDY'S DELIBERATE SPEED [Feb. 24], with respect to critical civil-rights issues, is both wise and tolerant.

E. H. GREEN
Oakton, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial concerning the progress of President Kennedy's civil-rights program was a very interesting account of a common sense approach to a difficult problem. But your writer veered sharply from the course of common sense when he said "the elimination of the literacy test is highly desirable." Of course I don't approve of the way literacy tests have been rigged for purposes of discrimination. But the ability to read and write English is a reasonable requirement for voting and a necessity for intelligent citizenship.

ELIZABETH S. KING
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your comment that "we will not be satisfied until every form of public discrimination has been eliminated" will be applauded throughout the land. The word "discrimination" is quite applicable to the North. We in the South openly admit our social pattern of segregation with equal but separate facilities—mores followed for over a century and upheld by the U. S. Supreme Court for more than fifty years. Your specious implication that discrimination and segregation are synonymous smacks of political machinations and is in keeping with the present trend of government by judicial tyranny and presidential decree.

J. KENNETH ENGLAND
Birmingham, Ala.

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WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT DOES FOR YOU

Family Security Check-Up

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2. You weigh your responsibilities: mortgage or rent payments, education, retirement, accident and sickness emergencies; how much it would cost your family to live without you.

3. You learn where you stand. You determine your weak and strong points . . . whether the provisions you have made for your family will do what you intend. You get the facts in front of you.

4. You plan for the future. Based on these facts, you decide what action, if any, may be needed to give you a family security plan, tailor-made to your own needs and ambitions—one which makes good sense for *you.*

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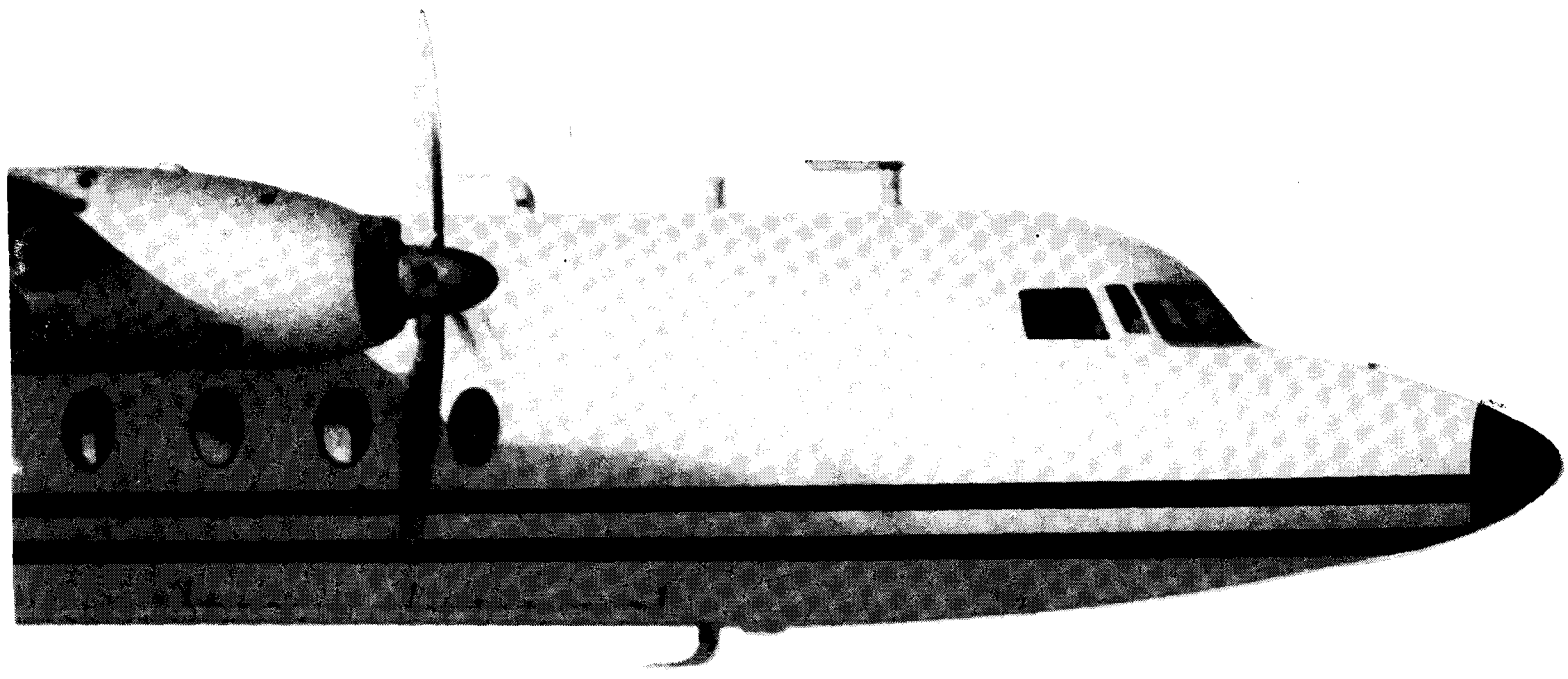

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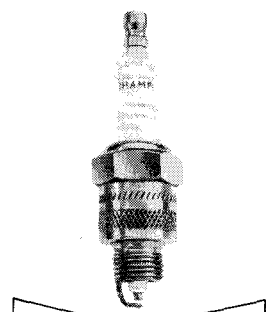
Contest opens April 16—closes May 27. Winners will be notified about July 31. Trip can be taken any time during the following 12 months. So don't delay . . . drive in and ask for your free spark plug check and complete your entry blank *today!*



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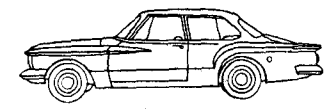
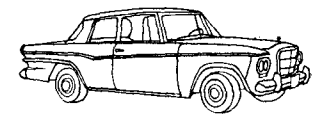
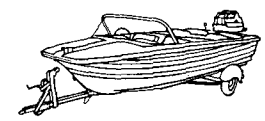


1962 Valiant. 2-door sedan model "V-100". This exciting car comes equipped with heater and whitewall tires!

1962 Rambler. American custom convertible. This exciting convertible comes equipped with heater and whitewall tires!

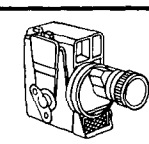


1962 Studebaker Lark. 2-door sedan. This exciting car comes equipped with heater and whitewall tires!

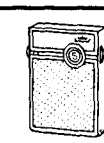


2 Traveler Runabouts. Equipped with trailer and any up-to-40-hp outboard motor of your choice, for family fun afloat!

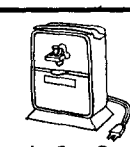
10 Admiral Color TV Sets. Ultraslim table model. Detachable legs. Gives true-to-life color reception. Simplified precision tuning!



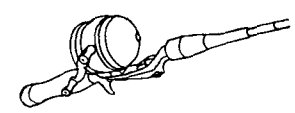
33 DeJur Zoom-lens Movie Cameras. 8mm automatic electric-eye camera. Easy-to-use zoom lens lets you take more exciting home movies!



333 Admiral Transistor Radios. Lightweight pocket-size 6-transistor radio. Lets you tune in to your favorite programs wherever you go!



333 Rival Electric Can Openers. Opens all cans—every size and shape. Leaves safe, smooth edge. A real timesaver for your kitchen!



527 Zebco Rods and Reels. Feather-touch, spin-cast reel with matched 2-piece rod. Perfectly balanced for greater casting ease!

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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

What Has Texas Got To Brag About?

BY STANLEY WALKER

The only dependable, all-weather statement that is sure to get a laugh these days, anywhere outside the state and in any circumstances, is this: "I'm from Taixus."

Arkansas, Brooklyn, Ho-Ho-Kus, Peoria, Dubuque, Oshkosh, Kankakee and Kalamazoo—all excellent laugh getters in their time—have been replaced by the dear old Lone Star State. Texas, in a cockeyed sort of way, is the grotesque masterpiece of the modern sport of image making. The result has been partly accidental, partly due to the accumulation of cruel jests by outsiders, and in large measure—there's little use denying this—to the shenanigans, the posturings and the wild native folk cries of the Texans themselves. It is quite useless for the injured Texan to ask, "Why are they laughing?" or to defend himself as an ordinary, decent, well-mannered citizen, which is often true. The damage has been done and, as usual, the innocent suffer with the guilty.

And now, in a move which ought to be good for deep, rumbling guffaws, Texas plans to take steps. It is thinking of advertising itself. Instead of the endless oral dissemination of free brags, Texas intends to spend state tax money to direct the boasting along proper and scientific lines. This boosting crusade will be two-pronged, with the object (1) of attracting new industries and (2) attracting more tourists.

A special session of the legislature in January of this year failed at the last moment to pass an advertising appropriation bill, but this is only a temporary setback. The project will come up again and sooner or later will be carried out—if busted Texas can scrape up the money.

The job of making Texas more attractive to new industries so far has been mostly supported by business interests, and is little more than an attempt to co-ordinate and expand work already being done by established organizations. The other part of the program—the "Let's Project Our Real Image" dream—is what is causing all the argument and soul-searching. In the first place, the state finances are in such a depleted condition that many state institutions are starved, and needed improvements impossible.

The nub of the matter may be summed up in this question: "Just what is it about Texas, son, that you propose to advertise?" It is a most embarrassing question. And it leads to other questions and comment, such as these: "Come to think of it, what have we got to brag about?" "What have we got to offer tourists?"

Now, don't get me wrong. I am a Texan, loyal as they come. My ancestors were Texans, or Texians, when the place was a howling solitude. I live in Texas by choice, but I live far out in the hills, where life is relatively serene. I would be greatly disturbed if a "new industry" tried to invade my quiet precincts, and three or four tourists a year are about all I can take. At the same time, I am happy to support anything that is demonstrably for the improvement of the state. But I am suspicious of ballyhoo. Is that clear?

One of the oddities of the situation is that Texans are among the world's most assiduous, dedicated tourists. They go to the ski slopes in winter—or to Arizona or Acapulco; at other seasons, one may find Texans prowling around the Holy Land, the Taj Mahal, French cafés, Hawaii, the English countryside, the Norwegian fjords, Italy, Spain and Mexico. Some of the richer ones even go on African safaris.

Texans are also great imitators. In thinking of a state publicity program, Texas is merely following the pattern set by the adjoining states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and New Mexico, as well as Arizona and Colorado. Indeed, a great many Texans, while professing pride in their own state, apparently think that Colorado is the next best thing to heaven. They go there in droves, winter and summer. And I'm told the natives there don't like them very well.

Texas would have a plausible case if it contented itself with a platform proclaiming that it has done fairly well with the material at hand, including the human beings. The state highway system is not at all bad. Much ordinary courtesy—a neglected human quality in many states—may be found. The state has much to reward the leisurely traveler, as distinguished from the tourist hurrying across 800 sun-baked miles to Mexico or the Far West. Bird watchers, geologists, botanists, ecologists, students of Southwestern life and history—hunters, fishermen, beachcombers, old folks who want to sit quietly—all these can find much of interest in Texas.

While pressure was being put on the legislature to appropriate money for promoting tourism, several unsettling discoveries were made. One was that the state park system is badly run down, undermanned and generally unprepared for the reception of tourists. Would-be campers would have a tough time of it. Another discovery was that most of the old missions of San Antonio (a most attractive place in some respects) are difficult to locate except for the more venturesome visitors. It was also found that the San Jacinto Monument, put up during the 1936 centennial celebration, was in poor shape. It would require around $150,000 to put it and the accompanying museum in decent condition. This monument (570 feet high, taller than the Washington Monument, by golly) rises on the old San Jacinto battlefield twenty miles from Houston and is probably, if repaired, a sound enough tourist attraction, though few out-of-state tourists would know what it commemorates. After all, it was Calvin Coolidge who asked, at the Alamo: "Now what was it that happened here?"

So what can Texas brag about?

There is the huge industrial development on the Gulf Coast. There is oil. The oil industry, once so fabulous that it was good for as much as $100,000,000 a year in taxes to support the state-government operations, can no longer be depended upon. Production, strictly regulated to meet demand, has long been set at nine, eight, or even seven days a month. Moreover, Texas wells are now far inferior to those of, say, Iran. In 1961 the legislature, after an agonizing time, adopted a sales tax to take up the slack in state funds.

What of superiority in such things as livestock and agriculture? The figures can be made to look impressive, but the vast area is responsible. Texas does not have the best range grasses for raising cattle. Its cotton, except for a few irrigated spots in West Texas, is nothing to boast about, and there is an overproduction. There is a surplus of grain sorghums, those hardy plants which seriously deplete the soil.

A leading East Texas industrialist recently made a speech in which he referred to the state's "limitless resources" and "self-sufficient economy." Hollow stuff, this. The resources are certainly limited. Water alone is a perennial headache. The sulphur supply is going fast. Where are the uranium mines? Gold, silver, copper? This "self-contained" or "self-sufficient" talk is pure bunk. It is true that Texas does not always have to call on Eastern money for development, but the money from Yankeeland is mighty handy when Texas tries to sell bonds. The Texan's coffee, tea, tobacco, lemons, whiskey and pineapple come from outside the state, and so does much of the sugar, some milk, furniture, clothing and scores of other items. This talk of Texas being "a nation unto itself" is the very cream of hokum.

(The central fact about Texas, my countrymen, is not superiority in much of anything, or breathtaking beauty, or uncommon human achievement, but simply diversity. Mansions and slums, big trees and scrub brush, tall men and runts, deserts and swamps, snakes, alligators and tarantulas, puritans and hellions, great ladies and gabby crones—all are there. Thus when the call comes, "Let's boost Texas!" the rejoinder is, "What facet of Texas are you talking about?")

Texas weather is both joke and brag. Actually it is not so bad, by and large, as legend would have it, any more than the general run of oilmen are as crazy, as splendiferous or as radically right-wing as outsiders seem to think. Here again is diversity. For example, in the last part of January, 1962, Texas had many days of beautiful weather—beautiful, that is, except to tens of thousands of farmers and ranchers who were hoping for rain. This balmy interlude followed a devastating cold wave which broke water pipes all over Texas and reached down into the lower Rio Grande Valley, wiping out the winter gardens and crippling the booming grapefruit industry. A similar freeze in 1951 ruined the grapefruit trees. In Texas, if it isn't one thing it's another. There was a terrible seven-year dry spell in the 1950's. Then, in September of 1961, Hurricane Carla hit the Gulf Coast, destroying small towns and dealing

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Stanley Walker, born in Lampasas, Texas, in 1898, returned to his home state sixteen years ago after a long career as a New York City newspaper editor, magazine writer and book author.

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poor historic, decaying Galveston a most cruel blow.

Texans gripe about their weather, but they defend it against outside attacks. Indeed, they always defend their own, even in the most ludicrous circumstances. Once I heard a man say: "I raised eight of the finest boys you ever saw. Mighty proud of them. Only four of them were sentenced to the penitentiary."

Some towns seem to preen themselves for the wrong reasons. For example, Hillsboro, between Dallas and Waco, in the old Blackland cotton-farming belt, has a courthouse which is a sensational example of nightmarish architecture. Connoisseurs of the eccentric have often noted this structure, and it gives Hillsboro a certain distinction. But does anyone ever brag that Hillsboro is the birthplace of the magnificent Negro athlete, Rafer Johnson? Not so anyone can hear it. And Rafer Johnson, who lives in California, recalls his Texas childhood with anything but warm nostalgia, and the very name Hillsboro causes him to shudder.

Texans are faced with a painful dilemma: On one hand, if they write books mostly about Texas, or speak too much of things more or less indigenous to the state, or seem preoccupied with the fragrant Lone Star culture, they are charged with insularity, provincialism, narrow parochialism, chauvinism, jingoism, and sometimes even Fascism. On the other hand, if they reach out and try to absorb the riches of universal human culture, they are accused of being out of their depth, pretentious, maybe uppity. The *Tejano* can't please anybody.

A case in point is Waco, where, at Baylor University, is the massive Armstrong collection of material pertaining to the life and works of Robert Browning. This collection is much admired, and even persons who don't care much for the sweet singer of Wimpole Street and environs and his wife (I happen to be one of those) have been drawn to examine the assembled memorabilia. Now, in all sense and fairness, Waco has as much right to a Browning collection as New York has to a Rembrandt. And yet there is a widespread feeling that something is wrong. "Incongruous" is the word. One critic puts it this way: "It jars me a little, as if Lyndon Johnson were to give his fancy saddle, the pride of LBJ Ranch, to the Louvre."

"The state has a great many first-rate second-class men." That disparaging statement has bobbed up occasionally over the past fifty years. It has some plausibility, but it hurts a little. Only the other day a Dallas leader, getting on in years, observed that the older movers and shakers of the community (members of the benevolent oligarchy which has seen Dallas through its recent decades of bewildering growth) were passing from the scene, and he asked a wistful question: "Where are the young bulls?" Local patriots retorted that the young bulls were coming along: they would be ready in time. Maybe so.

Texas political leaders uniformly lack zip. Most of them suffer from an inability to say anything clearly or gracefully. (There are a few honorable exceptions.) Out of his long political career, John Nance Garner of Uvalde is remembered for one sentence, his formalized invitation to have a drink: "Let's strike a blow for liberty." From the remarks of the late Speaker Sam Rayburn, the obituary writers were able to find only one quotable dictum: "If you want to get along—go along." This advice, practical though it may be, is nothing more than a plea for subservience to party leaders. Whether Vice President Lyndon Johnson's stirring call—"This proposal deserves the most serious consideration"—will prove immortal is still debatable.

One favorite boast is as good as dead, mercifully—that is, the fond assumption that Texans are self-reliant, independent and proud to stand on their own feet. Texas is far up toward the head of the list of states taking a cut of Federal money for various purposes. The farmers want to be paid handsomely for not raising crops; the sheepmen want to be protected from Australian wool and lamb; ranchers want overgrazed land restored with Federal money; schools want help but no Federal control. Even the cattlemen, the proud lords of creation who boast that they want to go their own way, are afraid of competing with Argentine beef.

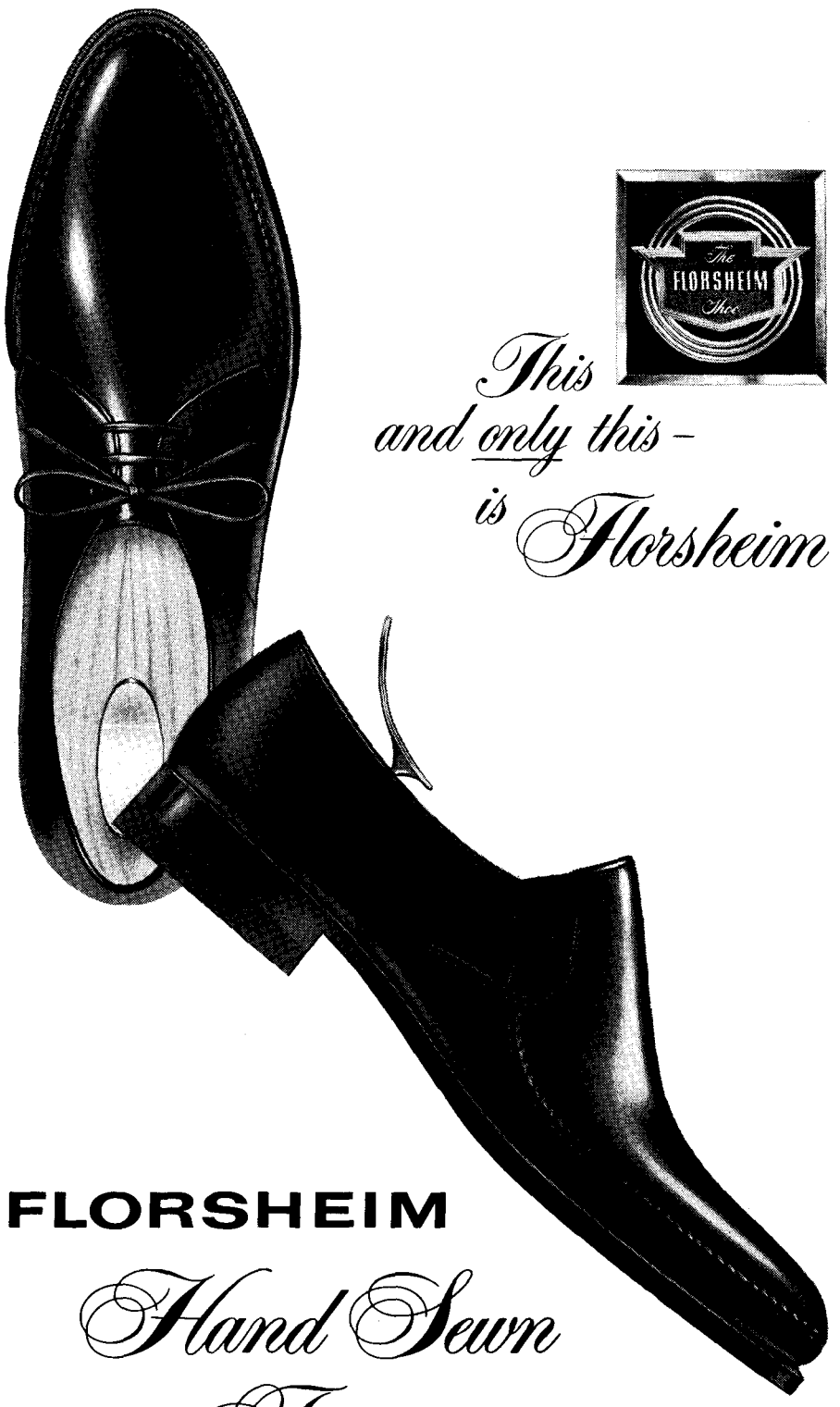
Texans sometimes seem ancestor crazy. They are so fascinated by their own history that they have been accused of forgetting what century they live in. However, many of us believe this is a healthy sign and nothing to apologize for unless it is overdone. The much touted "Texas heritage," like the heritage of every country with a stirring history, is exceedingly spotted—not all valorous, or sensible or even praiseworthy, but surely worth remembering.

Thus the visitor to Texas will find no ski slopes, no mile-high lakes full of trout, no fancy racetracks, no gambling joints on the Nevada pattern, very little eyefilling scenery or salt air or snowcapped peaks; no red-eyed, dusty cowboys singing in the saddle; a few county fairs and country rodeos and dude ranches, but no distinguished cultural festivals. But he will find plenty of quiet reminders of a tough and romantic past. There's nothing phony here.

As for food and drink—well, the food is a gamble and more than half the counties of Texas are dry. If Texans would only view themselves with a little more realism, and pipe down a bit, they would have a state which would attract many persons who do not insist upon superlatives. As one honest booster put it after the Legislature failed to grant advertising money:

"It's just as well. Looking around, I think it might be a good idea to fix up the joint a little before we invite people in for dinner."

THE END



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Only the finest Hand Stitching comes up to Florsheim Standards!

In ordinary shoes ornamental "skin stitching" is a matter of seconds—by machine! Florsheim demands it be done by hand! Costs more to make—costs *less* to wear—because this is just another touch of quality to keep Florsheim Shoes looking better longer. *This*—and *only* this—is FLORSHEIM!

Upper:
The ROYCE, *20635; three-eyelet blucher, hand-stitched front; 30637 in Espresso brown.* $24.95

Lower:
The ROYCE, *20030; Magic Top slip-on hand-stitched front; 30023 in Perfecto brown.* $24.95

Most Florsheim styles $19.95 *to* $24.95

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For half a century, Armstrong research has set the pace for progress in the tire industry. First with the Interlocking Tread design . . . first to mass-produce tires of new "cold rubber" . . . first with "Bag-O-Matic" (the tire-building machines today adopted by virtually every major tire maker). And Armstrong pioneered and patented famous "Ounce of Prevention" Safety Discs —the most widely imitated feature in tires today. Now, Armstrong creates the tire you see above. We call it The Wide-Track Tread. So totally new, so different, it promises to be the most talked-about tire innovation of our time . . . designed to give you up to 10,000 more miles than ordinary tires! Get extra mileage and extra safety with Armstrong Tires.

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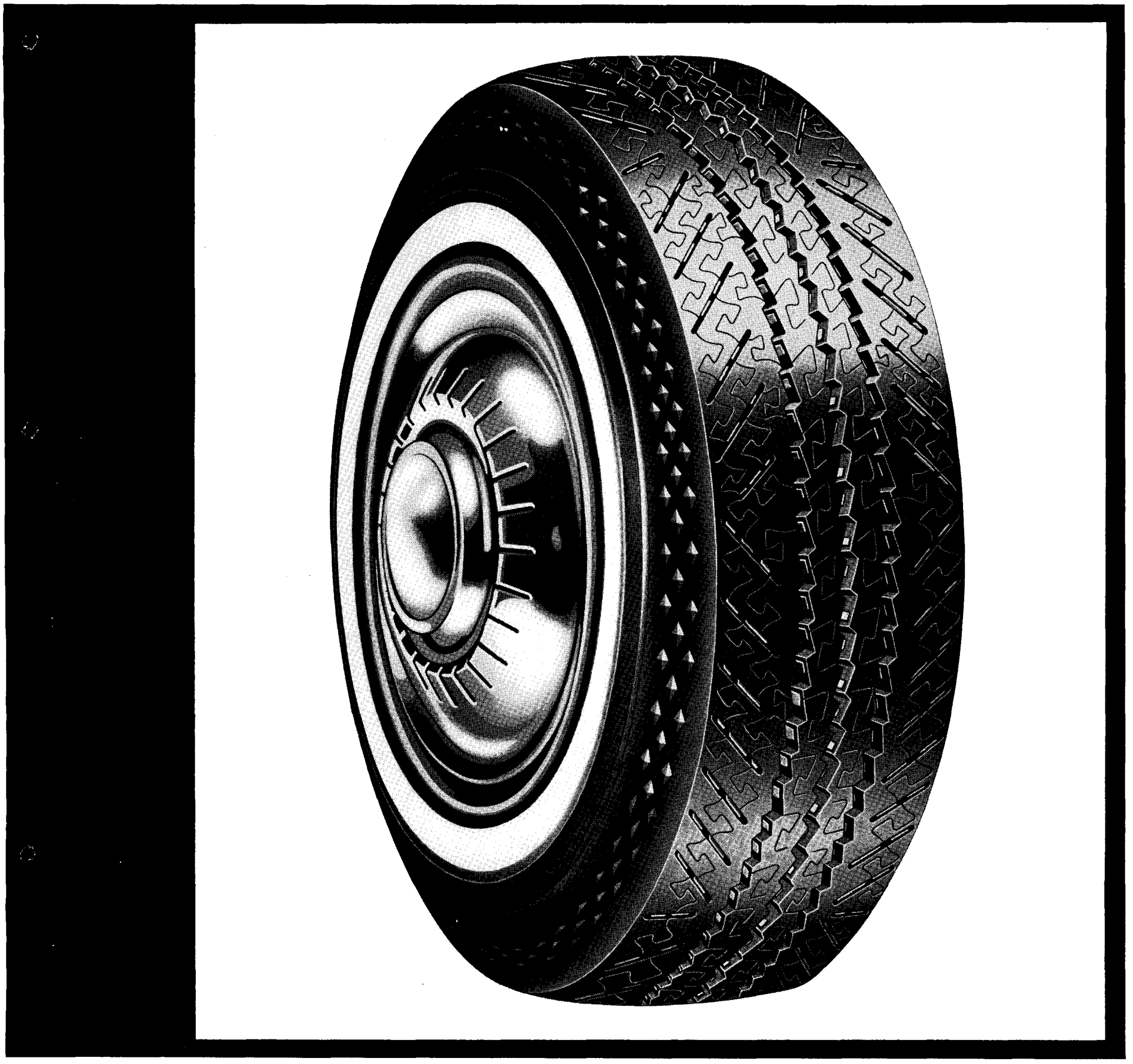
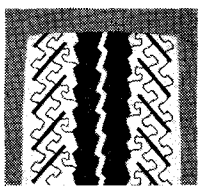


NEW WIDE-TRACK TREAD: GIVES YOU UP TO 10,000 MORE MILES THAN ORDINARY TIRES



Conventional tires have narrow outer tread ribs which rub-and-scuff-away rubber to rob you of mileage. Now, Armstrong doubles the width of the outer ribs . . . doubles the rubber where tires wear most . . . gives you up to 10,000 more miles than ordinary tires. Extra: new Armstrong tread compound gives quietest ride ever, minimizes hum and squeal. For safety, silence, and unprecedented mileage—choose The New Armstrong Wide-Track, priced no higher than ordinary tires.

PATENTED SAFETY-DISC GRIP: THE "OUNCE OF PREVENTION" THAT CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE!

Only Armstrong Tires have Safety Discs molded between the tread ribs. Just as discs keep fingers of fist apart (see illustration, right) Safety Discs keep tread ribs apart, always ready to grip the road to help prevent deadly skids—no matter how hard you brake! Now, Safety Discs have been extended to the tire's outermost ribs, molded within new, diagonal Traction Slots, to give even greater grip. Make your next tire The Armstrong Wide-Track—proudest product of Armstrong tire engineering in 50 years.

ARMSTRONG: SERVING AMERICA WITH SAFETY ON THE HIGHWAY FOR HALF A CENTURY—
YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER TIRE...TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!

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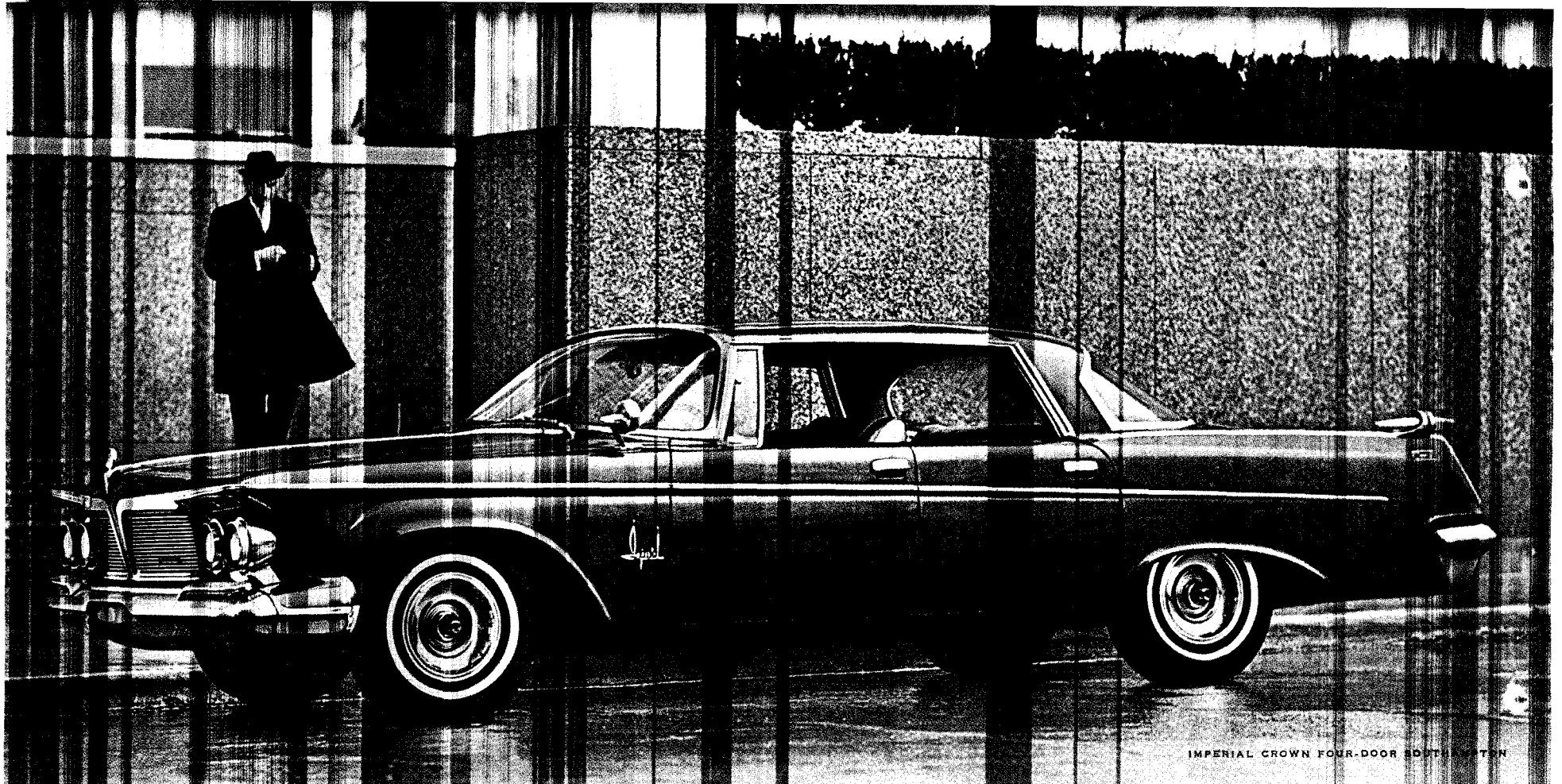

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We believe that no amount of discussion about our unique torsion-bar suspension can tell how comfortably an Imperial rides and handles. Engineering talk about acceleration, transmission ratios and horsepower can only suggest Imperial's vigor and liveliness. And none of the much-used "luxury" adjectives quite pin down this car's formal elegance.

Only by driving and comparing Imperial will you find out what you might not even imagine merely from listening.

So when our invitation arrives, please accept it. At a convenient time, a new Imperial will be delivered to your home or office by one of our dealers. If you wish, he will confine his explanation to a detailing of the car's controls. Then you will conduct your own test, on your own terms. We think your Imperial tour will be revealing . . . and exciting.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
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IKE TAKES A LOOK AT THE GOP

BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

The Republican Party's future as seen by a veteran of eight years in the White House. The general assesses his party's strength—and weaknesses—and examines the prospects of such GOP leaders as Nixon and Rockefeller.

© 1962 by Dwight D. Eisenhower

Also: An exclusive view of Ike on a leisurely vacation. Six pages of photographs of the former President in Mexico.

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"I SEE NO REASON . . . THAT THE GOP, WITH BRAINS . . . IS DOOMED TO WITHER ON THE

We hear a deal of pessimistic talk these days—some of it deliberately stirred up by political opponents—about the future of the Republican Party. Many political columnists and commentators express the opinion that the party cannot expect to make substantial gains in the elections this fall and that the Republican presidential nomination in 1964 will be, at best, nothing more than an empty honor. Some of the more extreme "experts" are telling us, in their usual cocksure way, that the GOP is destined to remain the minority party in the foreseeable future. Even some of our own party leaders have privately expressed a rather bleak opinion of our prospects.

I do not share this pessimism; in fact, I think that the nation is reawakening to the worth of Republican dedication to responsible government and real progress in our economy—and is getting ready to act accordingly.

Despite recent political reverses, I believe that the Republican Party, based as it is on a sound governmental philosophy, can and should once again become the majority party, both in the states and in Washington. I see no reason to assume that the GOP, with all the talent and brains that it has within its ranks, is doomed to wither on the political vine—or to remain merely the party of opposition.

On the other hand, I grant that it is time for the Republican Party to take stock. The soul-searching which is now going on among some of our party leaders can be a very good thing—provided it is done in a spirit of confidence and with a firm determination to do something constructive about our problems. Certainly there are things that can be done. And we must ask ourselves, and keep on asking: "In political activity, is it our aim to serve the United States or merely, through elections, to satisfy selfish ambition?"

Looking back over the past three decades, we admit that the over-all Republican record at the polls is far from bright. In the last eight national elections, beginning in 1932, we have won the Presidency but twice. During all that thirty-year period, we have had control of Congress only four years. Today in the House of Representatives we are outnumbered three to two, and in the Senate two to one. In 1930 there were thirty Republican governors in the forty-eight states; now we have sixteen in fifty. Only fourteen of our forty-one largest cities produced Republican majorities in 1960.

These are depressing facts, but interspersed among them are some encouraging spots. We Republicans should not forget, and we should never let the country forget, that in the 1960 presidential election the Democratic candidate won by only 113,057 popular votes out of the tremendous total of 68,330,005 votes cast for the two major-party candidates. Indeed, the experts with the sharp pencils have figured out that a shift of just 12,000 votes distributed among five states would have given Vice President Nixon a majority of the electoral votes, and we would have had a Republican administration in Washington today. I insist that a party which could muster almost 50 percent of the total vote in 1960, and in the elections of 1952 and 1956 rolled up majorities running into the millions, is by no means ready to be consigned to oblivion.

Moreover, every time we go into state and congressional elections, we have plentiful evidence that the Republican doctrine of government has great appeal, when skillfully and honestly exposed to the public. Time and again we see vigorous, personable, articulate Republicans of obvious integrity win in areas where the odds seem to be against them—where the ratio of registrations is heavily in favor of our opponents. There is a lesson here for the party. It means, quite simply, that we must push ahead our more effective leaders, particularly our younger leaders, give them more of a voice in the party, more visibility to the public. There is no dearth of such leaders in the Republican Party.

This coming November some of our states will elect governors, and I think Republican chances are quite good in many of these state elections. While not willing at this point to predict specific victories, I have been interested by what I see happening, for example, in four of our populous states—Michigan, California, Pennsylvania and New York. The first three of these now have Democratic governors, and if we can capture those and hold New York where it is now, in the Republican column, we will have made a significant gain.

People are always asking me what I think of Dick Nixon's chances in California. I think they are good. I know, of course, that registration figures are heavily against him, but I also know how able he is. While I assume he still has a primary contest to meet, I know the kind of conviction and persuasiveness—and, above all, the kind of vigor—he puts into a campaign. In Michigan I am told that George Romney, who resigned recently as president of American Motors to make the race for the governorship, is attracting a great deal of attention. Recently I have talked with Mr. Romney, and I was impressed by his vitality and sincerity—and by his ideas on good government.

In my home state of Pennsylvania I believe that Congressman William W. Scranton, an able and appealing man—who, with the blessing of the state's Republican leaders, including Senator Hugh Scott, now seems assured of the Republican nomination in the May primary—can win the governorship in the fall election. And in New York I see no reason why Governor Rockefeller should not duplicate his performance of 1958, when he won his state by a tidy margin of 573,000.

Quickly I admit that I could be wrong about any or all of these states; local political situations are always subject to every kind of diversionary influence. I have usually found it unwise to make claims to prophetic vision until *after* election results are known. What I am saying is that if we Republicans will look around the states in this spring of 1962, we will find plenty of reason to get steamed up.

In the meantime, there are chores to be done within the party, and we should get at them without delay.

One of the most formidable is to build at the local level a far better organization than we now have. As compared with the Democrats, we are seriously undermanned in working party personnel, and this is particularly true in our large cities—the electoral area where we always show up weakest.

In January of 1961, after the results of the 1960 election had been analyzed, Senator Thruston Morton, then chairman of the Republican National Committee, appointed several groups to explore party problems. One of these committees, headed by Ray C. Bliss, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Ohio, was assigned to study the weakness of the party in the big cities. Mr. Bliss and his associates spent a year digging into this situation and presented their report, a remarkable and detailed document, in January of this year.

As a sample of the problems turned up by the committee, I quote a couple of paragraphs from the preface of the Bliss report:

"As a concrete illustration of one aspect of the problem . . . look at Philadelphia. There the Republican city headquarters has four full-time persons on its staff. They work in small quarters—several rooms in an office building—and have very little office equipment. There is an excellent clippings library, but few other political records are kept. Before this year, for example, no statistics on division (precinct) voting patterns were maintained.

"Contrast this with the Democratic headquarters in Philadelphia. The Democratic staff has about thirty full-time people. In addition to a large group of clerk-stenographers, the Democrats enjoy the full-time services of such specialists as a director of surveys and research, a registration director and several publicity men. The staff is located in well-equipped quarters in a building owned by the party. In addition to this staff and equipment, the Democratic headquarters contracts to have a private firm handle

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ALL ITS TALENT AND POLITICAL VINE. . . ."

Former Vice President Nixon

New York's Governor Rockefeller

its mailings and rents IBM record-keeping services. It maintains data not only on Philadelphia but on other counties in the state. In the same building the Democratic city finance chairman has his own staff of ten persons."

Here, of course, we see one of the reasons why our opponents were able to roll up a majority of more than 300,000 for President Kennedy in Philadelphia, overcoming a substantial Republican majority elsewhere in the state. And Philadelphia is only a sample. As normal practice we Republicans, starting a few months before each election, work hard in support of the Party's slate, but then our organizations and our staffs are allowed to go to pieces between times. We tend to forget the old political axiom that victories at the polls are most often won in the off-years, between elections.

The paragraphs I quoted from the Bliss report dealt with professional workers, but there is another, and very important, side to political organization, the volunteer workers; and in these, also, we frequently are far too weak. I have noted that many a good Republican is prone to assume he has done his bit when he makes a contribution to the party each election year. Not enough of us are ready to ring doorbells, to help organize the block or the apartment house and to spread the Republican doctrine of government among our friends. For some reason which I cannot fathom, the Democrats have become more diligent workers at the precinct level than the Republicans. We shall never win elections by neglecting this vital element of party responsibility.

Furthermore, we should work harder to find and cooperate with potential allies of the Republican Party—all kinds of citizens who want to help promote sound and progressive government. Many of these people organize themselves into groups, and this kind of organization—political but not highly partisan—is especially appealing to younger citizens, particularly when they are not yet fully committed to membership in either party. Such citizens' groups command no patronage, establish no political machines and have no selfish ends to serve; they work for causes or, at times, for personalities. We should always warmly welcome them to our fold and encourage them, but we should never try to dictate campaign methods and procedures to them. We must give them their heads.

Moreover, there is always the possibility that the members of these groups, particularly the younger ones, persuaded of the essential rightness of Republican political philosophy, will in time join our ranks as dedicated workers. I have seen this happen many times.

Youth, with its vitality, energy and idealism, often seems skeptical of the value of traditional party systems and likes to pick and choose among candidates and issues on both sides of the political fence. Yet everyone who has studied our form of government—or any government which is truly "by and for the people"—knows that systems of self-government are operated by political parties. Without the party mechanisms government would be chaotic. Hence strong parties are a necessity, and most independents come to see this in time. We should try to make it clear to all who lean toward the Republican doctrine that there is room in our party for people who hold diverse views on details. We should persuade them that they can accomplish more for good government within the ranks of the party—by helping to improve the party, even if they don't like some things about it—than they can on the outside. Only in this way can they have an influence in the selection of the candidates for whom they want to work and vote.

There has always been a tendency in political parties to place emphasis on seniority. In its place seniority is fine—in the Congress it is the result of reelection after reelection, and it confers increasing influence and authority on the man who achieves it. But to reach such a position of influence requires that the congressman begin his political career at a relatively early age. Seniority should have little place in the selection of candidates for existing vacancies in public office.

In the old days in the Army we had a rigid system of seniority, which made it almost impossible in peacetime for an able young officer to break out of the set mold and move on up at a more rapid pace, in accordance with his abilities. Yet when World War II came along and we were fighting for the life of this country, much of this military rigidity was abandoned, and men who could fill demanding jobs were advanced rapidly into positions of great responsibility. I suggest that the Republican Party is now in something of an emergency situation and that, consequently, we should give far less emphasis to seniority. It is more important than formerly to select new candidates for office from the able and relatively young. One of the ways by which we can win workers and voters over to our side—and again particularly the young—is to give them candidates of genuine appeal.

Last summer I was asked to make an appearance on a "Republican Hour" on television. I took a look at the program and found it was the same sort of thing we have often done before—our well-known party leaders discussing issues and the Republican doctrine. All of them were competent and sound men, but their faces and their thoughts were already highly familiar to the American public. I replied that I did not care to appear unless we could do something different, and I suggested that for the ten or twelve minutes set aside for my part of the program we should get a group of the promising but lesser-known young congressmen of the party to come to my Gettysburg farm and carry on, with me, an unrehearsed discussion in front of the cameras.

This was done, and when the tapes were run off at the preview, it was decided by those in charge to give this part of the program far more than the brief period originally planned. The public response to that program and its new faces was excellent—all that I hoped it would be. This, I insist, is one of the ways we can project a better image of our party to the public. We should see to it that our vigorous young leaders get to be known beyond their own states and localities. And television is not the only way. When the party is called upon for speakers and special workers—and there are a great many such requests—we should seize the opportunity to focus attention on the abilities and personalities of these vital leaders, thus demonstrating to the voters what kind of talent and brains we have coming up in our party. I think that older leaders would be glad, on occasion, to step aside for this purpose.

Incidentally, I apply this philosophy to myself. I receive an enormous number of requests to speak at party affairs—as any ex-President always does—and I accept a few. On the other hand, I am compelled to decline far, far more than I accept—for two reasons. In the first place, I have a program of work which I have promised to carry out, and I also want a few years of more leisurely life. I want some time for my home on the farm, with Mamie, and to enjoy my grandchildren—and for golf and hunting and visiting with my friends. That's on the personal side. However, there is a second and equally important reason for my reluctance to appear at every Republican gathering to which I am asked. I think the party should be looking forward, not backward, and as a responsible official of the Government I belong to the past.

This statement doesn't mean that I want to be forgotten. I like to be consulted on important party and governmental matters, and I want to give what help I can. But the time has come when I should not be a focal point of Republican activity and planning. It is time for the younger men—the men who still have the day-to-day job to do for party and country—to make the speeches at state and local fund-raising dinners and carry the burdens of party leadership.

And while we are discussing men and candidates, I might mention another phase of the matter. Every now and then someone says to me: "Things certainly have come to a pretty pass when we must stop to consider whether an

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"MAYBE OUR CANDIDATE (IN 1964) SHOULD BE WELL-KNOWN—MAYBE NOT. WE HAVE MANY

otherwise competent candidate projects well on television. Now our candidates have to be actors yet!" That always gives me a chuckle. Television has become one of the elemental facts of political life, and there's nothing we can do about that, even if we would. Moreover, I think it is an excellent medium for getting across our ideas and presenting our candidates to the widest possible audience.

To be sure, a candidate appearing on TV must have a sincerity and persuasiveness—even magnetism—that project well on this electronic medium, but after all, these are the same qualities of leadership that every public man has needed since the founding of our republic. It has never been true in this country that a man who aspires to public office must be a matinee idol. Abraham Lincoln was a very homely man, but he had the power to sway and to lead people, and if he were living today I'll wager he would be deeply impressive on television. Bob Taft was not a handsome man, but his sincerity and vitality were such that he was able to persuade people and win elections. I could cite other examples endlessly. My point is that it is foolish, and a bit anachronistic, to moan about television and yearn for the "good old days" when the air waves were silent. Rather, we must embrace this new medium gladly, even enthusiastically, and make it work for the Republican Party.

Having taken a look at the problems of party organization and candidates, we must also consider the matter of issues and principles. I keep reading in the columns of the political pundits that the Republican Party over the years since 1932 had developed an "againster" image. These writers say—and they put it in the form of an accusation—that we are usually against, rarely for, new legislation.

There are two answers to this sort of talk. The first is that we have been by no means merely a party of opposition. Suppose we recall just a few of the progressive and useful measures, among many others, that the Republican Party backed and achieved during the eight years from 1953 to 1961 only: the St. Lawrence Seaway; statehood for Hawaii and Alaska; Atoms for Peace, the proposal which led to the creation of an International Atomic Energy Agency; expansion of Social Security to cover 10,000,000 additional citizens; enactment of the first Civil Rights legislation in eighty years; a program, nonexistent in 1953, which brought the United States into many useful ventures in outer space and which program will grow more effective every year; establishment of a full-scale, long-range ballistic-missile program, on which the U. S. by 1960 was spending every day ten times the amount spent all year in 1952; nuclear ships, nuclear submarines, including the unique Polaris organization; expansion of basic research in the United States by many-fold; the biggest road-building program in U. S. history, a 41,000-mile Interstate and Defense Highway System; in the economic field, the removal of price controls and the largest tax cut, $7,400,000,000, in American history.

Moreover, the record shows that Republican eras have usually been times of national well-being and growth.

The second answer is that it has been highly necessary—for the long-range good of the nation—for us to be against unwise proposals and legislation. Despite glib remarks to the contrary, there is a very real difference between the philosophies of our two major parties. And because there is this difference, and because we make a point of it in our political campaigns, it follows that we must oppose legislation which stems from such radical Democratic doctrines as we know are bad for the country.

This article, whose purpose is to examine some of the problems of the Republican Party, is no place for an extended partisan political dissertation. Yet, because the question of the difference in the philosophies of the two parties is raised repeatedly, I want to quote here a brief excerpt from some remarks I made at Los Angeles on February 1 of this year. The occasion was a number of Republican dinners, held in various cities across the country on the same evening, and my address was carried to these dinners on closed-circuit television. I said:

"We Republicans are dedicated to the protection of every man's personal, political and economic freedom. We place our faith in the citizen's capacity—along with that of 185,000,000 of his fellows—to carry the nation further and faster along the road of true progress than can any planned economy or paternalistic bureaucracy. The opposition's practice is to espouse bigger public-assistance programs, to create more powerful central government and controls, and to preempt many of the fields that have in the past largely belonged to the individual and to the cities and the states.

"Republicans strive to create an atmosphere favorable to real progress by encouraging individual initiative and competitive incentive. The opposition believes in legislation against self-reliance and for cradle-to-grave overprotection, often without regard to real need. Consequently, it has consistently indulged in profligate spending—leading to inflation—in order to claim progress which has frequently been more apparent than real, because it is too often measured in cheapened dollars that its own policies have helped to depreciate.

"We believe, with the writers of the Constitution, in the necessity of diffusing political power, both functionally and geographically. We hold that the greatest possible amount of political authority and responsibility should reside in local governments. The opposition practices an exactly contrary philosophy.

"We insist that laws and governmental programs be so designed as to affect fairly and evenly all segments of the population; our opponents cater to pressure and so-called minority groups. . . .

"We believe that good government depends upon fiscal integrity, and we support a policy of pay-as-we-go, except in obvious emergencies. The opposition readily turns to deficit spending, even during years of extraordinary prosperity, living on a flood of IOU's which burden us and threaten to inundate our children."

These few paragraphs do not pretend to cover the Republican credo, but they do underscore some basic principles in which I, and a great many millions of other Americans, firmly believe. And here I want to digress long enough to tell you about the circumstances surrounding my 1952 decision to declare myself a Republican.

Because I had spent virtually my whole adult life in the Army prior to 1952, nobody had ever asked me to identify myself politically. In my own private thoughts I had adopted a political doctrine, but except for philosophic convictions never equated to the tenets of any party, expressed at various times during my tenure as president of Columbia University, I had never publicly adverted to such subjects. I was a military officer doing a job for my country, under the direction of whatever party might be in power, and that was that.

So, in the late 1940's and early 1950's, when I began to be mentioned for the Presidency, there was a great deal of speculation as to whether I was a Republican or a Democrat. Events piled up fast, one on another; and the time soon came when I had to declare myself, because I was constantly urged by prominent members of both parties to do so—and to take a leading part in the election of 1952.

That was my time of decision. I announced that the principles of government I believed in were those espoused by the Republican Party, and this established my party identity. At that time, of course, I was a political novice, but I did know enough about political matters to understand clearly that, if I happened to be nominated for the Presidency by the Republicans, I was taking the harder course. Even then, the paternalistic state under the Democrats, which obviously appeals to many voters, was making inroads into our national life, and it had been amply

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SOMEONE ALREADY ABLE YOUNG MEN."

Michigan candidate Romney

Pennsylvania's Rep. Scranton

demonstrated that those who plumped for this doctrine found it easier to win elections.

Even so, I made my decision, and I have had no cause to regret it. Actually, I suspect that because I did arrive at my personal political decision when I was a mature man in middle life, I may well have a clearer understanding of my own political principles than have some men who are born into their party or who establish a formal political affiliation early in life.

Consequently, if by opposing the excesses of the welfare state the Republican Party gets the name of being "against" . . . well, for one, I am proud to be against things that I believe bad for America.

That doesn't mean that my party is unmindful of suffering and real human need, and in recent years the record of my two administrations will show that our concern was both deep and practical. There is a sensible area of logic and principle in these matters, and that is where I stand. It is where I believe my party should—and usually does—stand. The job for Republicans is not to change our philosophy of government but to convince more people that it is sound—even if it is a long and uphill road.

Recently there was a good deal of comment about the "political ineptness" of the Republicans in the current Congress when most of them opposed President Kennedy's proposal to establish a new Department of Urban Affairs, with a Secretary in the Cabinet. I don't agree with these critics. Writing to some of my Republican friends a few weeks ago, I had this to say about the proposal:

"To set up a Department of Urban Affairs implies the establishment of new relationships between the Federal Government and each of our cities, and consequently a lessening of the proper relationship between Federal and state governments. Additionally, the new Department would provide another excuse for the locality to depend too much upon the Federal Government. I would dislike to see a new Federal bureau set up in each city—another step in increasing Federal intervention and possibly partisan influence in big cities, and another method for expanding Federal domination over them. In fact there is little to commend the plan; much against it."

I am aware that the Democrats will make political capital of our opposition to the new department, and it may be that our stand on this issue will make things even more difficult for us in the big cities. Even so, I am glad we adhered to principle—the principle of the diffusion of governmental power.

And here I want to say a word about the necessity of making local and state governments strong—and making them work. Here is a fine and positive thing the Republican Party can and should do. We oppose the constant reaching out by the bureaucrats in Washington into new areas of our life; consequently, it follows that we should do everything possible to make the local and state systems of government effective and responsive to the needs of the people.

We must work hard for progress in our communities—for better schools, better housing, better hospitals and medical care, the elimination of city blight, to name just a few. When our party is in power in a city or a state, we Republicans should seek wise solutions for local problems at local levels and cease looking to Washington for everything under the shining sun. We should select our local candidates just as carefully, promote progressive issues just as assiduously and work just as hard as we do in national elections. These are things we must do if we want the voters to believe that we are sincere about our own doctrine of government.

There are other affirmative things we should be doing. We must never cease to look to the future. As a party we need to study the problems of our country and come up with workable solutions within the framework of our principles. I'll give you just one example.

One of the most difficult situations confronting our nation today is the problem of *chronic* unemployment. This situation has little to do with business cycles. We have several million people who are unable to get jobs, unable to earn a living, no matter how prosperous the country may be. This has come about for several reasons, one of which is that our technology has advanced so rapidly in recent years that many potential wage earners have been left on the sidelines, their jobs having become obsolete.

We cannot and should not stop this surge of technological change, and specifically the introduction of new and better machines which boost each worker's output. Technological advance is necessary if America and her Allies are to continue to outproduce 800,000,000 Russians and Chinese. It promises a better competitive position for American industry in the markets of the world. And in the end it means a better life for everyone.

Technological change, however, may well leave us with an increasing problem of retraining men who have been displaced from their jobs. The task of retraining these luckless people is one that should be tackled, I think, by business and industry in close cooperation with labor unions—with the encouragement and backing of government. Many proposals will require close scrutiny and experimentation; one, for example, is the possibility of giving a tax advantage to businesses which conduct good retraining programs. By no means, however, should we resort to any plan that envisions enormous and costly Federally supported trade schools.

In any event, I feel strongly that this is the sort of thing the Republican Party ought to study in depth and then attack head on. There are many such national needs and ills, and if we are to perform our function properly as one of the two major parties, we Republicans must explore these problems and find intelligent solutions. If some people think we are an "against" party, this is one of the ways to correct their thinking.

Finally there is one other thing I must say about our party. I have spoken out strongly on previous occasions—as have many others—against the fanaticism of the extreme Right and extreme Left. I wish to reiterate here that I am not greatly alarmed by the thought that any of these ridiculous groups could ever take over the country. Americans have too much sense for that. There have been other periods when we have had upsurges of fanaticism, and it has been my observation that they usually do not last long.

However, I think we Republicans must take great care that these extremists do not become identified with us. There is room for many shades of opinion within the Republican Party, so long as it is reasonable opinion, but we should make it very clear that we have nothing in common with the fanatics and their warped doctrines. I have no patience with extreme Rightists who call everyone who disagrees with them a Communist, nor with the Leftists who shout that the rest of us are heartless moneygrubbers.

In conclusion, there is the matter of 1964—a subject on which people are constantly asking my opinion. Frankly, I think it is too soon to come forth with any guesses about the next presidential election. Our job now is 1962, and we should get on with that and not be diverted from our chores by needless speculation about 1964. Yet inevitably, sheer curiosity provides sufficient reason for wondering about future political personalities and programs.

Maybe our candidate should be someone already well-known—maybe not. We should let our minds roam the field. We have many able young men in Congress, a number of personable and competent Republican governors. There are men in private life—in business, education and the professions—who should not be counted out. We cannot overlook the possibility that one of these men may emerge and become a person of national stature during the next two years.

I know a great many of these people, and I am delighted by the kind of talent I see coming up in our party. This is no time for Republicans to be gloomy. Without putting on rose-tinted glasses, I can see a bright future ahead! THE END

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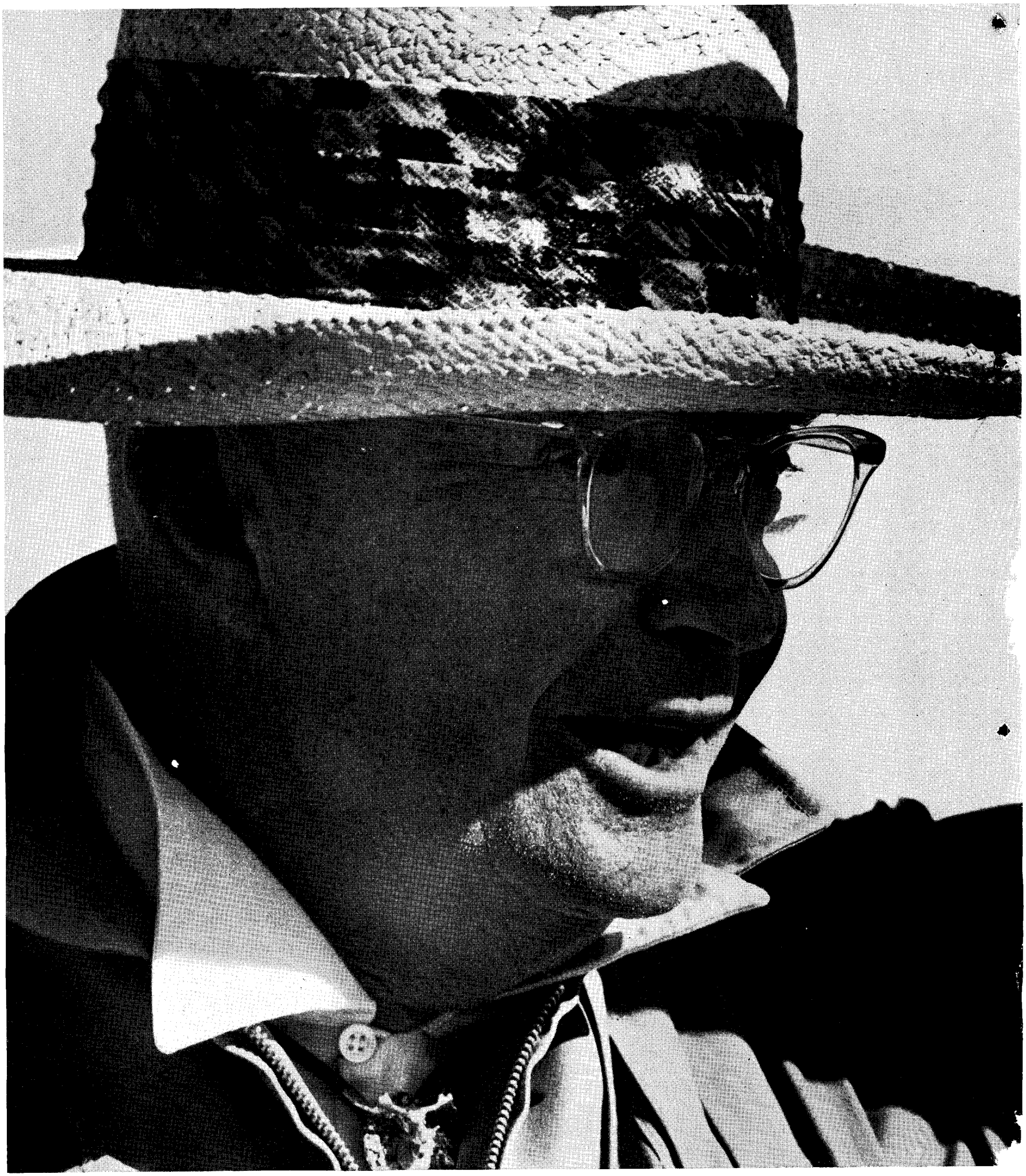

Ike soaking up sun in Mexico. He is decked out in a straw hat presented by his host.

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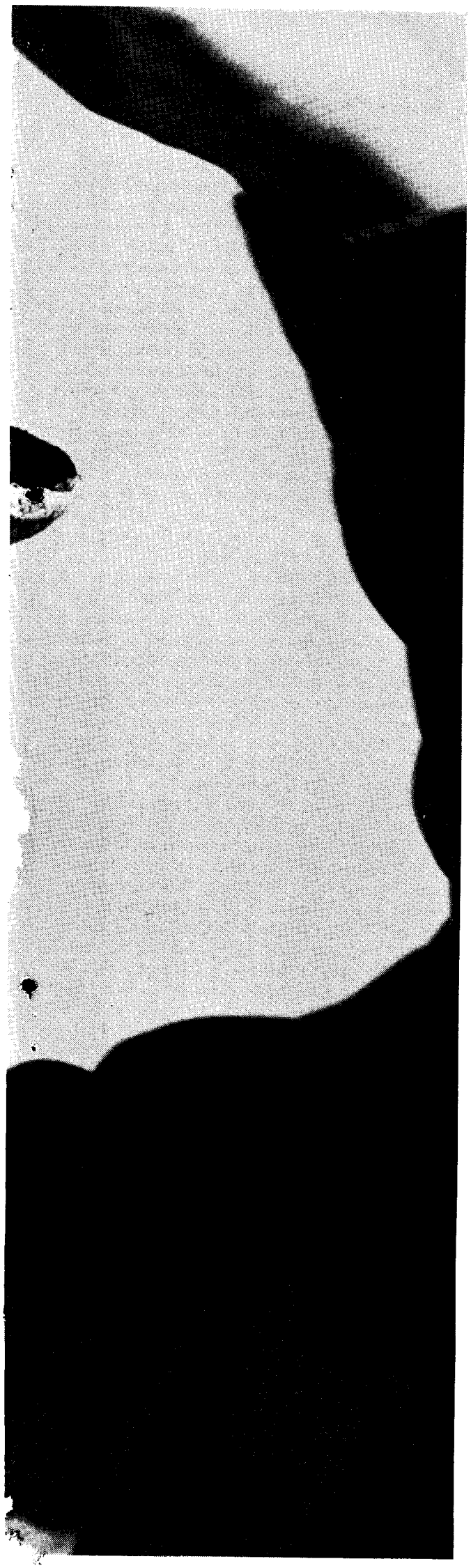

IKE'S MEXICAN HOLIDAY

With the former President on a vacation of hunting and loafing. A portrait of Ike at leisure by a *Post* photographer who accompanied the general and his friends to Baja California.

Photographs and text by EDWARD CLARK

Not long ago the papers reported that Alton Jones, a friend of Dwight Eisenhower, had died in a plane crash on his way to join Ike for a vacation in Mexico. The trip was put off while Ike flew to New York for the funeral. When the trip finally did get under way, I went along to record it on film for *The Post*. I'm glad to announce that the vacation which began sadly for the ex-President turned out happily.

Ike's host was Charles S. Jones, president of the Richfield Oil Company. Like Ike, Jones enjoys hunting and bridge, and he invited two other friends who share those tastes—Ellis Slater, board chairman of Emery Air Freight Corporation, and Edwin Bosbyshell, a Los Angeles lawyer. No wives came along; this was a bachelor holiday.

On March eighth the men met at Palm Desert, California, where the Eisenhowers were vacationing at their winter home. They climbed aboard Charles Jones's DC-3 and headed south for Baja California and the Mexican town of Las Cruces. In the air, the foursome got down to serious bridge. Relaxed at first, Ike after a time became fidgety. "I'm really feeling the altitude," he said. We later realized that Ike was coming down with the flu, which prevented his ears from adjusting to the changing pressure and caused him some discomfort.

The runway at Las Cruces is a dirt strip hacked out of a treeless, rock-littered landscape. To reach it, the plane threaded between craggy brown mountains and nosed down as the Gulf of California appeared ahead.

Watching Ike get off the plane made me think of the dozens of times I had photographed his arrivals at airports all over the world. Then he was President and was received with ceremony—heads of state, huge cheering crowds and smartly drilled honor guards, flags flying and bands playing. Dusty little Las Cruces was something else again. On hand were a dozen Americans in sports clothes and ten or twelve Mexican officials who

At Rancho Las Cruces: Ellis Slater (left), host Charles Jones, the general and Edwin Bosbyshell. On the pole, Ike's five-star flag.

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"GENERAL, THAT'S REALLY AMAZING SHOOTING."

The general and his party arrive at the hunting ground after a flight across the mountains.

Ike brings down a white-winged dove and gets set for his next shot.

had just flown in from La Paz, a town twenty miles away, to welcome Ike. Ike exchanged pleasantries with them and invited them all up for a chat at the place he was staying.

Rancho Las Cruces is a private preserve for affluent sportsmen, set up and owned by Abelardo Rodriguez Jr., son of a former president of Mexico. It has about 100 members, most of whom are Americans. They arrive by private plane, sometimes by yacht, because no airline or other transportation serves this spot, near the tip of the desolate peninsula. Life at the Rancho revolves around the clubhouse, where members dine, swim and play tennis, paddle tennis and croquet. Some of the members have built their own houses near the clubhouses; Bing Crosby built the most recent addition to the colony.

Ike was billeted in Charles Jones's low, rambling, modern house, its back to the mountains, its face overlooking sandy beaches and blue water. In the patio, hummingbirds sip from the sugar-water feeders, and tiny doves drink from a bubbling fountain. It is hot in the sun and pleasant in the shade; nights are cool.

Unfortunately Ike's flu became worse, and it was several days before he felt well enough to go hunting. The first few days he spent mostly in bed. He did get up one day when Gen. Abelardo Rodriguez, president of Mexico from 1932 to 1934, came to pay his respects. Ike felt it would be discourteous not to meet his visitor at the airstrip, so he got up and dressed and sat in a jeep until Rodriguez landed. He went back to bed, but was up again for a small stag dinner that evening in honor of Rodriguez.

On his first day of hunting Ike rose at five. The doctor who had been flown in for him warned Ike that the antibiotics and sedatives he had taken to fight the flu might throw off his timing while hunting. The foursome—Ike, Jones, Slater and Bosbyshell—had a light breakfast and boarded a small plane for the thirty-minute flight to the Pacific side of the peninsula. To avoid hurting Ike's ears, the pilot tried to stay under 800 feet, following mountain passes most of the way. The plane landed at 7:05 A.M. and was met by a station wagon driven over the night before. It took the party to the shooting site, a small canyon with a spring at its head. Ike was given the best position on the rim, and the others spread out, taking stations at safe distances from one another.

Two Mexican boys served as Ike's retrievers and stationed themselves nearby to await the first doves. The air was chilly, but the sun was bright on the cactus-studded desert. At 7:25 three white-winged doves came whistling out of the sun in fast, zigzag flight. Somebody called, "To your left, General." Ike turned and fired twice. Both shots missed. "That darned sun is in my eyes," he said. After several more misses, he replaced his regular glasses with dark glasses and moved a few yards, into the shade of a tall cactus.

Soon the doves came again, this time in a flight of about twelve. Ike shot twice and killed two birds. In the next two hours Ike fired more than two boxes of 20-gauge shells, and his retrievers brought back thirty birds. Some of his shots seemed incredible to me. He fired from every angle; the birds came at him high and low, out of the sun, from both sides. Charles Jones, standing on the opposite rim of the canyon,

Retrievers watch as Ike, a crack shot, trains his shotgun on a flight of doves.

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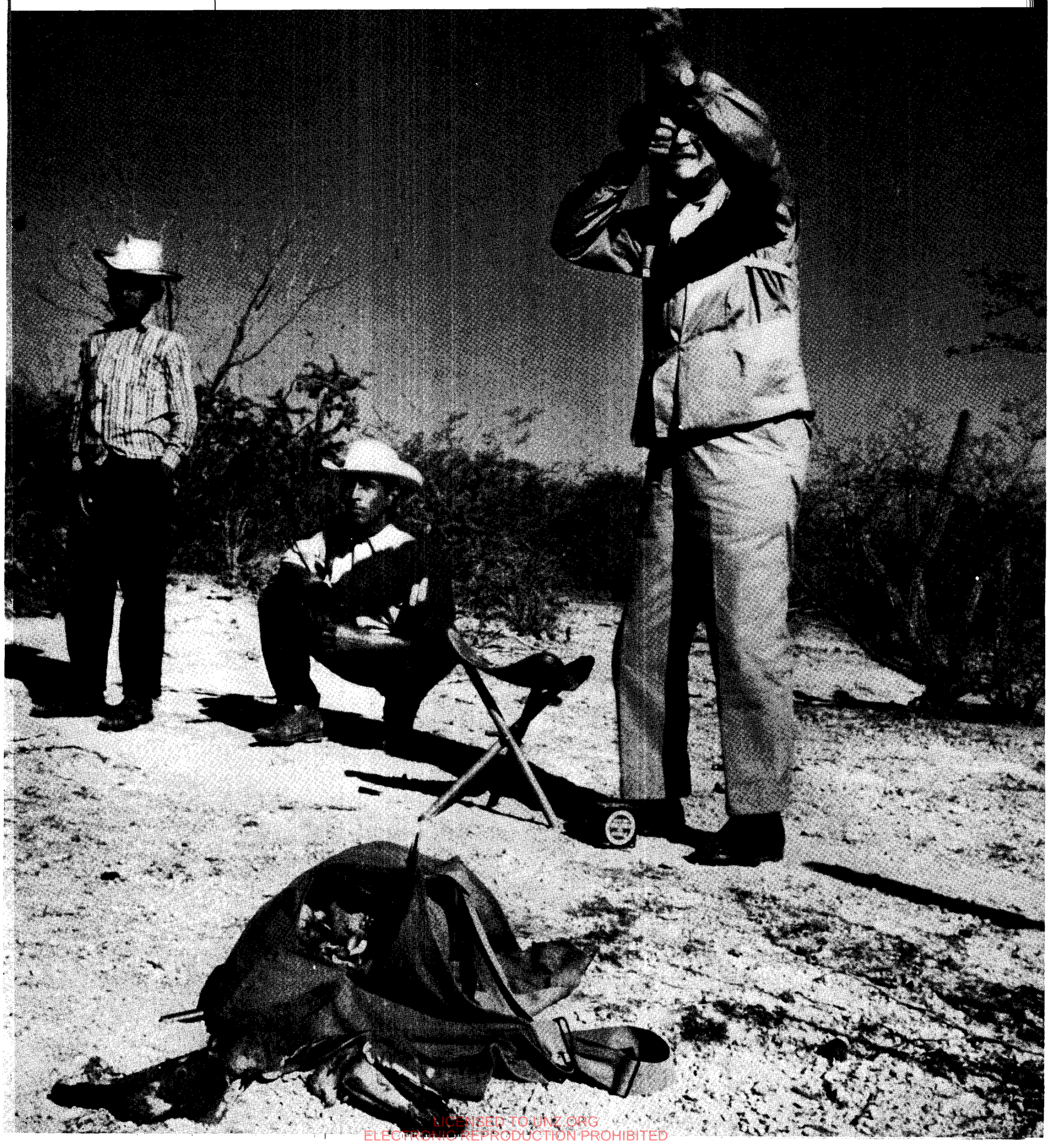

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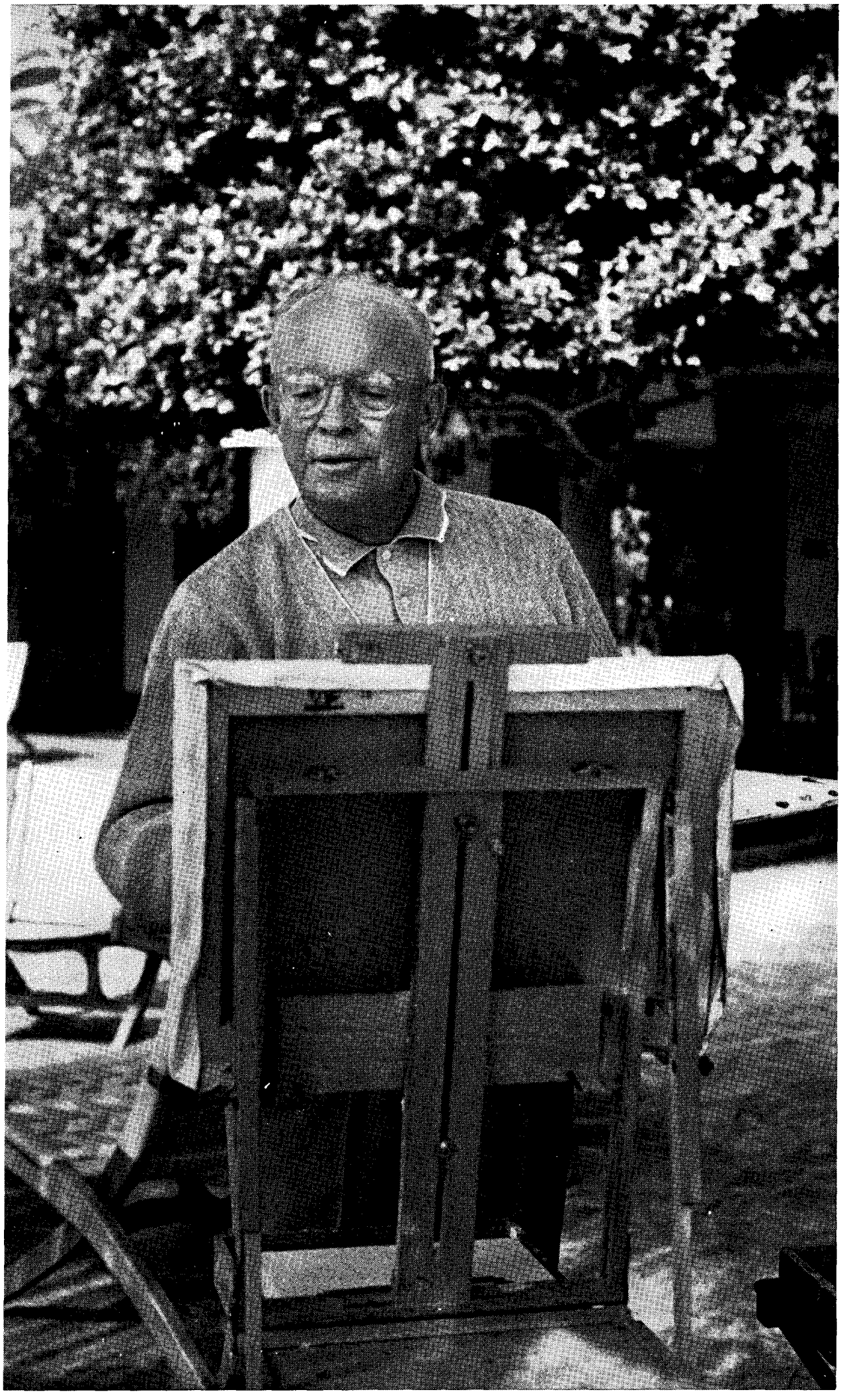
A RARE GLIMPSE OF THE ARTIST AT HIS EASEL.



In the sunny serenity of his host's patio, Ike gets a painting under way.

could see Ike plainly, and when the party gathered at the station wagon, he said, "General, that was some really amazing shooting."

"I should have done better," Ike replied.

At Las Cruces the party showered, changed clothes and settled down to the first bridge game of the day. Then came lunch, a siesta at four o'clock, then more bridge. Jones had given Charles, the cook, a time for dinner, but the bridge kept on going. "Better hold up dinner thirty minutes, Charles," Jones said, and then later, "Better give us another forty minutes."

Bridge finally yielded to dinner. Ike is watching his weight, but that evening he gave his appetite leeway. I had expected that the main course would be the doves shot that morning, but, instead, it was *cabrito*, barbecued young goat. The doves had been frozen for use later. I asked Ike how he liked doves prepared. "I like 'em broiled," he said, "but they're awfully good in pie."

After dinner, bridge resumed and continued until bedtime at eleven. The enjoyment of bridge by Ike and his pals is hard to exaggerate. When they aren't actually playing, they hash over the games they just played. Once, soon after they arrived, they got to talking about the game they'd played on the flight down from California, and particularly about the score. To settle the issue, Ike sent John Moaney, his valet of many years, back to the plane for the score sheet. After considerable searching, Moaney, with the help of the plane crew, found the sheet crumpled in a wastebasket.

Because of the flu, Ike did not hunt every day. Nor did he fish. The only fishing at Las Cruces is ocean fishing, which Ike dislikes. "The tossing of those little boats wears me out," he said. "It isn't worth the effort."

One day while the others went marlin fishing, Ike decided to paint. John Moaney set up an easel in the patio. I watched as Ike began with a clean canvas. "Usually," he told me, "I like to sketch things out in charcoal, but I don't think I'll do that today."

Moaney handed Ike a paper pallet and stood by for orders. "The white," Ike said, and Moaney squeezed a blob of white onto the pallet. "The blue," Ike said. "Now the ocher." When the pallet was complete, Moaney left, and Ike picked up his brush.

With big, swift strokes he covered the top of the canvas with blue for the sky, then established the line of the mountains in brown. "To paint, you have to be decisive," he said as he worked. "You can't fuss around with it too long. You've got to work quickly. I do, anyway.

"I got interested in painting," he said, "because I like color. The thing I have to fight is getting the colors too dark." He smiled. "As they say, 'All cats look gray at night.'"

As the scene took shape he said, "Now, I made that mountain too high. That's the wrong proportion. I'll just cut it down with a little blue."

Daubing away, he seemed to me the picture of a happily retired man, doing the things he likes best, relaxed and carefree. A few days later, on March eighteenth, he and his friends flew back to California. For Ike the trip had been a bit marred by his bout with the flu. But from the easy air of contentment he seemed to have, I would judge that Ike's Mexican holiday had been a success.

THE END

"To paint," says Ike, "you have to be decisive. You can't fuss around."

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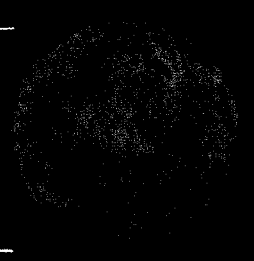
WHAT A BIT OF MOONLIGHT CAN DO

by Paul Darcy Boles



They played for a different kind of princess.

Illustration by Joe Kaufman

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We rattled over Foe Killer Creek, the boards of the bridge sounding hollow under the tires of the old car. The moon was riding high in the summer sky, sending silver to all the wheat fields and the clumps of trees and the roofs of farmhouses in the night. Once in a while a dog would bark when we went past, and you'd hear its bark echoing for quite a while after you'd gone past; the car made a good deal of noise, and the five of us made even more.

We were coming back from one of the dances we played that summer; our bunch was called "The Night Owls," and though it wasn't the best jazz outfit I'd ever heard, we had a lot of fun with it, for high-school kids. After we'd passed Foe Killer, its water secret and dark under the glints of moonlight, we came into the long tunnel of elms leading toward the highway and the last leg of our trip to our home suburb. It was about here that the car began acting up. All at once steam plumed out of the radiator like the feather in a cavalier's hat, and Bill Springer put on the brakes in a great hurry and hollered to all of us to hush up. "Be quiet!" he said. "And cross your fingers, will you? If we have just enough luck, we'll make it to the crossroads gas station—that joint that's open all night."

So we simmered down. Cat Walker said, "'Think I can, think I can,'"—remembering the Little Engine That Could, in the kids' old story; and Bill nursed the car up the little hill under the elm tunnel. Now there were just flecks and slivers of moonlight dropping through the thick mesh of the elm crowns, and a scent of silence and long grass, and the bulk of the fence surrounding the Patterson estate showing cloudy in hints of light as we progressed. The estate went for about a mile in this section of Illinois, standing out beyond the city and remote from the suburbs as well, a great long white frame house in its center and gardens all around it. We'd seen it half a hundred times, going and coming; sometimes in daylight when we passed it we'd view sprinklers turning lazily over the leagues of shaved grass, and gardeners working around the terra-cotta statues and clipping around the formal fountains farther back. It was a vista you always glimpsed through trees and rich foliage, something, I'd thought, out of an enchanted story—the sort that ought to have a dragon or two in it and a midnight pledge and moonlight, perhaps, and certainly a beautiful princess.

Of course everybody around our section of the country knew about the Pattersons; it was just that you very seldom saw any of them. They remained mysteries and enigmas, even to the reporters who occasionally tried to get human-interest stories about them and had to be content with scraps and leavings and twice-told tales and oddments from financial reports. There was Joel Patterson, the grand old man; there were three or four aunts; there was Joel's daughter, though you never even so much as saw a picture of her. I watched the moonlight spangle bits of the high stone fence and waited for the brief glimpse we'd have of the house front at the end of the long white drive when we passed directly in front of the gates; I didn't have to wait long.

All at once the car drew level with the gates, which were made of black lacy iron and stood open to the night; at the same moment the plume of steam assumed enormous proportions, hissing like the exhaust of a steam engine. Some of the cloud of steam bellied so high it caught the full moonlight and looked like a genuine cloud rising from the trees; we five in the car yelled and gave simultaneous contradicting advice, and finally Bill cut the engine and stopped, and we all got out, noisily marveling at the steam and for some reason rather appreciating our predicament.

Silly Birl said, "Save your instruments! Women and trombones first!" and, swinging his trombone case out of the car, he scampered over next to the ditch where the long grass made a sharp contrast with the smooth, tended beginnings of the lawns just inside those gates.

All of us grabbed the instruments we owned; I took my cornet, Bill Springer unstrapped his bass fiddle from the roof, little Morty Savage lugged his drums out of the trunk, the bass drum giving him a little more trouble than the snares, and Cat Walker and his sax made a big leap together that placed them above the ditch and out of presumed danger.

And there we stood along the ditch, watching Bill's ancient car in the throes of its stomach trouble and standing far enough off so that if anything blew up we'd be at least reasonably intact. After another second, though, Bill said, "Look, people, I got to get home some time tonight. And it's still a little ways to the gas station. I swear, my father'll make me quit the band if I don't get in by two o'clock; I told him the dance'd be over at one. I'm goin' up to the house back here and see if I can scare up some water."

Cat Walker said, "At this hour? I hear they've got watchdogs in there. Great Danes. They shoot to kill."

And all of a sudden we were all quieter, not yelling around and goofing off, but just quietly speculating there in the long grass, while from one of the elms an owl hooted and the steam sound of the radiator died down to a gentle, steady protest. I said, "We can try it. There's strength in numbers."

Silly Birl said, "Well, anyhow, the gates are open. First time I ever saw 'em open. Whatta you say, gang?"

Morty Savage said, "If we get arrested for trespassing or something, we stand together. We can make beautiful music in jail."

"O.K.," Bill Springer said. As owner of the old heap he had slightly more to say about things than the rest of us; not much, but a little. "O.K. After all, all we want's about two gallons of water."

He eased his bass fiddle down to the ditch, and it looked restful there. Morty Savage's drums were grouped around it. I kept hold of my cornet case, and I noticed Silly Birl kept gripping his trombone case, and Cat Walker kept tight hold of the case holding his sax, too; it was as though these things gave us all just a speck more bravery. We all started walking in through the gates. We were wearing our regular band outfits, white summer coats and black pants and, as we emerged into the full light between the gates, it was as if we were all picked out like targets, and for a second or so nobody said a word; we just walked straight forward.

There at the end of the driveway loomed the house—it wasn't fancy, but it had a certain dignity and aloofness under the moon that certain buildings attain, a feeling of space and airy lightness combined with depth and solidity. The white columns of the extensive porch gleamed like silvery rapiers, and under the clear sky—with just a few easy mashed-potato clouds in it—the roofs shone gently. And there wasn't a sound but our footfalls along the white gravel, the noise of our breath and the jingle of keys and change in our pockets. The drive was bordered by oaks, about twelve feet apart, with their trunks catching baths of the light and looking more cool and like listeners than the oaks that grew at home on my father's smaller but also comfortable lawn. I was thinking this when Bill Springer said, "Oatmeal, too. I wonder if they have any spare oatmeal?"

I knew what he was thinking about; if you poured enough dry oatmeal into the radiator of his car and mixed it with enough *Continued on Page 64*

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Travel Chief: Ever on the go, Mona Thibault, 32, is a fast-moving specialist in faraway places. Director of travel for the Rockefeller brothers and their executives, she arranges flights, sailings and accommodations ($250,000 worth in 1961 for 200 persons). In her five years of pathfinding for the Rockefellers she has journeyed 250,000 miles, visited nearly every continent. Her three-girl staff helps chart the courses. "We do more than make reservations," says Mona. "We take care of the smallest detail. When they leave, they have our booklet that tells them what, when, where and how." Her one big booking boo-boo: Putting vacationing Laurance in a suite above the hotel ballroom; the music kept him awake. Winnipeg-born, Mona went to New York City as a ticket agent for Trans-Canada Airlines, later worked for Air France, then the French Line, before landing her dream job with the Rockefellers. Planning her own travels, she invariably yields to the lure of the city she loves best. "I finish every trip," she says, sighing, "by going to Paris." PHOTOGRAPH BY ORMOND GIGLI.

Peace Corpsman: Hard-running William F. Haddad, 33, sprints toward the Free World's goal—Peace. Associate director of the U.S. Peace Corps, Haddad heads a staff which plans Corps policy, evaluates training programs and personnel. He joined the Corps in March, 1961, traveled about the world surveying needs of individual nations and helping set up Peace Corps units. Establishing a Corps training center in Puerto Rico, he developed a special interest in Latin America and a keen criticism of past U.S. performances there. "What we need," he complains, "is to throw out the remaining deadwood of American officialdom who live in their air-conditioned ghettos down there." Believing that "revolutions are no longer made in the palaces, but in the countryside," as he puts it, Haddad focuses Corps contacts and aid on the plain folk. "We've got to get our people working in the field," he says. "Latin Americans are still our friends. We can make them better friends by helping them in their hour of need and by treating them with respect. They will no longer stand for the old habits of some American businessmen who treat them like dirt." He cites increased Red propaganda as evidence that the Corps is gaining yardage: "The Commies are going after the Peace Corps because they're scared as hell we're going to succeed." Son of a onetime Egyptian lawyer, Haddad grew up in Madeira Beach, Fla. After two wartime hitches in the Merchant Marine, he earned a physics degree from Columbia, studied music at Juilliard. He later became a union organizer, moved to San Francisco to manage publicity for a fellow unionist running for Congress. In San Francisco he met Sen. Estes Kefauver, eventually became Kefauver's political assistant, organized the convention floor fight that defeated Sen. John Kennedy for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination in 1956. The election over, he joined the New York *Post* staff, won eight prizes (including the Heywood Broun, George Polk Memorial, Page One, and Byline awards) for his reporting. On leave from his paper Haddad worked for Adlai Stevenson in 1960, switched to the Kennedy camp after the convention, serving as a liaison among the Kennedy brothers. Now living in Washington, D.C. (with wife Kate Roosevelt Haddad, granddaughter of F.D.R.) he last month declined an appeal to run for Congress in New York City. "I'm in something I believe in," he explained. "And in the Peace Corps I can do the things I believe in, without compromise." PHOTOGRAPH BY OLLIE ATKINS.

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Spare-Time Clown: Applying "clown white" to her face, Eleanor Hirai, 32, experiences a transformation within her and in the world around her. She thinks, *You're a clown now, and you can do anything*—then begins clowning, mostly for institutionalized children in Los Angeles. A tiny victim of leukemia laughs for the first time in months; an orphan claps for joy; an ornery boy grins and agrees to try his unfavorite vegetable. A New Zealander with a Mormon-Polynesian background, Ellie set out for Salt Lake City eight years ago—but "I saw California first." A year ago she was a mere secretary when a friend marveled at her magnetic way with children, created a clown's face for her. Last month Ellie opened a tea shop in Los Angeles's posh Westwood section. She calls it The Candy Clown, and hopes that being her own boss will allow her more time to cheer children. She also hopes to marry and have youngsters of her own. "The right guy just hasn't come along yet," she says. Musing, she adds, "I wonder where he is?"—the only Pagliacci note in the life of exhilarating Ellie. PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST RESHOVSKY.

Futuristic Physician: Electronic-computer tapes go hand in hand with X-ray film as diagnostic tools, preaches Dr. Lee B. Lusted, 39. A minister's son, Doctor Lusted has assigned himself a difficult mission: selling his fellow M.D.'s the heretical notion that a computer can be trained to reason like a physician and help him practice better medicine. "No machine can ever replace a good doctor," Lusted says, "but it can help him consider all the possibilities in diagnosis and in treatment." The only physician to become a fellow of the Institute of Radio Engineers, Lusted keeps one foot in electronics and one in medicine. "The trick," he says, "is to do it without getting burned at the stake by either side." In recognition of his two-ply expertness, the University of Rochester's engineering department last year appointed him professor of biomedical engineering—the first such post in the country. He also is associate professor of radiology in the Rochester medical school. An inveterate medical reformer, Lusted spends most of his present in the future, working toward: regional medical-information centers, where within seconds a doctor could learn a patient's total lifetime exposure to X ray, his allergies, and his blood pressure ten years ago; computers to keep doctors abreast of the flood of new medical knowledge; computers that can read X rays and electrocardiograms. Born in Mason City, Iowa, Lusted studied math and physics at Iowa's Cornell College, worked a year at Harvard's Radio Research Laboratory, went to England in 1944 to devise radio countermeasures against German radar and missiles. At war's end, determined to help bridge the gulf between the physical and biological sciences, he earned a medical degree at Harvard. He joined the Rochester faculty in 1958, after seven years' experience in radiology at the University of California and the National Institutes of Health. Even at night Lusted's wife and two sons see little of him. His evening routine, says wife Winifred, is constant: work at his desk until 10, half an hour for a brisk walk, then back to his desk at 10:30 "to finish up." Though seemingly indefatigable—he travels thousands of miles a year to consult, speak and persuade—the doctor has a limited span of interest. "Once anything I've tried to promote actually comes off," he confesses, "my interest drops. I go on to think about something else we ought to make happen." PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY GILLETTE.

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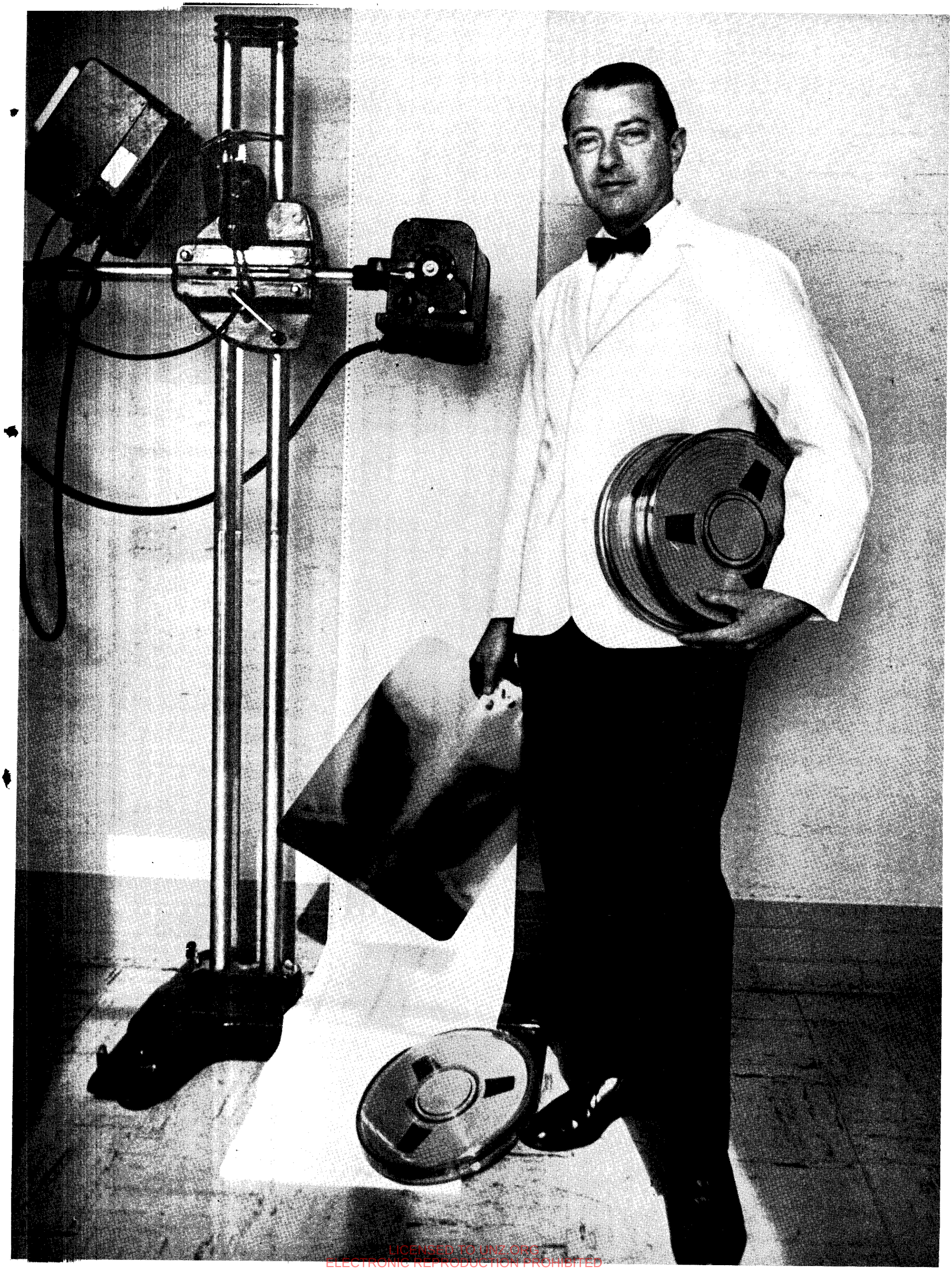

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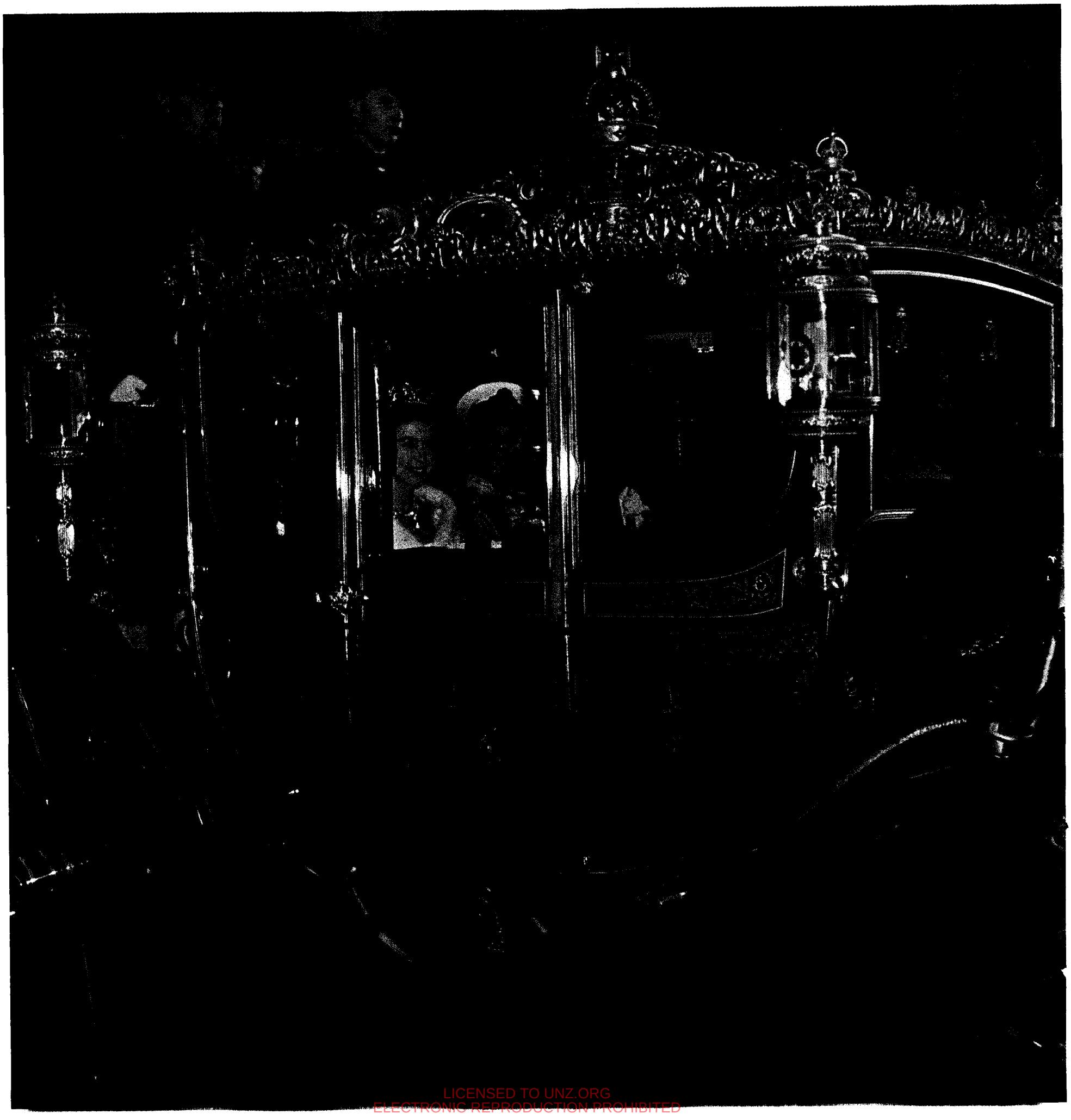
LOVE LETTER TO THE QUEEN



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By **James Morris**

An Englishman acknowledges the anachronism of Britain's pompous and panoplied monarchy—and tells why it is a benefit to his country and the world.

WATERPERRY, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

One of the oddities of an awful world is the fact that England has a queen—that one of the great powers of the earth, one of the nuclear lawgivers, should revolve still around that quaint and illogical anachronism, a hereditary monarch. In most of her institutions England is as truly democratic as any liberal republic. It is the Englishman's home that is dubbed his castle, the Englishman's elected assembly that is honored as the mother of parliaments. Yet through all the fluctuations of British fortune, all the ups and downs of war and economics, all the contractions of the jet age, the English continue to accept, as the fulcrum of their unwritten constitution, a symbol that cannot possibly be considered egalitarian.

Now Britain, despite stuffy appearances, is not a static community. She is a country born to a position of extreme insecurity, overcrowded, isolated and destitute of resources. She has prospered down the centuries only by a gift for pragmatic flexibility—"the weather in her soul." She has survived by manipulating a tense balance of power among her potential rivals and by constantly readjusting her own stance. When she lost her American colonies, she founded her Indian Empire. When the sun set at last upon her pines and palms, she devised the Commonwealth. Her national genius is partly for compromise and partly for makeshift. And though in small things her conservatism is rooted and often absurd, in greater matters she has long since learned to bend her riggings to the winds of change.

Such a monumental change of course she is now laboriously executing. The British well realize that the days of island glory are over—the world is too small, the times are too dangerous, and anyone from Cairo to Concepcion knows how to make a steel bearing. They are changing their status, not without misgivings, not without pain. They are shedding the trappings of mystique and pageantry that were an essential part of the imperial ethos. They are discarding the disciplines of class and privilege that served them well in the days before full education and the welfare state. They are laughing out of court the images that sustained their majestic image in the world. The stiff upper lip, the rolled umbrella, the old school tie, dinner jackets in the jungle, the pretensions of rank—all are tokens of a dead era that now survive most resiliently among the professional Englishmen of the United States. The British are pulling out of insularity. They are accepting a flood of ideas from the continent of Europe, inexorably moving toward the Common Market, even talking cheerfully about a Channel tunnel or bridge. As generations of foreign observers have remarked, this is a people that has always tempered pride with expediency. Even the Duke of Wellington did not hesitate to kneel before an obscure Spanish commander from whom he wanted some military favor—"I wanted the thing done and didn't care a two-penny damn about going on my knees, so down I plumped." Down on their knees, at this moment of their bumpy saga, the British are plumping—not with much sense of lost dignity, but in the conviction that history must be humored.

Amidst this swirl of tides, this conscious renunciation of old values, can the monarchy last? As the British abandon their old shibboleths and superiorities, stuffing the laundry into their German-made washing machines, or heating up the spaghetti to go with the fish and chips—as they integrate with a go-getting, frankly materialist new Europe—how do they feel about the royal mystery that hovers still above their destinies? Can a nation coming to terms with historical logic accept the pre-eminence of a monarchy still officially described as "the fountain of honor . . . and of justice," and substantially subsidized out of public money—$1,330,000 a year for the Queen and her household, $196,000 for the Queen Mother, $112,000 for the Duke of Edinburgh, $98,000 for the Duke of Gloucester? Does it still make sense? Can it still work? Will there be a Crown of England in our grandsons' hazy day? Or only, as Farouk once wondered, kings of clubs, hearts, diamonds and spades?

For myself, I am sure the British monarchy will survive, if anything does. For even in her periods of ruthless or despondent realism, England remains a quirky, paradoxical kind of nation. But I think we can already detect a shift in the attitudes of the people toward the monarchy, a shift in the postures of the monarchy itself. A slow, unreasoned, instinctive reassessment is being made of the position the Crown can best assume upon the head of the body politic—tilted racily, like some aristocrat's topper, magnificently foursquare or modestly between the ears, as an ever-capable, ever-incorruptible civil servant might wear his bowler when he pops *The Times* under his arm and sets off for Whitehall.

There is no getting away from the mystique of the English monarchy. Elizabeth II of England—"by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of Her other Realms and Territories Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith, Sovereign of the British Orders of Knighthood, Captain General of the Royal Regiment of Artillery"—is lineally descended from the Saxon King Egbert, who united all England under his crown in 829. The blood of William the Conqueror runs in her. And the blood of paunchy old Henry VIII and poor Mary Queen of Scots, of the doomed Charles I and the magnificent Victoria, her great-great-grandmother. Only once in 1100 years of history has this royal continuity been ruptured. Even William the Conqueror honored it by marrying his son, Henry I, to Matilda of Scotland, a scion of Alfred the Great. Even Cromwell's Commonwealth lasted only eleven years. Queen Elizabeth's ancestry is regal indeed. She is related, somehow or other, to every English sovereign since the Conquest, and to most of the Saxon kings too. And if you scrabble perceptively around her pedigree you will find she is linked also to the Emperor Charlemagne, Barbarossa the corsair, and St. Louis, King of France.

I defy any man of sensibility, still less any woman, to resist the magic of this extraordinary lineage, when you meet it face to face. It is a phenomenon unique in its kind. Profound your instincts of equality may be, and blaring your dislike of snobbery, but when it comes to the royal point you will almost certainly succumb. An inescapable mystic allure invests the queen of England when you see her standing in her own palace, a handsome woman in herself, and in her significance marvelously alluring. One of the classic European experiences of our time is to wander down to the Mall in London one high summer day and glimpse above the shoulders of the crowd this royal lady, in a tricorn hat and a scarlet tunic, pink-cheeked and grave-faced, side-saddle on a tall chestnut, leading her glittering Horse Guards toward Admiralty Arch. Here we see a last figure of towering romance, of folk loyalties and earth instincts, a last shining

Elizabeth II as colonel-in-chief of the Royal Horse Guards at the Trooping of the Colour.

"Send her victorious, happy and glorious": Queen, consort and regalia of empire.

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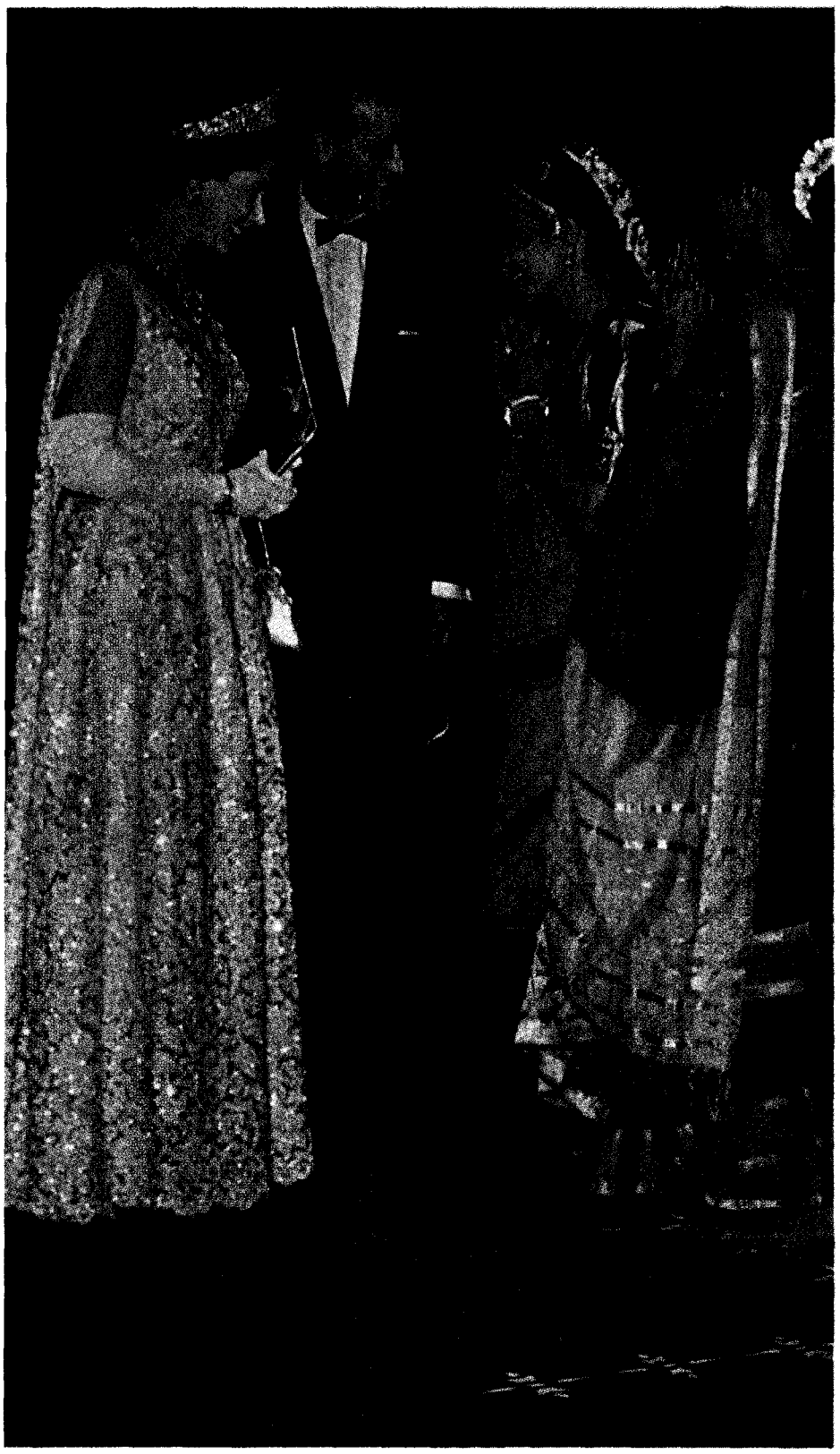
"The Queen spans the gulf between imperial splendor and half-pacifist, mercantile evangelism."



The royal tour of India in 1961: the monarch's visit to a former British dominion, still a Commonwealth member.

reminder of the world that was, before reality broke in.

Do I sound in thrall? If I do, I am only reflecting what has been, until the last couple of years, the national reaction of the British to their monarchy. They are only now, deep in the recesses of their intuitions, discarding the notion of the divine right of kings, and a distinct streak of the religious still colors their loyalty to the Crown. To an American the sacred nature of kingship, so often emphasized in Shakespeare's historical plays, must be difficult indeed to conceive. But ask any ordinary Englishwoman of the older generation about the monarchy, and you will find that her convictions are no mere patriotism that she expresses, nor even affection, but a kind of faith. It's something deep, beyond analysis, like a child's absolute trust in the paternal omniscience. The British have never been a fanatical people and have never evolved an ideology. This lofty glaze of kingship has satisfied their need for a fervency unique and private to themselves.

It was almost eerily expressed in the ritual of the coronation in 1953, when the Queen, clad in robes of virginal simplicity was endowed with the responsibilities of her office amidst all the trumpets and tapestries, the fan vaulting and the triumphant choirs, the echoes and ancient shadows of Westminster Abbey. At that moment of allegorical splendor, hundreds of thousands of English people were ready to believe still in the efficacy of the "king's touch," that laying-on of the royal fingers that could cure all ills and comfort all afflictions. "Not all the water in the rough rude sea," wrote Shakespeare, "Can wash the balm off from an anointed king." Until the present decade at least, millions of English people subconsciously agreed with him and viewed their monarchs, through the endless sickly adulations of the popular press, with an interest almost sacramental.

There was a point to all this. It is no coincidence that the two great island peoples, the British and the Japanese, have carried the idea of divine kingship to extremes unknown in other countries and have maintained the system more tenaciously than anyone else. Nor is it surprising that the art of ritual—that smoke screen, sop, soporific and inspiration—has been perfected equally in both island monarchies. Like the Japanese, the British have had a practical need for circuses to supplement their hard-earned bread. Like the Japanese, theirs has been a political edifice based, with astonishing success over many generations, upon a frank caste structure, a buttress against the fundamental poverty of their condition. During the centuries in which island status was a benefit rather than a handicap to the British, they needed to establish a distinct offshore identity, an unshakable core of loyalty to satisfy the emotional hungers of ordinary folk.

Both of these ends the monarchy, in Britain as in Japan, admirably served. Only the atom bomb persuaded the Japanese that their emperor might be fallible, and to many of the English the unshakable aplomb of George VI was an absolute earnest of victory in war.

There have always been critics of the Crown in Britain, from Oliver Cromwell to Lord Altrincham. There have been periods—particularly during the hegemony of the Hanoverians—when the throne of England became at best a laughingstock, at worst a national humiliation. But through it all, the ordinary people preserved their faith in the royal institution and its divine sanctions. Until the 1950's, when the nation had not yet stumbled from one condition into another, this saving grace, this buffer royalism, this superstition of loyalty reached a point almost of hysteria.

If I had been asked in 1953 whether the monarchy would survive, I would have had my doubts. For during that unhappy period of English history, when the psychological corrosions of lost power were biting cruelly into the national equanimity, it seemed to me that the nature of British loyalism was insidiously unhealthy, something twisted, feverish, almost paranoiac. The Chicago *Tribune* once headed an editorial about the coronation with the words WAKE UP, FAIRYLAND!

Then all the strange heraldic creatures of English tradition rose from their lairs, gorgeously caparisoned: the Lord High Steward and the Lord High Constable, the Chief Butler and the Queen's Champion, the Earl Marshal and the Lord Great Chamberlain. It was a kind of lunacy, harmless indeed, and wonderfully decorative. But it seemed to indicate, to many besides the editorial writers in Chicago, a hardening of the arteries, a deliberate turning of the back, a sort of deathbed escapism.

Today the Crown feels to me much less grand, but much more secure. The British, as they clear their decks for a new navigation, have shed a lot of weight, and among the ballast they have dropped overboard has been much of the mysticism of the monarchy, much of its more arcane beguilement. A generation has grown up that emphatically disbelieves in the divine right of kings. A monarchy is evolving that is sustained more by common sense than by mumbo jumbo.

A little magic certainly must survive—it is inseparable from the conception of monarchy—but the British no longer have the time or the taste for all the old clouds of glory. Unlike the Americans or the Russians, they feel they have outgrown patriotism. They are no longer much concerned with national power and prestige—the politicians may pretend to be, but the people aren't. They no longer respond to the clarion calls of romance, the flutter of standards and the beat of the regimental drum. Even Mr. Evelyn Waugh, that loving chronicler of the British army, has reached the conclusion in his latest remarkable book that a man's private honor cannot be satisfied by the glories and sacrifices of a patriotic war. Britain has passed yet another menopause, brought to a climax this time by the ignominy of Suez nearly six years ago. And to her new circumstances the monarchy, too, must adapt itself.

What does the future promise this old mongrel people, this fusion of stocks, this marketplace of cultures, this nation *sui generis?*

Britain feels today like a state in search of a duty. History has now excused her the duties of supreme power, such as occupied her best and worst energies for a century and more, and her people are not much inspired by money-making. The British are not a naturally industrious people, but they are a people with a strong sense of mission.

The less they go to church, it has been said, the more religious they become, and the rising generation of intelligent Englishmen is constantly, often jejunely, sometimes agonizingly concerned with the morality of public policies. There are more oafish thugs in Britain than there used to be, but there are also far more

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serious, earnest, decent young people. "England is a country," wrote Mr. John Gunther, "where the latent force of idealism, no matter how eccentric, can never be ignored, and where it may spurt to the surface at almost any time." The manifestations of the English nuclear disarmers, now copied in style and intention all over the world, are one refraction of this inner moral fervor, blurred though they have been by the antics of muzzy exhibitionists and fellow travelers.

Mr. Martin Green, in a recent book, cast about for a new image to replace the old high-vaulting symbols of England, the upper-class calm and the imperial splendor, thoroughbreds on the Mandalay road. He decided upon an image of Decency, and it is as a decent nation, I think, that the more sensitive British now wish to see themselves. They are disillusioned with grandeur, and they want to reassert themselves as moral tutors to the world—plumping down nevertheless before the gods of materialism, if such genuflections are necessary to the national stability. More and more of the British, of all political persuasions, wish to renounce nuclear weapons, edge into neutrality, disassociate themselves from the futile ideological struggle and devise a means of decent compromise.

These are the aspirations—possibly deluded, but certainly honorable—that the British monarchy must now epitomize. The fervors of *Rule, Britannia* are as dead as dodos or king's beasts. Too much of the old mystique, too rigid an interpretation of the royal function, too blind an adherence to the hereditary principle, and the British public itself sooner or later would scoff the Crown out of existence. The outbursts of criticism against the monarchy in recent years—by Lord Altrincham in England and by Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge (DOES ENGLAND REALLY NEED A QUEEN? *The Saturday Evening Post*, Oct. 19, 1957)—have been prompted by the fear that the Crown was not disentangling itself from the outdated old web of snobbery, privilege and romantic ostentation. The British caste system is dying, in an age when a nation cannot depend upon a small, highly trained elite. Today the monarchy must prove that royalty stands above class, as it stands above politics, and reflects not the starchy upper crust but the very yeast and vitamin of the nation. Everybody loves a lord, but the British public no longer sets much serious store by titles. It was revealing that when Mr. Tony Armstrong-Jones was recently elevated to the peerage most British people seemed to think it a retrogression—not because Mr. Armstrong-Jones does not fill the feudal bill, but because the idea of a commoner so close to the Crown was welcomed. As the Manchester *Guardian* said of the news, many citizens felt "a tinge of disappointment that the plain, honest Mr. Armstrong-Jones should have a title thrust upon him."

This is a challenge to a gnarled, beplumed, proud and lofty institution. But it is a challenge now being accepted, in my view, if not with any inspired vision, at least with sensible composure. The Crown has changed its tilt since that false heyday of "fairyland" eight long years ago.

This is partly the achievement of the Duke of Edinburgh, who is sometimes accused of being schoolmasterish and sometimes of being nasty to the press, but whose prestige in the country is enormous and who seems to me to talk a great deal of good sense. It is partly the doing of Mr. Armstrong-Jones, Earl of Snowdon, who looks anything but a regal figure and is the butt of many hilarities, but whose emergence from his photographer's studio has punctured some of the monarchy's unhealthier inflations and brought it a little more down to earth. It is partly due to Princess Margaret herself, who seems full of fun and dash, and partly to the unconventional enterprise of the Earl of Harewood, who married Miss Marion Stein in 1949 and who has gained an international reputation as a highbrow musicologist and impresario. It is very largely due to the diligence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, everybody's idea of a royal lady, with her unwearying smile and her regally fluttering gloved hand, but her implicit suggestion of motherly, unpretentious Scottish kindness.

And most of all this unforeseen resilience of the monarchy has been achieved by the Queen herself—not indeed by any personal adaptability, but by a quality of aloof and certain dedication. Queen Elizabeth, five years ago a doubtful runner, is now winning the Crown Stakes. While the nature of her office has subtly changed, in response to the nation's shifting needs, doubts and hopes, she has remained constant to her own concept of duty. She has neither cheapened herself nor withdrawn into offended arrogance.

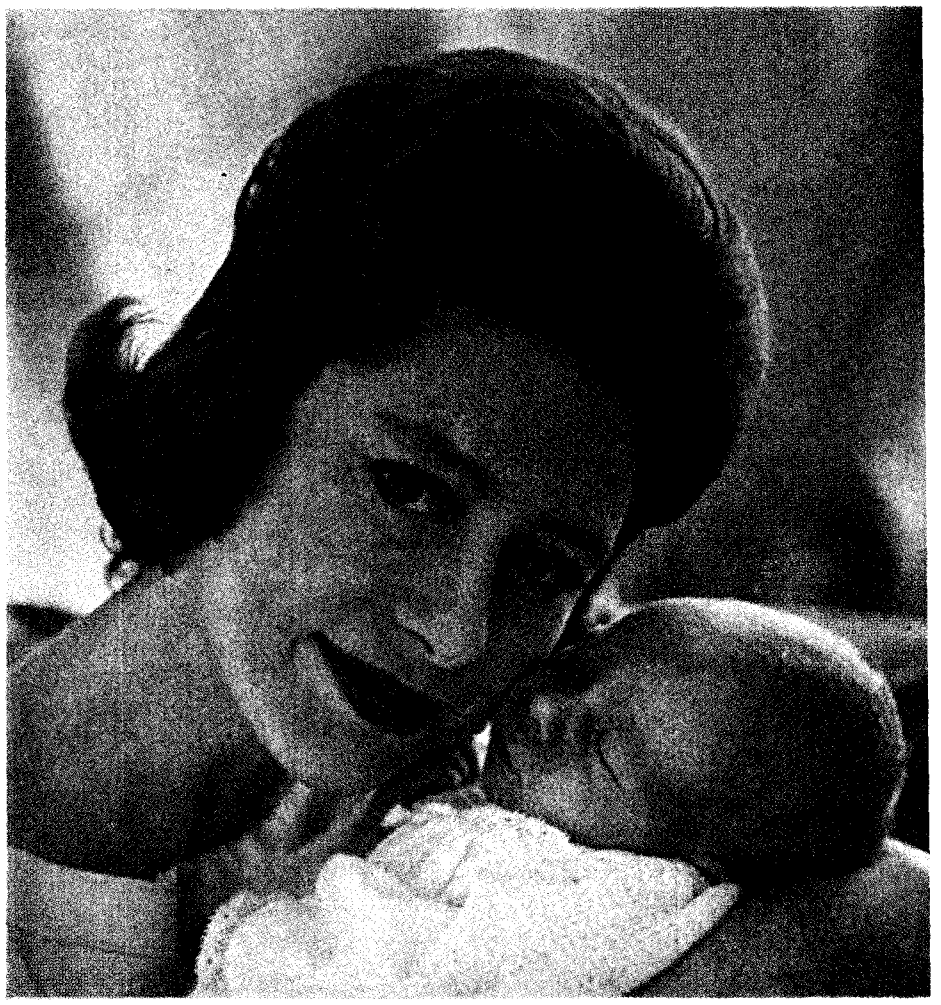
She is not a gay or even a flamboyant queen. She lost many friends during a Caribbean tour, when she declined to step up on a mackintosh thrown splendidly across a puddle. Her smile looks reluctant, her tastes are frankly middle-brow, she lights up only—so her critics say—at the races. But after ten years upon the throne she has hammered home an impression of absolute, unwavering, steadfast, sometimes severe conviction. She may not be easy to love from a distance, but she commands admiration. She really does seem to stand above the permutations of politics and history. She really does span the gulf between imperial splendor and half-pacifist mercantile evangelism. She really does seem to express the basic constancy of British institutions, a constancy that alone enables this country to tack so riskily to the breeze, change its mind, experiment, pick its allies and box its compasses.

There is enough of the *grande dame* in the Queen to satisfy the Briton's taste for style and aristocracy. There is enough of royal metaphysics to appease his hunger for a touch of mystery. There is enough of authority to convince him that half a century from now, when the dictators and presidents of our time are dead or buried in retirement, Britain will still be formally represented in the world by a formidable old lady of unparalleled experience.

Nobody, I suppose, is frightened of Queen Elizabeth. But few are the iconoclasts, I suspect, who would care to cross conversational swords with her.

For myself I greet her with a respect and an affection that have grown—unexpectedly, I confess—steadily down the years. I am descended from the most froward of the Civil War regicides, Henry Martin, once described by the Queen's forebear Charles I as "an ugly Rascall and a whore-master." Puritan instincts run strong in me, and there is the blood of Welshmen and plain Quakers in my veins. But if, at the start of this essay, I called the British monarchy an odd thing in an awful world, I am not ashamed to boast an Englishman's loyalty as a good deed in a naughty one. THE END

On her arrival in Ghana, the Queen met ample displays of affection for the royal couple and President Nkrumah.



Princess Margaret and her son, the infant Viscount Linley, photographed by her husband, the Earl of Snowdon.

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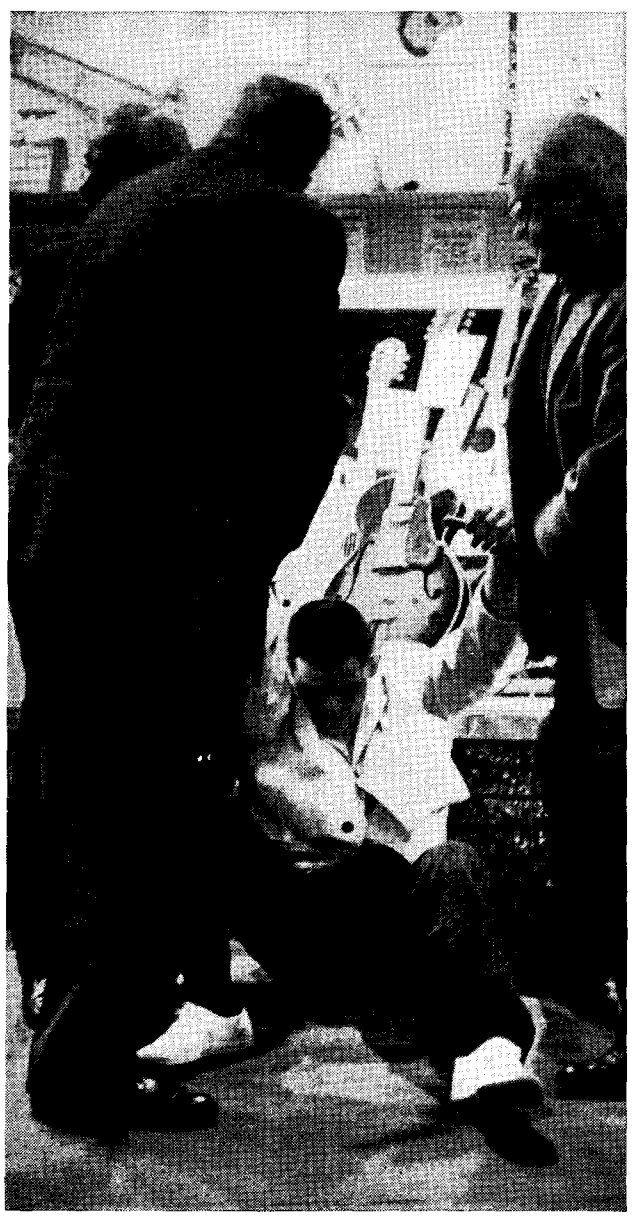
A NIGHT WITH THE S SQUAD

On patrol in San Francisco's tenderloin with the policemen who specialize in on-the-spot detection and prevention of crime.

By DEAN JENNINGS



S Squad plainclothesmen Leslie Dolan (left), George Pohley and William Logan wrestle holdup man John McFall to the sidewalk. The seventeen-year-old gunman, fleeing from a grocery-store robbery, was captured after a pell-mell five-block chase.

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

There was a strong, chilly wind kicking dust along Bryant Street when I reached San Francisco's new Hall of Justice. It was one of those gloomy nights when, under cover of fog and drizzle, almost anything could happen: rape, robbery, murder perhaps. Restless teen-age kids tearing the town apart. Friday-night drunks stumbling off a curb and getting smacked by a hit-run car. Holdups and hot cars all over town.

"A stickup in weather like this can drive you crazy," Police Chief Tom Cahill said. "Everybody is running to get out of the rain or fog, and you have to guess which one has the gun."

The S Squad men were waiting in Assembly Room 102 when I walked in. Here were seventy of the finest cops in San Francisco: young men equally at home with soft talk or judo, who had volunteered for this unusual duty.

They were wearing sports clothes or business suits, and they represented every color, creed and race: Sterling Weatherspoon, Negro; Max Girard, Jewish; Herb Lee, Chinese. And in the rest of the long roll call, as each man answered, was the lineage of every land . . . Yasinistky . . . Slettvedt . . . Wettstein . . . Cassidy . . . Panelli . . . Smith. You would never know them for cops unless an unbuttoned jacket revealed the .38 police special and the handcuffs at their belts.

7 P.M.

Deputy Police Chief Al Nelder, a stocky, smiling man who directs Operation S, walked to the front of the room, and the hum of voices faded out.

On the wall behind Nelder was a large map of the city's forty-five square miles, blocked off into numbered areas and marked with red dots. Each dot represented a recent crime committed at night; in three or four of the districts there was a rash of them. These were the saturation zones of crime, and tonight, as on many other nights for the past three years, they would be saturated with these specially trained undercover cops whose main assignment was: Prevent the crime. Thus, the name Operation S—S for saturation.

"Fellows," Nelder began, consulting a sheaf of notes and Teletype reports, "there are extra headaches tonight. Last night a woman went to get her car in a parking lot on Hawthorne Street at the corner of Folsom. She was grabbed there by a man who choked her with a blue scarf, threw her into the back seat and raped her. He also took her purse, which held some German and Swiss paper money.

"This man was about thirty years old, one hundred and fifty pounds and wore a brown felt hat and gray jacket. The girl says his eyes were kind of bulging, and she thinks he had a little goatee. I'm putting three cars in that neighborhood, and I hope you can nail this crumb before he does it again."

Nelder rattled off the names and descriptions of half a dozen wanted men, discussed a burglar who had been rifling launderette coin boxes and mentioned a series of purse snatchings in an outlying district.

7:45 P.M.

We went down a flight of stairs to the cavernous police garage. Grouped together in an area were thirty-five sedans. They looked like ordinary automoblies—painted green, blue, black, tan; none of them had official license plates or police-car markings.

I was assigned to S-1, the control car, and there I met Capt. Frank Harrington, a craggy-faced veteran with gray crew-cut hair, and his partner, Patrolman Lloyd Crosbie, a lanky, red-haired man. Both men, like most of the others in the S Squad, had already worked a regular eight-hour shift. For the night's work they would get an extra day off or credit toward their vacation time. Captain Harrington came from the Police Permit Bureau; Crosbie's regular daytime job was at the wheel of a black-and-white patrol car in the Taraval district.

"Nervous?" Harrington grinned at me.

"Sure I am," I said. And I was. It had suddenly occurred to me that they had guns and I didn't.

"Don't give it a thought," he said. "As many times as we've been out, we still get a little excited ourselves."

He flipped the switch on the radio transmitter built into the dashboard, tested the control button for the siren hidden under the hood and made sure the portable red-light flasher was ready on the floorboard under his feet. Crosbie hung a clipboard on the dash with a printed list of stolen cars, and we drove up the ramp into the night.

Neon signs were exploding into light as we crossed Market Street, the main artery of the city. The car radio was droning out its mysterious little messages, toneless, impersonal. "Add a car Victor Thomas Peter zero-seven-one . . . ten-thirty red . . . a five-nineteen at Page and Steiner . . . nine-eleven in a store at McAllister and Webster."

We were soon on lower Turk Street, not far from Market. Honky-tonks breathed their stale fumes into the street. On the sidewalk just ahead I saw a girl with her back to the shuttered window of a bar. She looked young and pretty even with heavy makeup.

"Oh, oh," Harrington exclaimed. "There's a familiar face."

"Prostitute?" I asked.

"In a way," he said with a wry smile. "We've been expecting him in the neighborhood, but he's out early tonight."

"Him?"

"Yeah. That's Tommy, a fag in drag. The town's full of homos lately, hundreds of them. Most of them from the East."

"What can you do about it?"

"Nothing usually," he said as Crosbie stopped the car. "You can't make a pinch on a 288-A—

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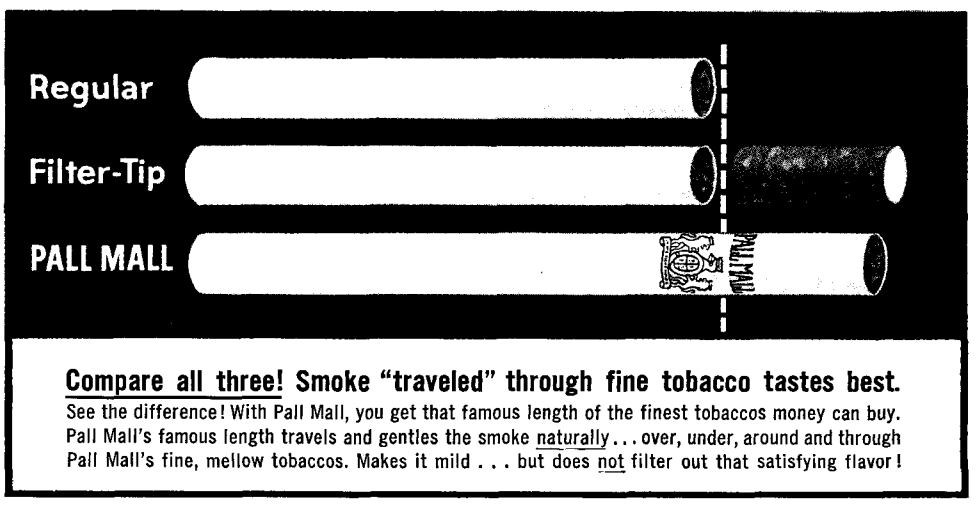

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S SQUAD that's the Penal Code section on sex crimes—unless you catch them in the act."

"But what about this Tommy?"

"Ah, that's different," Harrington said. "These transvestites often make a play for some legitimate guy—a drunk maybe—and the next thing he wakes up in an alley with a bump on his head and his wallet gone. We'll pick up Tommy on a four-forty, which is a law covering men or women who wear clothes of the opposite sex; the code reads: 'In public . . . with intent to deceive.'"

At that moment Tommy spotted the S car. But he was too late; Crosbie and Harrington bracketed him on the sidewalk.

"Listen, you guys," he said sullenly. "I'm clean."

"Not in that outfit," Harrington snapped. "C'mon, let's go."

Tommy climbed into the car. Minutes later he was booked at the central station. We left him there, phoning his lawyer, and Crosbie slid the car into heavy traffic going west out Post Street.

11 P.M.

In three hours we had crisscrossed the trouble zones over and over, up one street and down another, headlights and flashlights probing the dark corners. We stopped and searched a known narcotic addict who, luckily for him, had no drugs in his pockets. We issued a juvenile citation to a young troublemaker who had been ejected from a theater and arrested a middle-aged man who was just out of San Quentin and was already wanted as a parole violator. We broke up a sidewalk fight between a man and a girl who had a razor-wound scar on her neck.

"She was asking for another slicing," Harrington said. "Pretty soon there'd be six or eight people involved, and you've got a small riot on your hands."

The quarreling couple went their separate ways after being scolded by Crosbie and Harrington, and we headed back downtown on Golden Gate Avenue.

"Real quiet so far tonight," Harrington mused.

"Suits me fine," Crosbie said.

It was not always quiet before the S Squad began roaming the town. During the summer of 1958 the city was being plagued by an epidemic of nighttime crimes: purse snatchings, burglaries in stores and homes, rapes, holdups in all-night shops and service stations.

Chief Cahill called in experts from his Planning and Research Bureau, and they spent months analyzing the details of hundreds of crimes. It was soon apparent that most of these outrages were happening in the same three or four areas during the hours between nine P.M. and five A.M., and that police protection was inadequate.

"It was obvious," Chief Cahill says, "that a lot of these crimes were preventable, and that in many cases we could predict when and where they would happen. We hoped that an aggressive street patrol, with men in plain clothes and driving unmarked cars, might be the answer."

Operation S was born in mid-October of 1958. There were thirty-eight men and nineteen cars in that first squad. Each man, personally chosen by Chief Cahill and Deputy Chief Nelder, was skilled in hand-to-hand combat and trained in public relations. Most of them had what Cahill calls a sixth sense for spotting criminal types and anticipating their moves. The orders were clear: Question street-corner punks and hoodlums to find out who they are and what they're doing. Stop cars that seem to be cruising around aimlessly, perhaps casing a neighborhood. Interview stray pedestrians walking along dark streets late at night. Keep an eye on all-night groceries and drugstores that are vulnerable to holdups. There was no advance publicity about the Squad, and then, as now, only the men themselves knew what nights the patrol would be out.

Operation S had an almost immediate impact. Hoodlums who used to duck out of sight when they saw a regular police car suddenly found themselves braced by two tough plainclothes cops who seemingly came out of nowhere. Chronic scofflaws with as many as fifty unpaid traffic tags were picked up and given a choice of paying fines or going to jail. As of now, the 1200 traffic-tag dodgers grabbed by the S Squad have paid almost $30,000 in fines.

As Operation S continued into the spring of 1959, with the squad gradually expanding to its present strength, the men were stopping and questioning some 200 persons each night they were out. Almost 50 percent of these people had some kind of police record.

Inevitably, since the officers were intercepting and questioning scores of legitimate citizens, the operation was scrutinized by the press. Abe Mellinkoff, city editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, admits he was dubious. "When this operation started," he said, "I feared that the Squad might harass a lot of innocent people, but as far as I know there have been no such complaints. The Squad hasn't solved all the crime problems, but they're doing a good job."

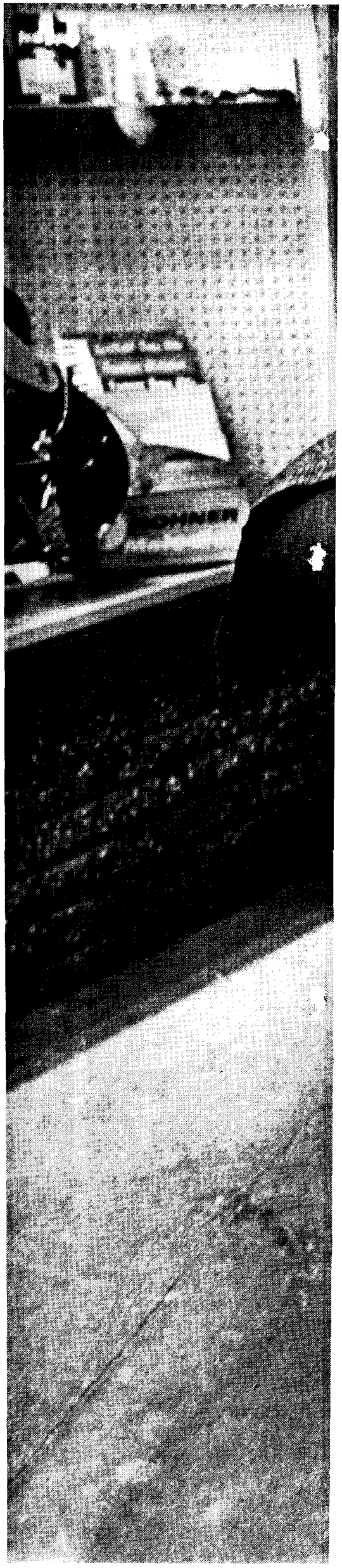
San Francisco's grand juries are traditionally critical of politicians in power, but Daniel Collins Sr., until recently the jury foreman, concedes that "the S Squad is really on the ball." District Attorney Tom Lynch, who first considered Operation S a mere experiment, now wishes that the Squad could be out every night instead of only twice a week. "When these men are out," he says, "the crime rate goes down."

The records show that at the end of the first six-month trial period the overall crime rate dropped 15.6 percent; since then it has leveled out to an average annual decrease of 11.7 percent. The Squad has questioned some 58,000 San Franciscans and made about 2700 major arrests. The present rate of convictions is 75 percent, because, as Lynch says, "these fellows are making solid cases."

In one case an ex-convict named Harold Caton fled to San Francisco in a taxi after cashing some bad checks in the nearby town of Sausalito. Five S-car crews found the cab almost simultaneously and learned that the fugitive was in a Geary Street motel. When they surrounded the building and fired a tear-gas shell into his room—Deputy Chief Nelder was with the men that night—Caton shot and killed himself.

Another time officers Ray Canepa and Al Bragg, watching a man nervously pace the sidewalk in front of a Western Union office on Taylor Street, suspected he was planning a stickup. The man finally dashed into the office and held up the clerk. Canepa and Bragg clobbered him as he ran out, gun in hand.

There are some 252 robbery cases in the files in which S Squad crews—their suspicions aroused by a pedestrian's odd behavior outside restaurants, stores or service stations—caught holdup men actually aiming the gun at a victim, or grabbed them as they were escaping with the loot. One officer, Kenneth Murphy, driving home alone after a night's work with the S Squad, glanced into each all-night store as he passed. At the last store, a block from his own house, he saw the owner backing away from the counter with his



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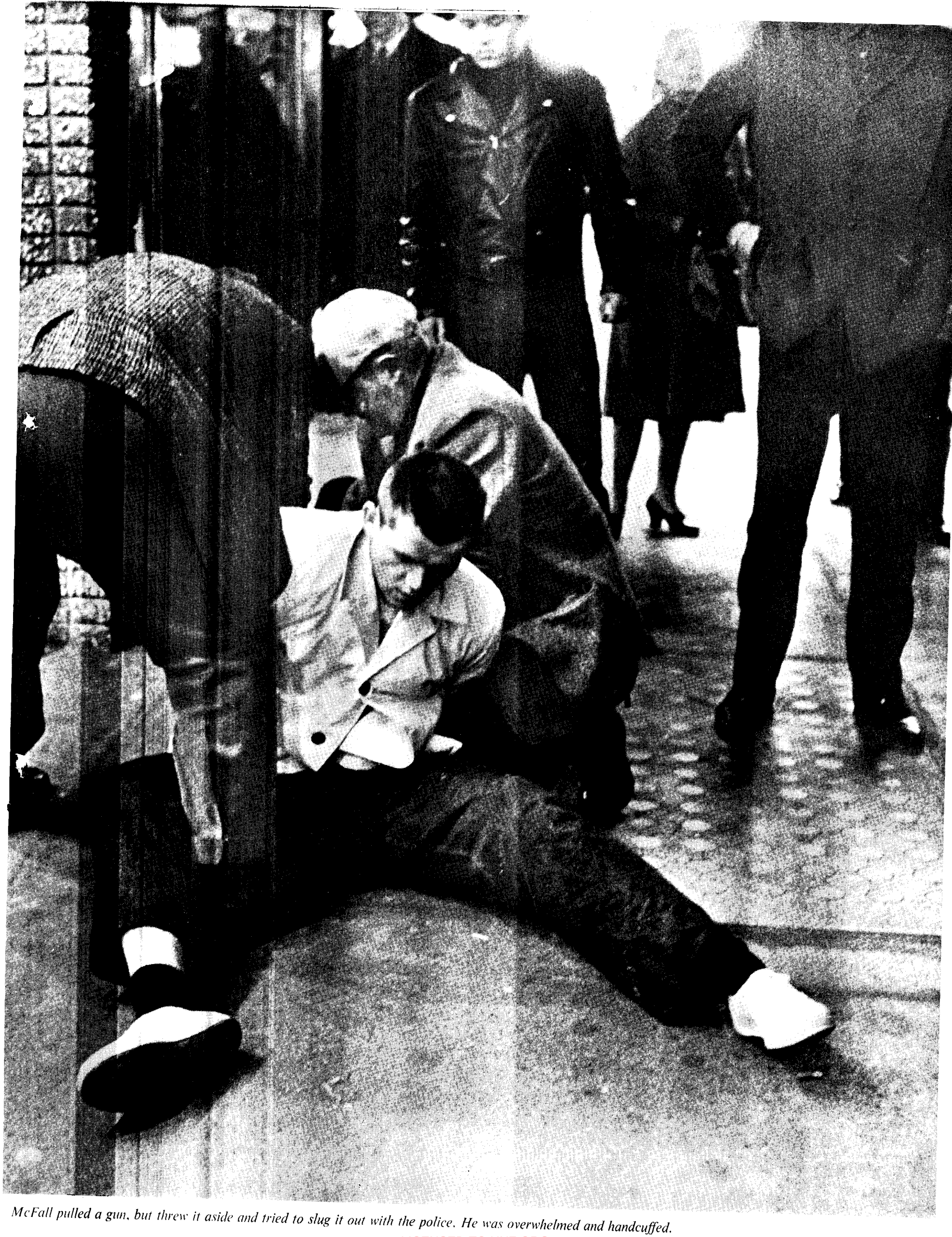

McFall pulled a gun, but threw it aside and tried to slug it out with the police. He was overwhelmed and handcuffed.

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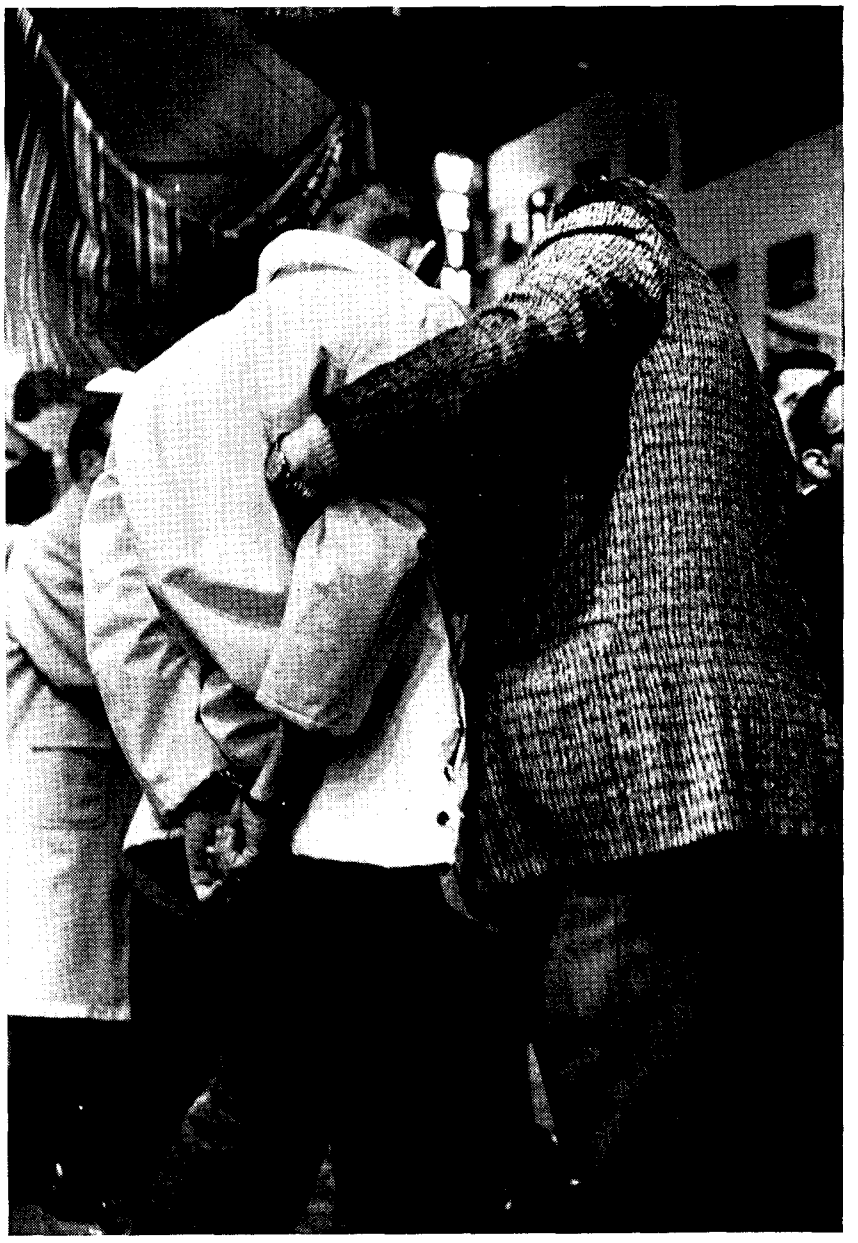
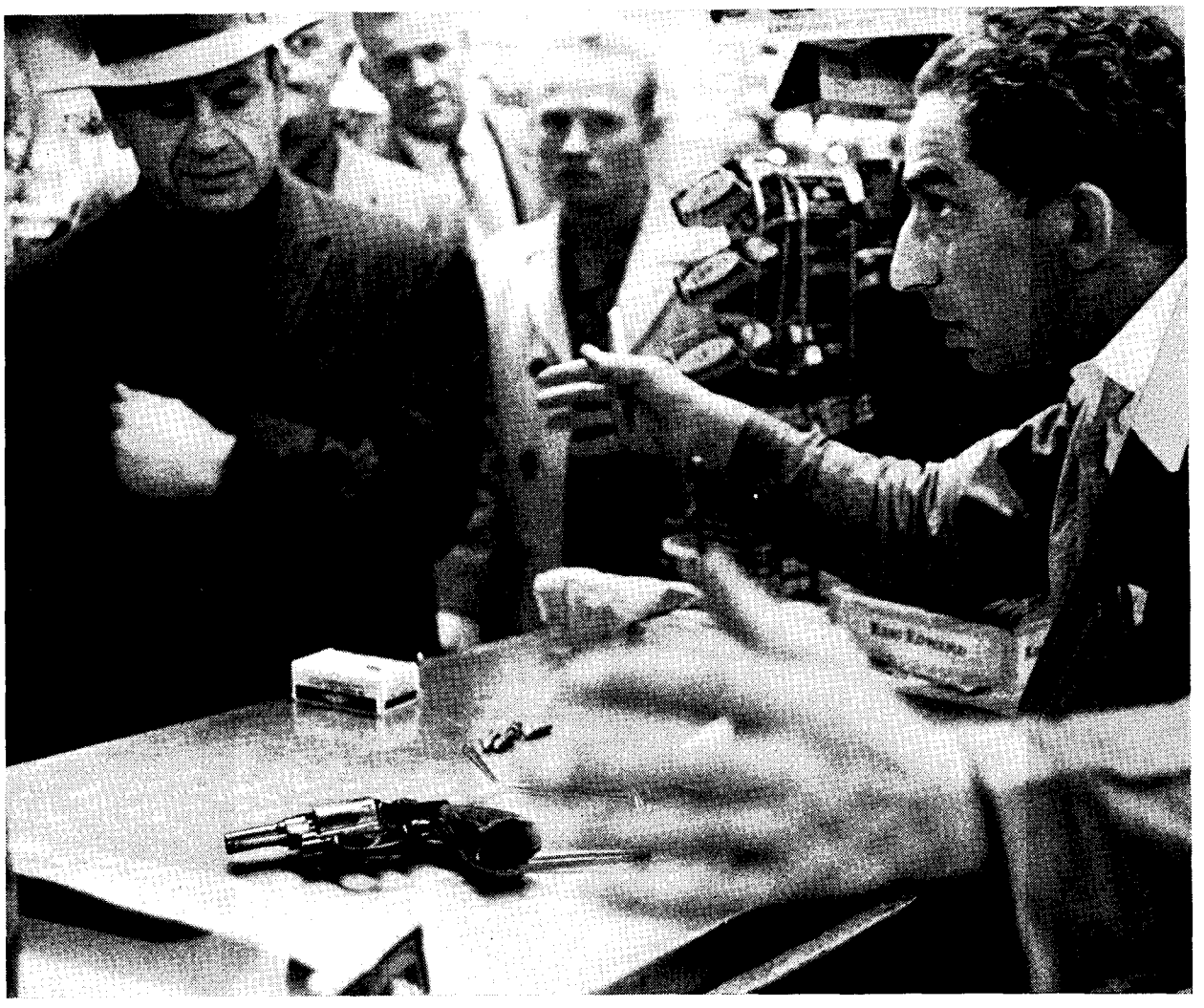


Pohley takes the subdued bandit to an unmarked police car to return to the holdup scene. Below: Store owner Mike Maraschasin (right) describing the attempted robbery to Inspector Max Girard. The robber, scared off by Maraschasin's shouts, fled without getting any money.



S SQUAD hands over his head. A holdup man, his face masked, was scooping money out of the cash register when Murphy jumped him from behind and took his gun away.

One of the more spectacular S Squad adventures began with a midnight holdup at a service station far out on Geary Street. The bandits drove off in a stolen car, license EDZ 398, and within minutes the district was swarming with S cars.

Officers Douglas Watson and Richard Castro in car S-8 were just turning into Fell Street when the wanted car roared past them at about seventy miles an hour. They took up the chase with the car siren screaming, and Watson fired nine shots at the bandits before their auto began wobbling and spun around a corner at Webster Street.

Watson and Castro found the bullet-riddled car in a driveway half a block from Golden Gate Avenue, but the gunmen had disappeared.

Deputy Chief Nelder reached the scene moments later. Convinced that the bandits were hiding nearby, he asked Inspector William Porter to search every car parked in the 1200 block on Golden Gate Avenue. At the sixth car Porter saw an eerie sight—a gloved hand protruding from beneath the rear fender on the curbside. He threw his flashlight beam under the car, but there was no body to match the hand. Then, sprawling flat on the sidewalk and sweeping the light upward, he saw a figure clinging to the axle.

"Come on out of there," he snapped.

The suspended figure dropped to the pavement, wiggled out, and now the gloved hand held a gun. Porter fired one bullet; the bandit rolled out and died without firing a shot. The second gunman meanwhile was found cowering in an alley a block away and now is in San Quentin.

Operation S has been particularly successful in nailing burglars who in many instances were on the way to a job and carrying jimmies, drills, skeleton keys and other tools of the trade. In three years the Squad has arrested 181 burglars—most of them ex-convicts—and recovered thousands of dollars' worth of stolen goods.

In another case Inspector Eugene Osuna and officer Mike Duffy stopped a man carrying a clarinet along a tenderloin street. He was a tough-looking musician and, when asked to play a little something on the instrument, the best he could produce was a dissonant beep. It seems that he had stolen the clarinet. When the S Squad men searched his room, they found two loaded guns, hundreds of pocket radios, fountain pens, watches, new wallets and other stolen goods.

Chief Cahill and Nelder are especially proud of the Squad's record in finding hot cars. "When a fellow steals a car," Nelder says, "you can almost bet he's got a caper in mind. Our men have picked up about 500 stolen cars since the operation began. Half of them had been driven awhile and then abandoned, but in the rest we caught the thieves still at the wheel and either coming from a burglary or on their way to pull a job."

12:40 A.M.

Car S-1, with Captain Harrington now at the wheel, was on the fringe of the Fillmore Street district, scene of many a bloody crime, when the radio voice said sharply: "A four-eighteen at Sutter and Pierce."

"Some kind of a street fight," Harrington explained to me. "There's a drive-in at that corner, and it's a hangout for some of the young neighborhood punks."

We had gone two blocks when the radio voice, louder and more urgent, snapped, "All cars in area nine. That's a *big* four-eighteen."

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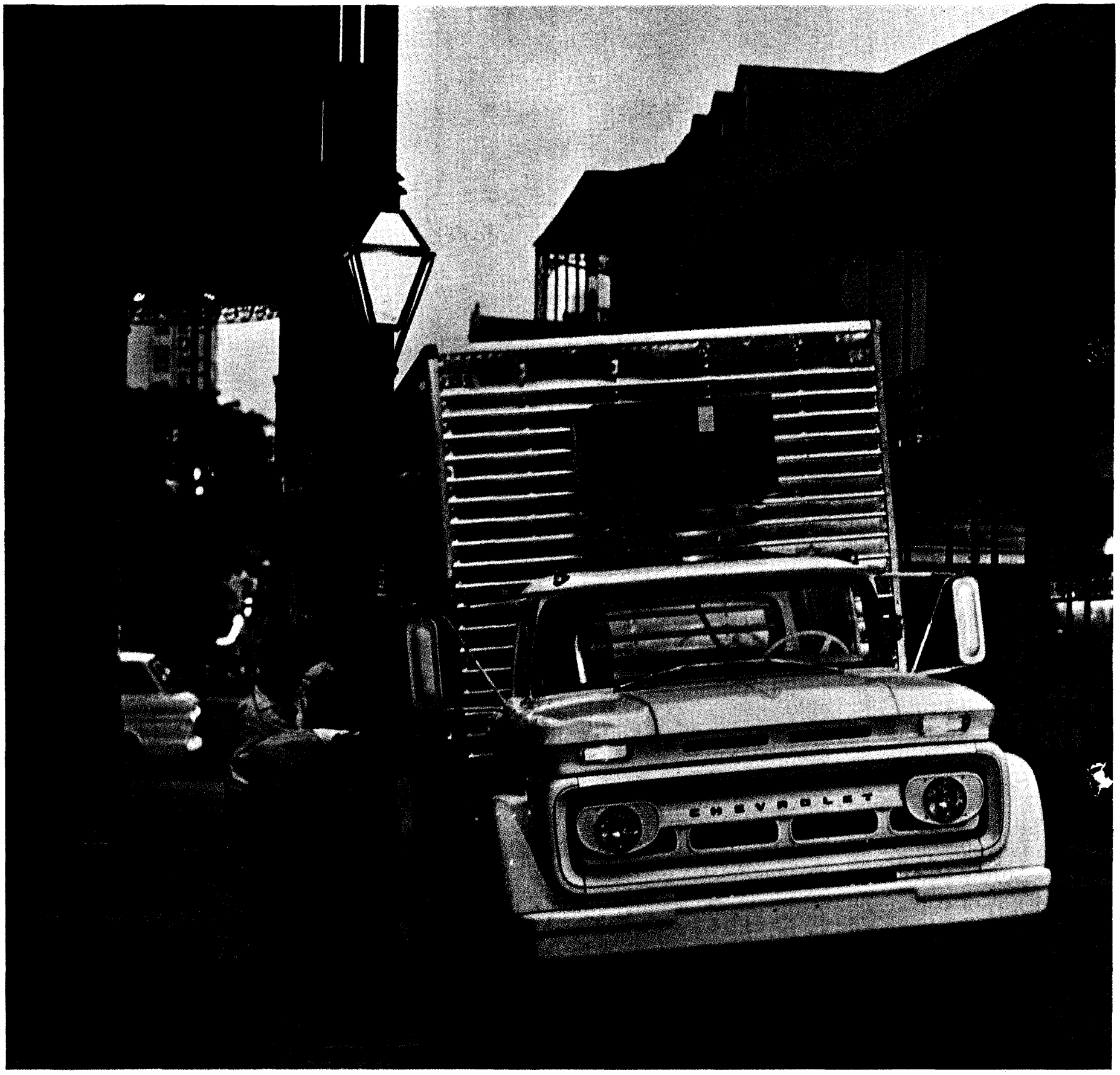

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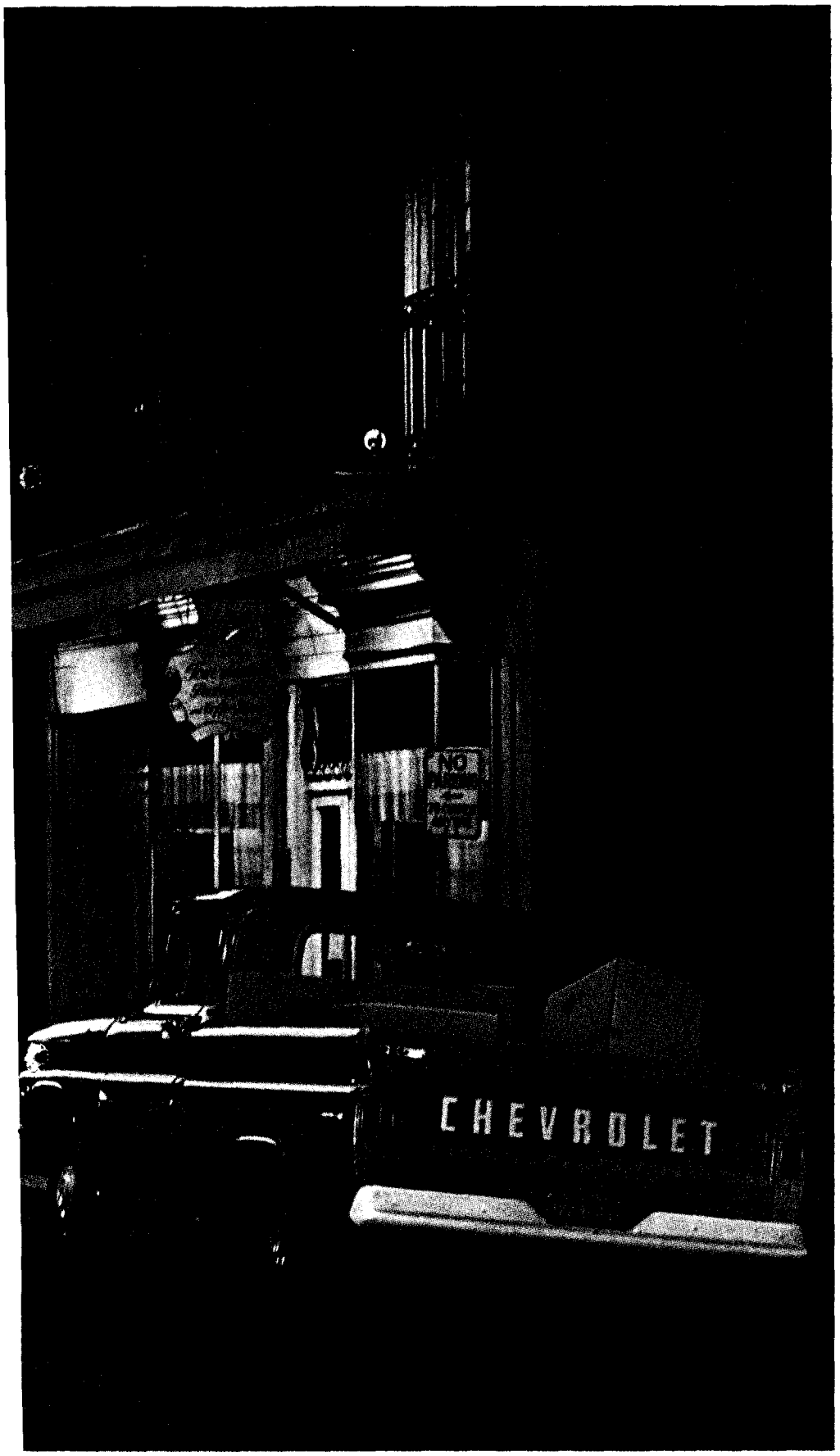

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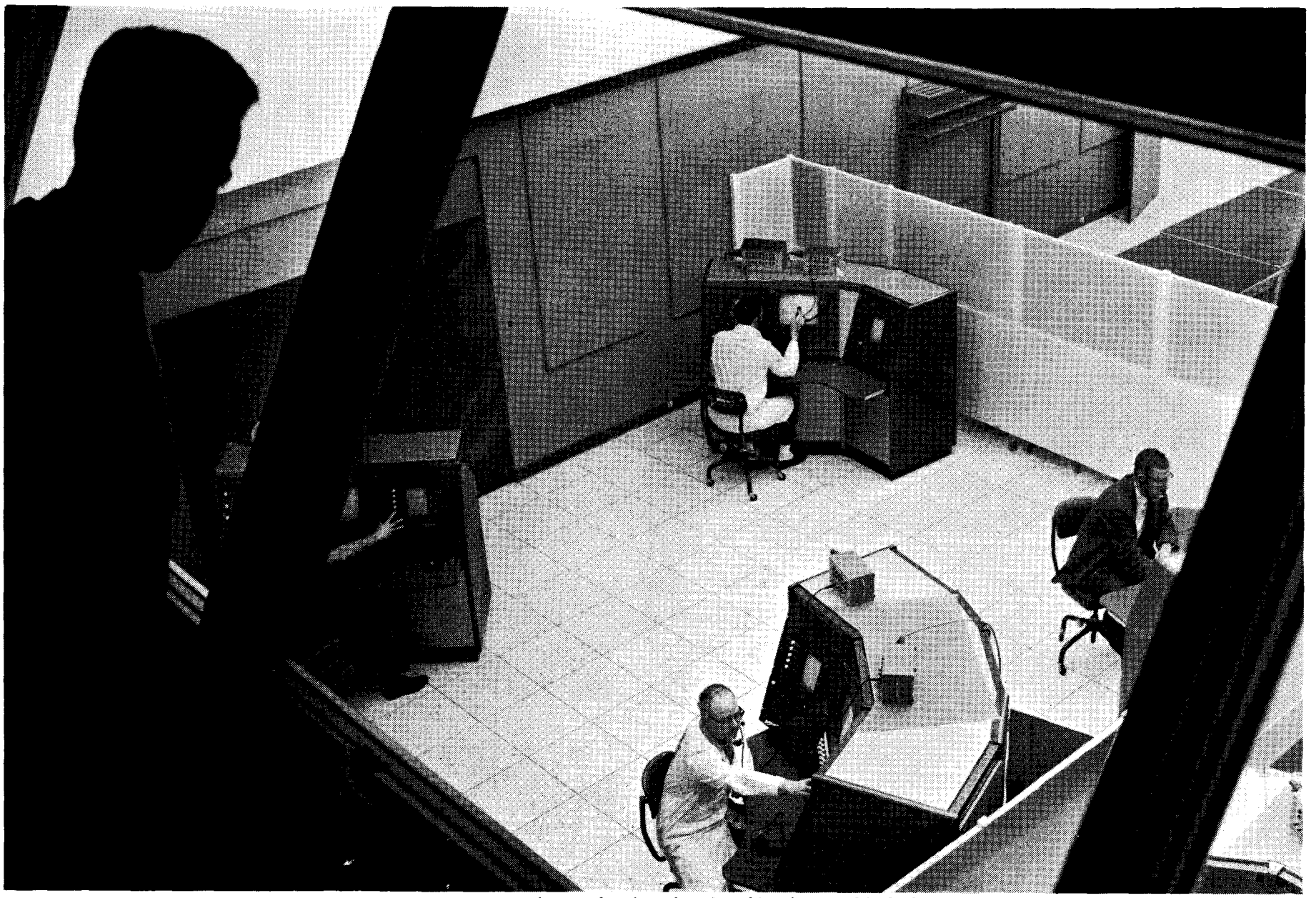

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S SQUAD Crosbie scooped up the red flasher, hung it in place and shoved the throttle down. The siren was whining as we raced along the street, and within minutes we swept into a broad parking lot alongside a drive-in restaurant. Some thirty boys and girls, most of them teen-agers, were scratching and punching one another in a wild melee on the asphalt apron. Three other S cars were already there, along with two regular radio cars manned by uniformed officers, and the men were busy ducking fists as they tried to break up the pack. Crosbie and Harrington waded into the mob and helped split the teen-agers into small groups.

"Now, kids," Harrington said to one group, "you get into your cars and go on home. If you're not out of here in five minutes, you'll be asking for real trouble."

As the youngsters were climbing into their jalopies, four of them suddenly broke away, jumped into a hot rod and gunned it down the street. Officers George Barron and Renzo Panelli, who had arrived in car S-21, took off in pursuit and caught the speeding car four blocks away.

The two boys in the back seat were only sixteen, but the driver and his companion—both on parole from San Quentin—were somewhat older. Barron searched the car. In the glove compartment he found a loaded .32 revolver and two nylon stockings which—shortened and stretched out of shape—looked as though they might have been used as masks.

The juvenile riot was over, and the parking lot was almost deserted when Barron and Panelli came back with their prisoners. The younger boys were taken to the Youth Guidance Center until their parents could be reached. The two parolees were booked at the northern station.

"That could have been bad," Harrington said. "You never know, with a mob of tough kids like this, which one is going to come up with a knife—or worse, a loaded gun."

"Have any of the S Squad men been killed or wounded?" I asked.

"Nobody's been killed, thank God," Harrington said. "Some of the men have been beaten up, and quite a few have been cut by switchblades. A lot of us have had to pull our guns to keep from getting killed. We don't like to do that. We'd rather talk ourselves out of trouble."

1:30 A.M.

Downtown, as our car headed toward the tenderloin, officers Richard Moore and Richard Hubert in car S-11 saw a man in a gray jacket and a brown felt hat. "Hey, look!" Moore cried. "He's got a goatee!" They pulled in tight to the curb and deftly searched the man while his hands were ordered held high. In one pocket they found a wad of Swiss and German paper money. An hour later he confessed that he had raped the girl in the parking lot and, as I write this, he is in San Quentin for life.

2:55 A.M.

The night mist had become a steady drizzle as we drove back to headquarters. When we rolled down the ramp into the police garage, I noted by the speedometer that we had driven eighty miles. The cars were checked in, and the men wrote out their reports for Captain Harrington. "Sorry there wasn't more excitement tonight," he said as we shook hands, "but I'm glad it was quiet."

I was glad too. I went home and, seeing a straggler here and there on the wet streets, I felt that he and all the people of San Francisco were safer because the men of the S Squad, whose work is unknown to the average citizen, were quietly doing their job. THE END

At San Francisco's Hall of Justice: McFall, freed from his handcuffs by Officer Pohley (above), is interrogated by Girard and Inspector Donald Willett. McFall later pleaded guilty to first-degree robbery and admitted other holdups. He is now in the custody of the California Youth Authority.

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by Brooks Baldwin

The pressure at the

Borden Gulliver looked at himself as briefly as possible in the mirror of his office washroom, splashing water over his long, angular face. Holding the towel up to his cheeks, he looked into his hard blue eyes. He groped slightly for his horn-rimmed spectacles on the ledge of Carrara marble under the mirror and put them on. Turning away, he brushed a hand over his short-cropped, iron-gray hair.

He was a hard man with people because, as a poor boy on his way up, he had had to learn to be hard, but his intelligence had kept him from being mean. He was just, and that was hard enough for most people.

He stood with his back to the fireplace and spread his hands before the blaze for a moment, to dry the last hint of moisture. Then he walked to the windows, with their view across the park to the gilded dome of the state capitol. Behind, the gray bulk of Indian Ridge melted into the rain clouds. Thirty-five years ago he had courted Sarah at picnics under the high elms overlooking the city from there. Irrationally he began to think of her as she had been—slender, gay, fair-skinned and lovely. He remembered how the wonder had grown in him, as he had begun to realize that this sprite might care for him, and the disbelief he had felt when she accepted his stumbling proposal.

At the moment, however, he had other things to think about. The main-floor receptionist had just telephoned that Courtney Graham was on his way up. Courtney was a big stockholder and an active member of the Board of Directors. More than that, he was the senior member of one of the founding families of Burford. Among them these families still owned three quarters of the city.

Gulliver, by contrast, for all of his comfortable salary and his stock options, was a hired executive. The buzzer on his desk spluttered. He picked up the telephone and, without waiting for his secretary to speak, said, "Show him in."

Courtney was as usual the meticulously groomed gentleman, graying slightly at the temples. He walked to the fire and held his palms out to it. "Feels good," he said. "It's spitting outside."

Gulliver studied his handsome face and was instantly alert, wondering what could have brought Courtney out of his law library at Graham, Bender and Beckett on a wet afternoon. He knew from long familiarity with the subject that Graham could achieve that peaceable expression only when he was one full step ahead of his opponent.

"Sit down, Courtney," he said as affably as he could, motioning toward one of the two sofas which faced each other in front of the fireplace. His mind busily shuffled the possible reasons for the visit.

"How are things going at Burford Power and Light?" Courtney asked. "Are we going to raise the dividend rate this year?"

Gulliver shrugged. "You know as much about it so far as I, Courtney. You've got the statements for the first two months."

"I know, but the figures are so noncommittal. Have you made any more projections of combined earnings after the merger?"

"Nothing you haven't seen before," Gulliver said, turning to the window. "It's bound to reduce our rate of return on capital this year, perhaps even next. Southern Counties hasn't been too well managed lately. But you know as well as I do that over a five-year period we'll become much stronger than we can ever be if we don't merge." It was a subject he had studied for twenty years. This merger represented the culmination of his ambitions for himself and the company. It could—and it would, under his management—make cheaper power available throughout the southern and central region. It would attract industry to the state.

Graham stood up and joined him at the window. They both looked out for a moment. It was 4:30, and the low clouds had brought an early dusk. The traffic below was beginning to thicken, and the red, white and green lights glistened on the wet pavement. Across the park the floodlights had been turned on at the capitol dome, which glowed golden through the twilight. Behind it, Indian Ridge had nearly disappeared.

"By the way," Graham said, "how's my friend Ira Banfield? I haven't seen him since before Christmas."

"He seems all right, thank you," Gulliver said dryly. He concealed his impatience by turning on the desk lamp and studying the picture of his youngest daughter.

Graham tossed the end of his cigarette into the fireplace. "Has Banfield mentioned Section 3426 of the Public Utilities Code to you?" he asked casually. "I happened to run across it yesterday."

"Lord, I don't know," Gulliver said. "We pay Banfield to keep up with that kind of thing. What's Section 3426?"

"Take a look at it," Graham said. "If Banfield had mentioned it, you wouldn't have forgotten it." He paused significantly. "It could wreck your merger. Personally I couldn't care less. I don't think I'll suffer

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top

What error in judgment could be important enough to drive an executive to suicide?

whether it goes through or not. But I'm surprised Banfield hasn't told you about the statute. As a matter of fact, if he hasn't mentioned it to you and discussed your tactics regarding it, I'd say he's been negligent."

Gulliver maintained his impassivity, but his mind raced back over the last few months. It seemed inconceivable that, if there were any important legal obstacle, Banfield, as counsel of the company, would not have mentioned it to him.

"Courtney," he said, "why don't you relax? You know the merger's going through. As of this morning we'd received acceptances from sixty percent of Southern's stockholders. In another two weeks we'll be up to the eighty we need to make it conclusive. I'm sorry if this doesn't please you, but you're going to make money out of it."

Graham smiled. "Perhaps," he said. "But I think you'll find that Banfield has mousetrapped you this time. I meant what I said. You may have to let him go." He paused. "Tell you what I can do, though," he said. "The point involved is pretty technical, and the Public Utilities Commission undoubtedly could find excellent reasons for ruling either way. Suppose I talk to some of my political friends about it? I think perhaps we could straighten it out for you."

"Good evening, Courtney," Gulliver said. "It's been grand seeing you."

"Good evening, Borden. But remember, I'm always ready to help." He went out.

Gulliver went to the window again and looked out at the glowing capitol dome. He had known for some time that the company lawyer was definitely a slight irritant to Courtney—slight because he was from Courtney's Olympian point of view too inconsequential to be a real annoyance.

He buzzed his secretary. "Ask Mr. Banfield to come in," he said. "Tell him to bring Section 3426 of the Public Utility Code with him. And, Miss Tanner ——"

"Yes, Mr. Gulliver?"

"As soon as you've called him, you can go." It was after five o'clock. "That dictation can go over until tomorrow morning."

Whatever the difficulty was, he had no doubt that Courtney could fix it if he really wanted to. The family interests were so widespread that his opportunities for doing favors were almost limitless; and Courtney had always played the game like a Renaissance mercenary. He was very cool, and very correct until the battle hung in the balance, but undeniably willing to compromise the rules, if necessary, in order to win. His sturdy sense of family trusteeship was his guiding principle. He was determined to maintain the fortune, to enjoy it and pass it on, suitably enhanced, to his children. It appealed to Gulliver's sense of irony that this descendant of Puritanism had been slightly corrupted by his property. He knew, too, that Courtney would like nothing better than to compromise him.

There was a footstep in the outer office. "Banfield?" he said. "Come in."

Banfield was tall, and handsome in a slightly overblown way, with thinning hair. He carried a volume of the statutes under his arm. Gulliver could tell from the look on his face that Graham had struck home.

"Let me see the book," he said.

"Borden, perhaps I ought to explain ——"

"Just give me the book. You can explain later." He read the statute quickly and then looked up from his desk at Banfield.

"Well," he said coldly. "Why do I have to hear about this from Courtney Graham—and at the last minute?"

"Look, Borden," Banfield said, moistening his lips, "this statute has been on the books since 1913. As far as I've been able to find out, it's never been applied. There hasn't been any occasion for it. There aren't any court decisions interpreting it. It wasn't intended to apply to a case like ours, and it's meaningless in terms of the public-utilities business nowadays. It's really a dead letter."

"But it's there," Gulliver grated. "And don't think those fogies on the Utilities Commission will miss it. You know they'd like nothing better than to find an excuse for blocking this merger." He stood up. "Banfield, for heaven's sake," he slammed his fist on the desk, his voice rising, "why do I have to hear about this when the whole thing is in midair?" He sat down again for a moment, letting the irritation boil off. "What do you propose to do about it?" he said quietly.

"Well, Borden," Banfield answered him, dropping into a chair. "Apart from getting it repealed—and of course that isn't practical in view of the time we have," he added hastily. "Apart from that—well, I think our best tactics are simply to ignore it."

"What?"

"Yes, Borden, ignore it. Now look, you know I play poker with some of the commissioners, and I think I know how their minds work a little bit. Put yourself in their shoes.

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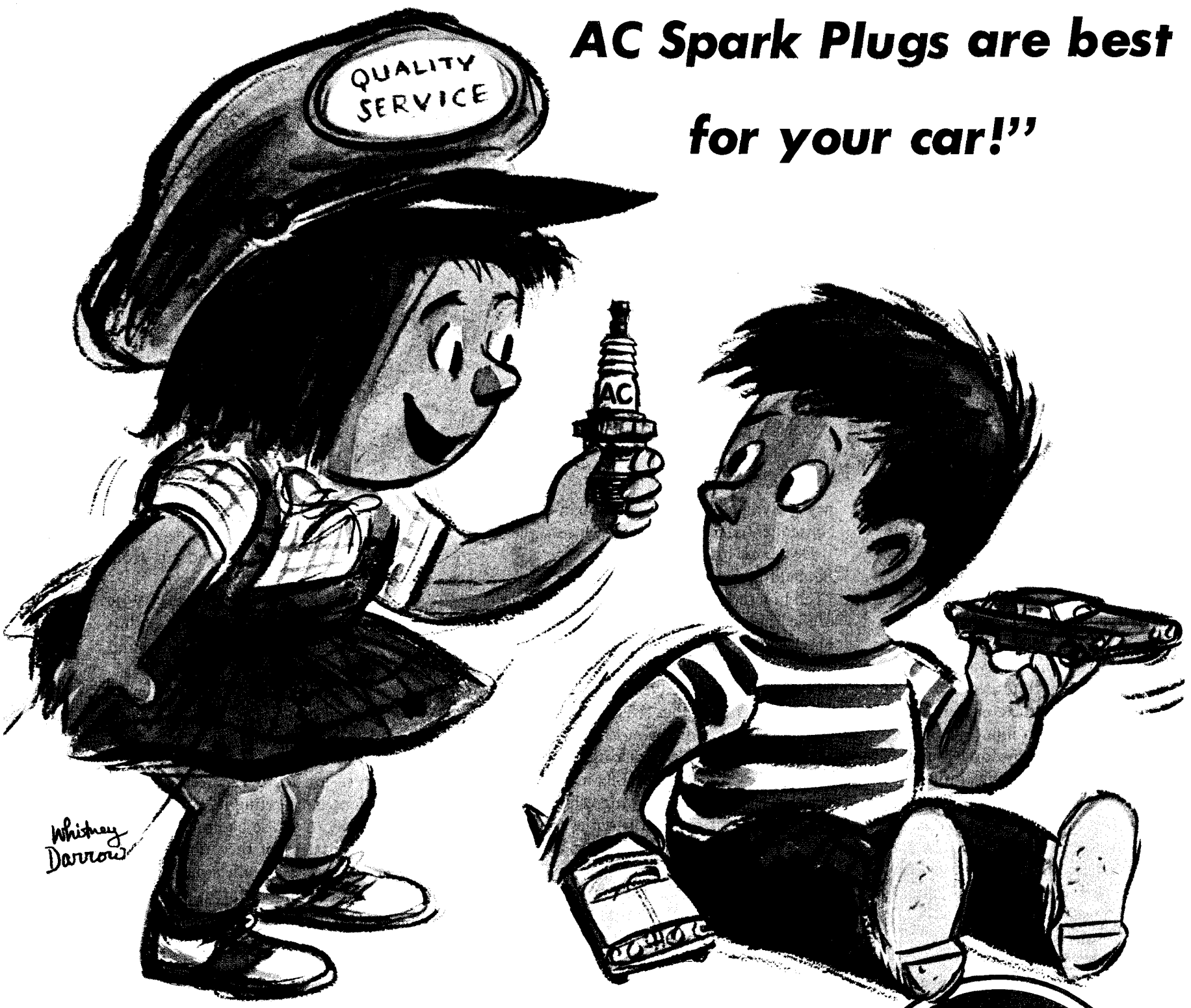

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pressure

They'd like to block the merger because they're politicians. But because they're politicians, they won't dare use this statute. It's old. It's never been used. It wasn't intended to apply in a case like this. On the other hand, there are a lot of people interested in this merger, and some of them are the most influential people in the state. Besides, the public's interested. They know it means cheaper power. What do you think would happen to the governor at the next election if the commission stopped the merger on a technicality? My tactics are that the further along we get with the merger, the more impossible it gets for the commission to stop it."

"How long have you known about this?" Gulliver asked.

Banfield leaned back in his chair and shrugged. "Since we started negotiations with Southern's board," he said. "About five months."

"You idiot," Gulliver said deliberately, leaning across the desk. "You idiot!" He stood up and walked to the window with the cold anger like a lump at the pit of his stomach. "What makes you think it's part of your job to gamble with a thing like this merger? It affects hundreds of thousands of people. Millions of dollars. And you—" he turned on Banfield "—you think you can outbluff the whole executive establishment. This thing is a load of TNT. Any cheap politician—any newspaper reporter—can blow it sky-high. What do you think the commission would do if the newspapers got hold of it? They couldn't ignore it."

Banfield studied his shoes.

"If you lose the gamble," Gulliver said "—maybe even if you win—Graham will do his best to see to it that you're finished at Burford Power and Light, and I may not be in any position to help you. As a matter of fact, right now I'm not sure I'd try."

Banfield was quite pale. "Is there anything ——"

"Nothing, thanks," Gulliver said. "You've done plenty. Just get out and let me think about it." He turned to the window as Banfield started to leave the room. "There's one thing you can do," he said over his shoulder.

"Yes, sir?"

"You can stop playing poker with the damned commissioners."

The Gulliver bedroom had a pale-blue carpet and matching drapes which hung at two tall French windows overlooking the garden. Borden Gulliver, wrapped in a silk dressing gown his wife had given him, opened one of the windows and stepped out onto the small balcony. It was late. The rain had stopped, and a brisk wind had blown the clouds away. He stepped back inside.

Sarah, propped up against the pillows in her bed, was reading. He stood there for a moment, looking at her. She was the chink through which beauty had entered his life—as much as he had been willing to allow. Feeling his eyes on her, she looked up.

"Borden," she said, "why don't you come to bed?"

He kicked off his slippers and glowered at his toes, showing under the pajama trousers. "Idiot," he said, climbing into bed. He was beginning to cool off to the point where he could think constructively about the problem. What especially irritated him was that he knew Banfield had held back about the statute because he thought he could handle the problem better, in his own way, than the president of the company. It was a form of insubordination. "The idiot," he said.

She looked up at him quickly and then back at her book. She knew that there was no point in asking who the idiot was, or what he had done that was idiotic. There was a knock at the door. "Come in," she said. It was Martha, the youngest daughter. "Hello, darling," her mother said.

"Hello. Can I come in for a minute?" There was an unusual sparkle in her eyes and an edge of excitement in her voice.

Sarah Gulliver put the book on the night table and laid her reading glasses on top of it. "Sit up, Borden," she said. "Your daughter wants to talk to you."

He sat up, groping for his glasses. "Good evening, Martha," he said. The lines of his face softened imperceptibly. She was a beautiful child—the baby of the family—and she always did something strange to him.

"I have something to tell you," she said breathlessly. "Something wonderful.

NEXT WEEK in the POST

TALISMAN

a story of love and legend by G.H.CALPIN

I'm engaged, unofficially, of course, but I've—I've plighted my troth."

There was something in her shy use of the expression that touched him. Her mother got out of bed and went to her.

"Darling," Sarah said, kissing her. "I'm so glad."

"Who is it?" Gulliver asked.

"Tom Banfield."

"What?" he barked. "You mean Ira Banfield's son?"

"Yes, he's ——"

"Oh, no!" Gulliver grated, getting out of bed and reaching for his dressing gown. "Not that idiot."

"Daddy, he's not an idiot," she said, stiffening.

"It's his idiot father I'm talking about," Gulliver said. "Good Lord, Martha, you can't be serious. This is ridiculous."

She looked at him, wondering if he was joking with her in his prickly way. "Of course I'm serious," she said.

"Well, you can stop being serious."

"Borden," Sarah said.

"I mean it. Stop it at once. I can't have any nonsense at a time like this. I don't want you to see that boy again."

"But, daddy," she said, her eyes filling, "why?"

"My business is complicated enough without your getting involved with Banfield's boy." The cold anger was rising in him again. "I can't afford it. The company can't afford it. I've got to be completely free to do the right thing, regardless of personalities."

Martha was crying now, her face buried in her hands. "It's not fair," she sobbed. "I hate your company. I hate you." She turned and ran out of the room. Sarah followed her.

He sat down on the bed. "The idiot," he said out loud. There was a lump in his throat. After a long while Sarah came back, pale-faced.

"Borden," she said, "you've done some things I've found it hard to understand. But this is absolutely the worst. What are you trying to do to that child? She's frantic."

"I'm not trying to do anything to her," he said wearily. "But I will not let her involve me emotionally with Ira Banfield. For years I've kept business out of my family life, and my family out of my business. They don't mix. And I've been able to do it until now. But to have her —— At a time like this."

"Borden," she said, taking a long breath, "you've kept your family out of your business life. That's the way you've wanted it, and I suppose you know what's right. But you've kept your family out of the rest of your life too. Don't you know that this is the twentieth century? You can't just forbid a child to marry. It's archaic. It's brutal. Do you have any conception of what you're doing to her? You'll drive her out of your life."

He felt totally inadequate. "Let her go back to Smith," he said. "The vacation is almost over. I despise these emotional problems. But I cannot have her involved with Tom Banfield at this particular time. It would have been bad enough at any time. But now." For the first time in their married life, he found himself explaining a business problem to her.

"I'm sorry, Borden," she said when he had finished describing Banfield's idiocy, "but I don't see how you can let that spoil Martha's life."

He growled in disgust and desperation and snapped off the light. He turned his back on her in silence and lay there for a long while without being able to sleep.

Four days later Martha went back to Smith, red-eyed and defiant, without having seen her father again. They had avoided each other, she because she now for the first time understood his dour purposefulness as a complete indifference to his family and the rest of the human race. She had continued to see Tom every night.

"We'll elope," she said to Tom.

"Yes, darling," he said, wondering how this would affect his own father's job. He was concerned because his father, normally jovial and friendly—almost too friendly sometimes—seemed preoccupied and depressed.

Gulliver avoided his daughter with a deepening sense of guilt and frustration. It was, as he had always known it would be, impossible for him to accommodate the conflicting demands of his family and the public-utilities business. He hoped that by the time commencement came Martha would have been cured of her sickness. Sarah was cold and distant. He knew that she was in league with Martha against him, but he refused to discuss it with her.

The next day he had lunch with Courtney Graham at the Burford Club.

"Courtney," he said, looking around the quiet dining room with its dark, oak paneling and high coffered ceiling, "there's only one way to handle this mess. I'm going to finish the solicitation of Southern's stockholders. When we have the eighty percent we need, we're going to make our formal application to

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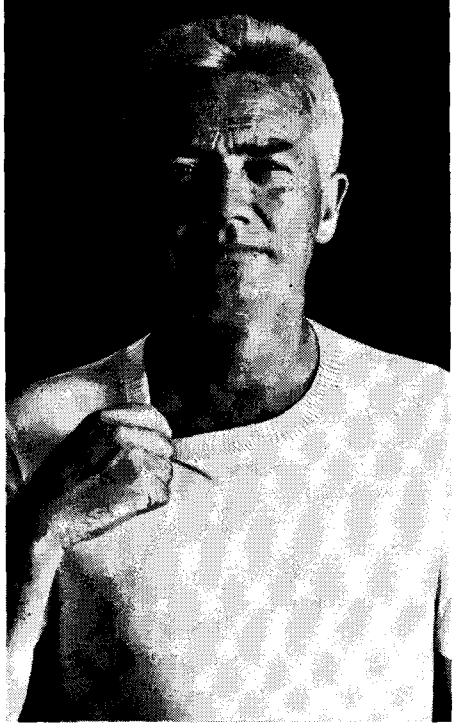

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pressure

the Utilities Commission for approval of the merger. I'm going to let Banfield present the case. Then," he said, looking straight into Graham's eyes, "I'm going to call Section 3426 to their attention and tell them why they should approve our application in spite of it."

Graham finished his bourbon and put the glass down. "Borden," he said thinly, "you're a fool. The commission can't ignore the statute if you rub their noses in it. They're an administrative body, and they have no authority except to apply the law. They'll have to deny your application."

"Perhaps," Gulliver said.

"Perhaps nothing. They'll have no option. The only way you can save the merger is to let me use a little influence behind the scenes, and then make no mention of Section 3426 at the hearing. Once they've granted approval of the merger, and the thing has been accomplished, there won't be any practical way to undo it."

"I'm not going to stultify myself by playing shell games with the Public Utilities Commission," Gulliver said. "This merger is the right thing for everyone involved. They've got to approve it. If they don't, I'll appeal. Why can't you damned lawyers figure out a way to keep your technicalities from interfering with what's right? I've never compromised my principles before, and I'm not going to do it now. I don't care what the consequences are."

Graham leaned over the table. "You're very naïve sometimes, Borden," he said. "I expect you plan to discuss this with the rest of the board."

"No, I don't," Gulliver said. "They've approved the merger. It's up to me to get it done in my own way."

"If it fails," Graham said, "I'll see to it personally that Banfield is fired."

"I don't care about Banfield. If necessary, I'll fire him myself."

"Don't forget though, Borden, that your own reputation is involved."

"You don't have to remind me of that, Courtney."

The hearing room of the Public Utilities Commission in the capitol building was large, high-ceilinged and drafty. Hot-water pipes ran from floor to ceiling in all but one of the corners. The walls were painted dark green to a height of four feet, and a dirty-cream color from there to the top. The bronze-painted radiators stood under tall, blank windows.

Borden Gulliver sat in the front row, watching Banfield conclude the presentation of the case. He studied the faces of the five commissioners, sitting at a long table on the dais at the front of the room. Apart from the attorney general and his assistant, sitting in the front row on the other side, and the clerk who occupied a small table in front of the commission, the room was empty.

Looking from one to another of the five faces behind the table, Gulliver shifted impatiently in his chair. They were political hacks. Not one of them had ever been identified with the utilities business or had any understanding of it. He drummed his fingers on the arm of the chair, staring at the yellow, varnished boards of the floor. A harsh gray light fell across the room from the high windows. Banfield was not his usual articulate, courtly self. Finally he sat down.

"Is there any other testimony?" the chairman asked unctuously.

Gulliver stood up. "May it please the commission," he said, "I would like to make a statement."

"Your name and address please, Mr. Gulliver, for the record."

"Borden Randolph Gulliver, 28 Logan Lane. President, Burford Power and Light."

"You may proceed, Mr. Gulliver."

"Gentlemen," he said, "there is one further point to be covered. You have probably read Mr. Banfield's brief, which was filed with you a week ago, and you know what the point involves. Because of its somewhat unusual nature, however, I have come here this morning to speak of it myself." He paused, looking over their dull faces. Then, from a copy of the brief, he read them the statute.

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Shakespeare
Sonnet 94

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have been in the utilities business for thirty-five years. During all of that time I have been identified with Burford Power and Light. For the last twenty years I have been president of the company. In fact, I have devoted my life to it—sometimes, I have been told, to the detriment of my family and friends. I believe, however, that the commission's records will show, and that the memories of the commissioners will corroborate, the fact that throughout this time the company has been managed with integrity and a careful attention to the welfare of this state and its people.

"The merger we are now asking you to approve represents an extension—in fact, a culmination—of that policy." He went on, carried by the eloquence of his conviction and his mastery of the subject, to explain the motivations behind the merger and the beneficial results he foresaw from it. At the same time, the heavy knowledge of his daughter's estrangement lay like a stone at the bottom of his stomach.

"May the commission please," he concluded, "we submit that the considerations I have outlined, together with the age of the statute and the obvious lack of any intent that it should cover a situation like this one, require a ruling that Section 3426 has no application and that our petition for the commission's consent to the merger be approved."

There was silence as he sat down. The chairman whispered for a moment with the other commissioners.

"Mr. Gulliver," he said finally. . . . "Mr. Banfield. You may be excused for a few minutes. We want to have a little discussion."

Gulliver walked heavily out through the large double doors of the hearing room and down to the end of the high, vaulted, echoing marble corridor. Banfield followed him submissively.

Finally the door of the hearing room opened, and he turned to see the clerk beckoning. Without speaking to Banfield, he walked back up the corridor and into the room. He sat down again in the chair he had occupied during the hearing.

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"Mr. Gulliver," the chairman said, "my fellow commissioners and I have consulted with the attorney general regarding the application and effect of Section 3426 of the Public Utilities Code. He tells us that the statute clearly applies to the proposed merger. Under the circumstances, we have no alternative but to deny your petition."

Gulliver looked at him hard for a moment, at his bald, glistening head, his dull, watery eyes, the grubby knot in his tie. Everything he had worked for and believed in fell in a heap.

Banfield was out of his chair, talking. Gulliver heard the words as if they came from a voice in another room. "Exceptions . . . appeal. . . . Legislative intent."

He waved his hand wearily. "Shut up, Banfield," he said finally. He had known it, but he had refused to believe it. He stood up and walked out of the room, with Banfield behind him, and at each step his rage mounted. He closed the door behind them.

"Banfield," he said coldly, turning on the lawyer's pale face, "you're fired. Get out. I'm giving you six months' severance on condition that you get a job in another state and never show your face to me again."

"Borden, can't we appeal? Can't we ——"

Gulliver turned on his heel and walked away. He did not want to think about it, or talk about it or see anyone he knew.

At one o'clock in the morning he let himself into the darkened house and went to bed without having spoken to anyone. Finally he went to sleep. Then the telephone was ringing, and he raised himself on one elbow. Sarah was at the phone, listening. He switched on the light and watched the expression on her face change from sleep to irritation and then to disbelief.

"Borden," she said, "it's Helen Banfield. Ira has—she's found him in the car with the garage doors closed and the motor running."

"What?" He sat up straight and threw the covers back. "Has she called the police?" He was out of bed and struggling with his trousers. It was three o'clock. "If she hasn't, tell her to call them and get the Pulmotor squad over there. I'm going." He fumbled for his glasses, with fear sitting on his chest and shortening his breath. "The fool," he said. "The fool."

By the time he had the garage door open, Sarah was with him, fully dressed. They drove in silence through the dark empty streets. He ran the traffic lights. In ten minutes they were there.

A man from the Pulmotor squad opened the door. "Where is he?" Gulliver said.

"They're working on him in the dining room, Mr. Gulliver."

He hurried into the room, avoiding Helen Banfield's pale, set, tear-stained face. Sarah went to her. He joined the tense group around Banfield. There was no sound in the room except the throb of the Pulmotor, the hiss of the valve on the oxygen tank and the agonizingly slow rhythm of the air—coming, going, coming, going. He looked down at Banfield's gray face. It was too much.

He stumbled into the living room and sank into a chair, staring into space and listening to the throb, the hiss, the slow rhythm of the air, and Helen Banfield's ghastly sobs. Why had she called him, of all people? Slowly it dawned on him that she had not called him. She had called Sarah. He wondered how many other people would call Sarah at a time like this. Wondering, he knew slowly that there would be many of them.

After a long time, there was a change in the group of men around Banfield. They brought in a stretcher and took him out. Gulliver stopped one of the white-coated interns. "Is he all right?"

"He'll live," the intern said. "But we don't know how long he was out. If it was too long, there may be brain damage. We're taking him to the hospital for observation and further treatment."

Gulliver followed the white coat down the crunching gravel of the drive and watched the ambulance drive off. Then, leaving Sarah with Helen Banfield, he got into his own car and drove through the dark, empty streets, through the outskirts of town, into the edge of the countryside, and up the long slow grade of Indian Ridge. He stopped with the car's bumper against the guardrail and sat looking over the dark pool of shadow where the city lay. The elms whispered above him in the darkness. The street lights made intermittent lines across the shadow of the city. Beyond, a faint glow showed over the hills to the east, twenty miles away.

How could he have grown into this ugly pattern? All of his principle, all of his hard work, all of his dedication and intelligence, had converged into a series of failures. The merger could be salvaged, but it remained to be seen whether Ira Banfield's self-respect—even his reason—could be salvaged. It also remained to be seen whether Gulliver's relationship with his family could be salvaged. He felt cut off and alone. What had he been looking for? How could it—whatever it was—have seemed more important to him than his family? And how could those hundreds of thousands of abstractions who used electricity have seemed more important to him than one man who depended on him and looked to him for guidance? He shuddered.

Recalling it in the cold light of the dawn, he saw that Banfield's error had been no greater than his own. What had he said, when Courtney suggested discussing it with the board? "It's up to me." My job. The stupid vanity of it. He started the car as the edge of the sun appeared over the lip of the distant hill.

He remembered Sarah, and the times they had had on this same spot thirty-five years ago. A greal deal of imposing nonsense had swept over the Gulliver dam since then, he reflected.

Back home, he found her waiting for him with a pot of coffee.

"They think Ira will be all right," she said. "Helen is down at the hospital."

"Thank God for that," he said wearily. She poured a cup of coffee.

"I can't imagine what would have made him do it," she said.

"You mean he hadn't talked to Helen?"

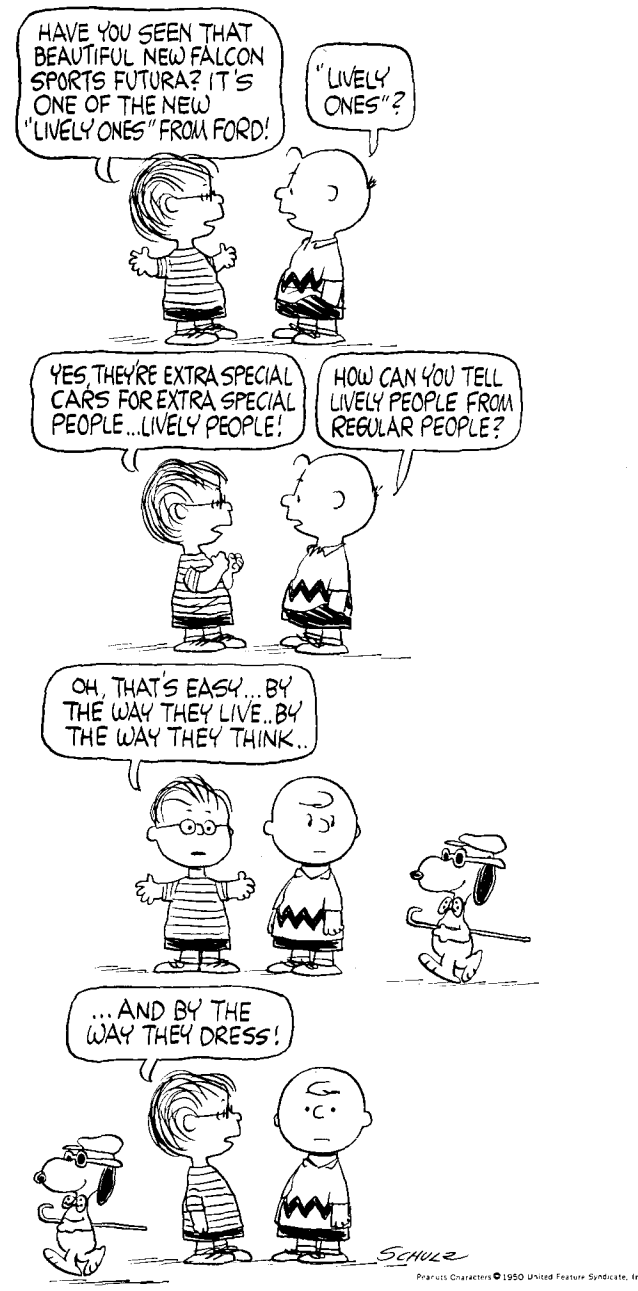
"No, he came home late. She heard him come in and turn on the lights downstairs, and the next thing she knew she had been asleep and he still hadn't come to bed, so she went to look for him."

"I'll tell you what made him do it, as soon as we get on the road for Williamstown," he said. "It's not very pretty."

"Williamstown?"

"We have to go up and bring Tom Banfield down, haven't we? And on the way we'll stop off at Northampton for Martha. I think they ought to come home together."

"Darling," she said, kissing him. He kissed her warmly, looking forward to the new life with her. THE END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THE MENNINGERS OF KANSAS: PART THREE

FROM DARKNESS INTO DAYLIGHT

Under Menninger guidance the Topeka State Hospital abandoned "snake-pit" practices to become a modern center where patients come "not to stay but to get well."

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

Photographs by Inge Morath

"Whose ears are these?" Topeka aide Esther Watts (left) helps a girl recover her sense of identity. Such individual care has led many patients back to reality after years of withdrawn silence.

In man's anguished grappling with the problem of mental illness, he has been driven to some strange solutions.

One of these came to light recently in the case of Amos Wilson, who had rocked away sixty of his eighty-five years in the wards of Topeka State Hospital. The threatening behavior which had caused his family to bring him here in 1900 had long since subsided. He was now—and had been for many years—just a harmless old man. He was hard of hearing and forgetful; he required considerable nursing care, and he had a mild phobia about going through doorways. But he was no longer "crazy."

Nevertheless, in their effort to return a quiet and even likable Amos Wilson [which is not his real name] to the care of his surviving relatives, the hospital's social-service workers encountered curiously strong resistance. A niece protested that her house was too small. A nephew said the necessary nursing was more than all of them together could afford. Another niece said Uncle Amos would frighten her children.

Not until after weeks of correspondence did the real reason for this general reluctance emerge. What the relatives objected to was taking back into the family circle someone whose existence they had long ago ceased to acknowledge. For it would be embarrassing to "resurrect" a man whose death notice the family had inserted in the local paper at the time they left him at the hospital.

The false death notice was not an uncommon practice in Kansas and in other states. It simply reflected the hopelessness that for centuries clouded our thinking about mental disease and inhibited our efforts to cure it. Doctors Karl and Will Menninger, the famous Topeka psychiatrists who have done so much to change this thinking and to restore the mentally ill to health and usefulness, themselves recall hearing doctors give advice utterly devoid of hope.

"I once worked in a psychiatric hospital," Doctor Karl said, "headed by a superintendent who believed it was kind and, indeed, imperative to tell relatives that they should go home and forget their loved one, the patient. 'He will probably never get well,' he would say. 'Go home and make your lives over as if he were dead.' So many families did just that."

There was, to be sure, little cause for optimism in the average overcrowded, understaffed state mental hospital. Patients received almost no treatment. Many were forgotten not only by their families but by the hospital doctors, who saw them so seldom that any improvement was apt to go unrecognized. Consequently thousands of luckless individuals like Amos Wilson were confined to the bleak "asylums" years after they could have been discharged.

As Dr. Will Menninger remarked during our visit to Topeka, "These state hospitals were little more than human museums where folks were stowed away and where, unless luck was on their side, they just didn't get out."

Within the past decade or so, however, brisk winds of reform have been sweeping through many of these hospitals, winds stirred up partly by Will Menninger's forceful speeches before state legislatures. He has addressed nineteen of them. Last year he spoke to the Governors' Conference in Hawaii, urging more expenditures for mental health.

Nowhere has the reform been more vigorous and effective than at Topeka State Hospital. It was long overdue here. Kansas had slipped close to the bottom among the forty-eight states in the quality of care provided in state mental hospitals located at Topeka, Osawatomie and Larned. Suffering from political mismanagement, legislative parsimony and public apathy, Topeka State had become a snake pit the public knew little about and seldom peered into. Its 1800 patients were "cared for" by three doctors, one nurse and 116 untrained, overworked, sometimes brutal and often frightened attendants. Many patients were bound in chains, handcuffs or straitjackets. Some were strapped nude to their beds, their thighs scarred by the bindings.

Then in 1948 a series of exposé articles in the Topeka *Capital* and *Journal*, the Kansas City *Star*, the Emporia *Gazette* and other Kansas papers shook the citizens awake to these horrors. Gov. Frank Carlson (now a U.S. senator) named a committee of five, including Karl Menninger, to look into the conditions and make recommendations. The committee was shocked at what it saw. Doctor Karl, calling the situation "abominable, medieval, criminal," declared that "as a psychiatrist I can't conscientiously keep quiet about it."

So compelling were the Menninger criticisms—supported by legislators who went out to the hospital to see for themselves—that Karl and Will and the Menninger Clinic staff were asked by the governor to give direction to a program of improvement, to shift the Topeka State Hospital from a static custodial institution to an active treatment center.

The Menningers were well qualified for such an assignment. They had just completed, at the invitation of the Federal Government, the organization of the Winter Veterans Hospital, on the outskirts of Topeka. Doctor Will had directed the Army's psychiatry program

Right: Dr. Nick Colarelli, who oversees the "intrusive therapy" program shown in action at left. The inkblot design is part of a Rorschach test.

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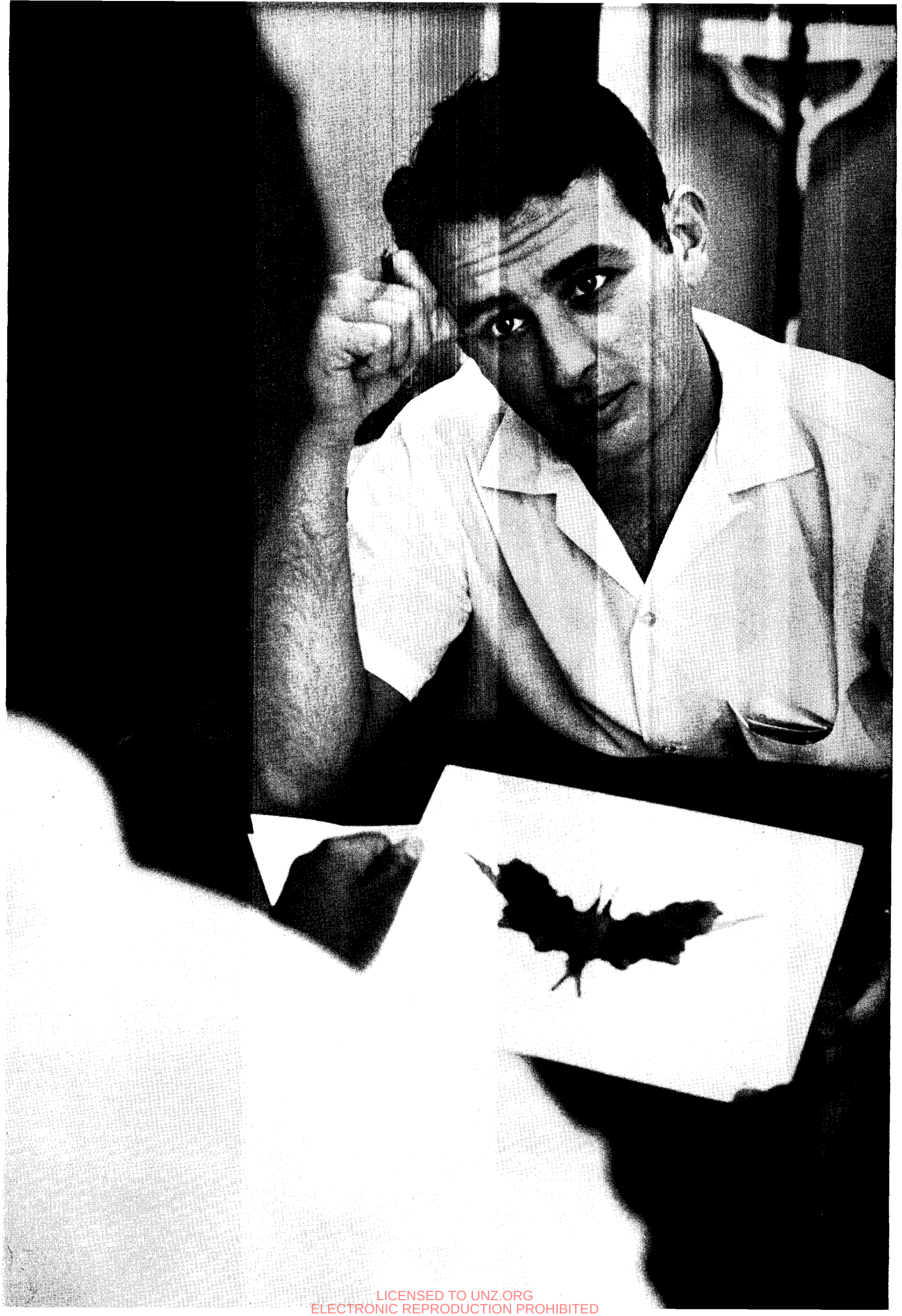

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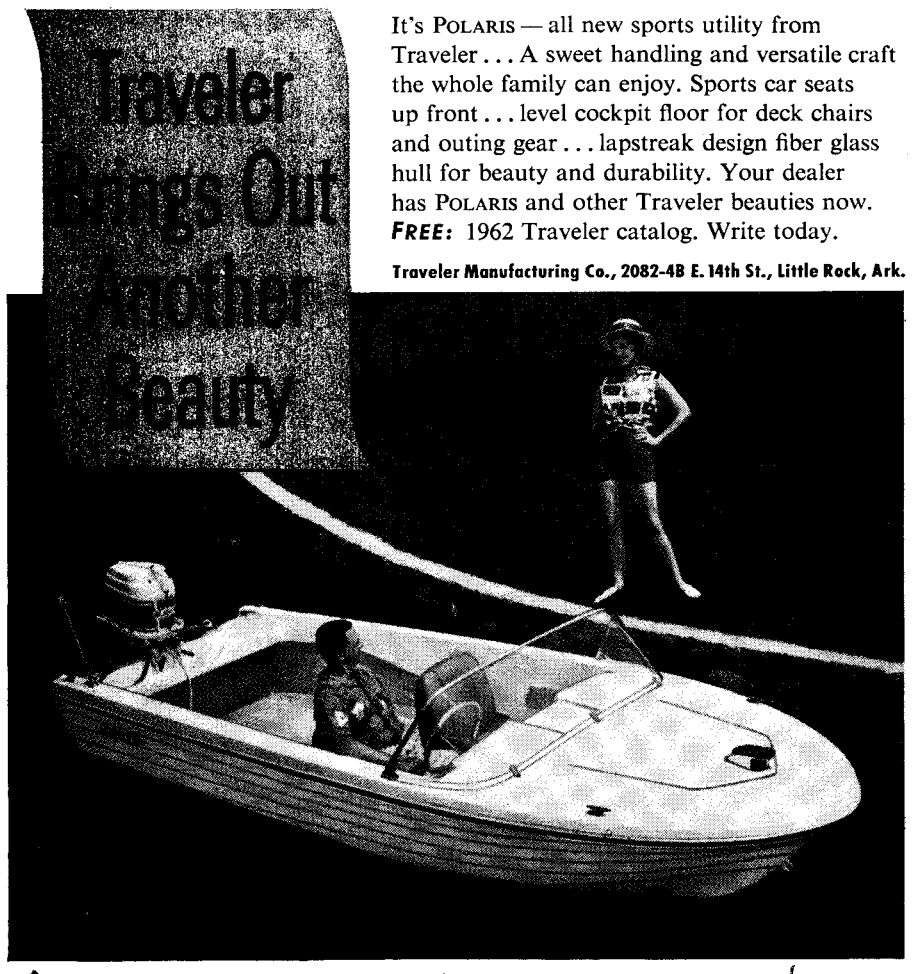

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during World War II, and Doctor Karl had managed the VA hospital during its first two years. Karl now accepted temporarily the post of clinical director at Topeka State. He is still a consultant there and confers regularly with the hospital's administrator, Dr. Alfred Paul Bay.

Topeka State, once one of the worst among the country's state mental institutions, is now one of the very best. Whereas before 1948 two thirds of the patients coming here failed to improve, today the situation is just the reverse. Of the patients admitted in recent years, 86 percent leave the hospital within twelve months, and half are sufficiently improved to go home after only three months. Moreover, scores of patients who had been hospitalized for ten or twenty years or longer have been discharged. These remarkable achievements actually have reduced the number of hospitalized patients from 1800 to 950. Topeka State is one of the few public mental hospitals which has closed some of its wards. At the same time it is able, because of the rapid turnover, to treat more patients than ever before—2300 a year. The tranquilizers and "psychic energizers" (given to stimulate depressed patients) deserve some of the credit. Doctor Bay points out, too, that many are less sick than those admitted in the past. But this is a good sign. It means people are seeking treatment sooner. It means the hospital's cheerful atmosphere, effective therapy methods and new garden-apartment units (the first in a large-scale rebuilding program) have completely shifted the Kansas public's attitude toward hospitalization here.

Symptomatic of the shift—and in sharp contrast with the false death notices of past years—is the following recent news item from the "personals" column of a small-town Kansas weekly: "Mr. Louis Nelson, of Wheatville, has been admitted to the Topeka State Hospital. He is in Eastman section and would be glad to hear from his friends."

Doctor Will, who called this note to my attention, said it was the first of its kind he had ever seen. "Here is a straightforward announcement that a local citizen has entered the state mental hospital for treatment and would like to hear from his friends. In other words, there is nothing to be hidden or to be embarrassed about, and this, I think, marks a real turning point." (We have not used the patient's real name—and the town is fictional—but the original notice did.)

Neither Topeka State nor the VA Hospital could provide as good care as they do were it not for the services of men and women in training at the Menninger School of Psychiatry. The school was established in 1946 to supply the specialists needed to treat the tragic numbers of psychiatric casualties of World War II. Today thirty-six of its 100 students (graduate physicians from all over the world) are psychiatric residents at Topeka State, augmenting the full-time staff of twenty-six psychiatrists. This provides one psychiatrist for every sixteen patients, a ratio three times as favorable as the American Psychiatric Association standard and far in excess of the national average among state mental hospitals—one-to-140. Kansas also scores high, second in the country, in terms of the amount she spends per day per hospitalized mental patient—$8.75.

About 10 percent of the Topeka State Hospital patients require formal psychotherapy and receive it fairly promptly. But nearly all benefit from milieu therapy, in which the environment, the attitude of staff members and the occupational and recreational activities are specifically designed to help the patient bring order to his troubled thoughts and emotions.

Forty adjunctive therapists, many with bachelor's or master's degrees, work with patients in a varied program of activities, under the direction of coordinator John Redjinski. One way the therapists "reach" patients is through music. For many of the older, chronic residents of the hospital, music therapy provides the only break in their dreary day and the only form of communication they can be drawn into. On the morning of our visit, there seemed no promise at all in the group of ten silent women assembled in a small basement room for their music session. Violet, a thin, dark girl with a ponytail, was tense and restless. Nancy, a pretty girl in her twenties, sat with wide, questioning eyes on the therapists. The others drooped in their chairs, eyes on the floor, and waited.

But the bright voices of the three young music therapists—Imelda Siojo (from the Philippines), Doris Rantucci and Wanda Lathom—soon began to lift them out of their daydreams. There was a little flurry of action as rhythm sticks and maracas were passed around. The piano under Miss Siojo's rapid fingers coaxed them. The sticks began to beat. Even Anna, whose head hung so far forward that her neck seemed broken, made faint movements with her maraca.

Suddenly Miss Rantucci pulled Alice, a stocky, square-bobbed woman, to the center of the circle and began to dance with her. Surprisingly Alice followed in a sort of simplified jitterbug, plainly enjoying it but glaring belligerently around the circle and exclaiming, at intervals, "Well, for goodness sake! What's the matter? For goodness sake!"

Others took their turns at dancing. Several were asked to "conduct" a piece. Violet did well at this, but the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she both smiled and cried.

Each patient was asked to choose a song. *Red Sails in the Sunset* and *You'll Never Walk Alone* were favorites. Esther, a small woman with girlish braids pinned up on her head, always makes the same choice—*School Days*. It makes her feel secure.

Sometimes only sheer nerve and persistence can build a successful person-to-person relationship with severely withdrawn patients. A bond of common interests helps. These were the forces at work in the story of the two ex-football players—one a young psychiatric aide, the other a chronic schizophrenic of about fifty. The patient—we'll call him Jim—had been a big star in college, but had been hospitalized for twenty years, a hulking, forbidding man who talked to no one and who took a poke at anyone who came within his reach.

Mark, the hospital aide, had been on a high-school team. When he came to work at the hospital, he determined to make friends with the former star.

He started out by simply saying hello as he passed Jim in the hospital corridor—keeping a safe distance from the patient's powerful fists. Day after day he did this. And day after day the ex-football player made no response. Occasionally Mark even had to dodge a vicious blow. But he refused to give up. Gradually during the next year Mark narrowed the "passing distance" from six feet to five, and then to four and three. Still no spoken response.

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Then came a day when Jim returned Mark's greeting with a gruff "h'lo."

Having cracked Jim's wall of silence, Mark was soon able to coax him into a game of checkers, and then into a halting conversation about football. As his trust in Mark strengthened, Jim's hostility to the world at large melted. He began, after twenty years of muteness, to talk to those around him—the doctors, the nurses, his fellow patients. Jim was not cured of his psychosis, but the devoted attention of one man who cared had brought him a long way on the road to recovery.

It is this concern for the patient as an individual which gives Topeka State Hospital its unique character. "We try to see that nothing that happens to a patient is the result of chance or tradition or because he is one of a group," Doctor Bay emphasized. "We have abolished such traditional state-hospital routines, for example, as stripping the patient on admission and ordering him to take a shower. We treat him with dignity."

An important principle of the Kansas state hospitals is "therapeutic continuity" between the patient and the staff. The hospitals are organized on a section plan, which permits each patient to remain in the same part of the hospital, in contact with the same group of doctors, nurses and aides, for the entire duration of his stay. In this way he can build satisfying personal relationships without fear of their disruption by repeated transfers. Dr. Karl Menninger, who originated the section plan, had for years sharply criticized the buck-passing of patients that went on in the average big state hospital, the shunting of individuals from an Acute Ward to a Closed Convalescent Ward to an Open Convalescent Ward; or, in the opposite direction, to a Back Ward, with death the only exit.

The section plan benefits from proper hospital architecture, and the new Eastman section at Topeka State Hospital was built with this in mind. It accommodates 250 patients in attractive one- and two-story buildings grouped around landscaped courts and patios. No more than thirty-five patients occupy each cottage or wing, and they sleep in single or double rooms. The rooms are tastefully furnished and have big, unbarred windows with a view of the hospital's parklike grounds.

Most unusual accommodations, for a state hospital, are eight apartments, each with a living room, four bedrooms and a kitchenette. These are for patients who need a substantial degree of responsibility as part of their treatment. They have keys to their own personal rooms and are free to come and go. Some already have downtown jobs—one girl works at a drugstore and another at a restaurant—but still need the comforting security of the hospital at night.

In spite of its handsome construction the new Eastman section cost only half as much per bed ($10,644) as two other mental hospitals built at about the same time. Part of the saving was achieved by omitting such security items as heavy window screens ($200 each), electric door-locking devices, nurses' emergency-call systems, and the like. The Eastman unit is "semi-open," and parts of it—the apartments, for example—are completely open. The words "open" and "closed" (as applied to mental hospitals) are, however, partly an illusion, Dr. Karl Menninger says. "The hospital may be open in the sense that the door is unlocked, but there are nurses or attendants around to see that patients who shouldn't be out alone don't wander."

"The public thinks of enforced seclusion as a form of punishment," remarked Dr. Paul E. Feldman, director of research and education at Topeka State. "We don't look at it that way, nor do all the patients. Some *request* the security of a locked room. A child may say, 'I feel mean. I think I'd better go to my room and be alone awhile.' But no matter what the reason—a patient's request or an outburst of violent behavior—seclusion can be prescribed here only by a physician."

We heard more about open versus locked doors from Dr. Donald B. Rinsley, a Menninger-trained psychiatrist who is assistant chief of the adolescents' section, housing fifty troubled youngsters, age twelve to sixteen.

Doctor Rinsley is critical of the open-door policy, at least when the children first come in. "Most of these kids have problems in controlling their impulses," he said. "They need control from without until they learn control from within. So we interpret the restrictions to them, explain why we confine them to the cottage or their room and, once they understand, they are relieved." They even make jokes about it. Among the decorations in one girl's room was a sign that read ALL TIGERS MUST BE LEASHED.

The problems presented by adolescents and younger children are quite different from those of adults. "With the children it's often a matter of making real changes in basic personality," Doctor Rinsley said. "And this takes a long time. We may see quick symptomatic improvement, but often this is only a superficial sealing over of their problems, and if we discharge patients, then they may return in six months just as sick as before.

"Our first task is to get the youngster to see us as allies, to feel he can accept help from us without damaging his self-esteem. This is not easy, for one of the problems of the mentally ill is their inability to admit they are sick.

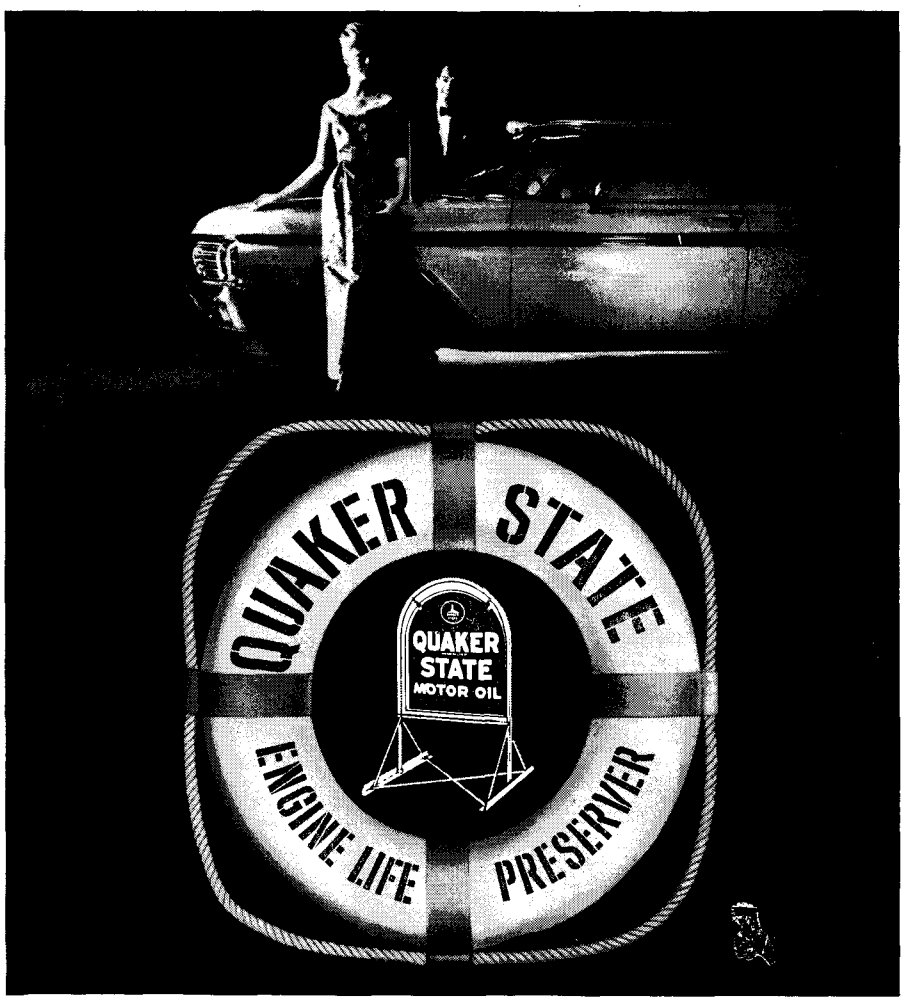
"When a teen-ager comes to us, he acts as if we were adversaries, people to resist, like those he believes caused his trouble in the first place. He may think, *You're adults; you're like all the teachers, cops and phonies who have lied to me. I'm mixed up, and you don't dig me.*"

But Doctor Rinsley does dig them. A nimble-minded man of thirty-three, he is young enough to remember how teen-agers think. He is perceptive enough to see, behind their defiant, sullen shield, a tremendous need for help.

"Appallingly often, one or both parents may be seriously disturbed emotionally," Doctor Rinsley said, "and the child then becomes a part of the 'family illness.' We cannot begin to unsnarl the child's problems until the parents begin to unsnarl their own."

To illustrate: A pretty, fifteen-year-old redhead we'll call Debbie was brought to the hospital because she had got out of control. Although she came from a substantial family, she had begun to drive around with hoodlums, smoking reefers and engaging in sexual promiscuity. Her parents were at their wits' end.

When the doctor and the psychiatric social worker began to inquire into the family situation, however, they found a neurotic atmosphere of dishonesty and deceit. Both parents condemned smoking and drinking, yet secretly smoked and drank; both, too, were running around with other people's spouses. Unaware that Debbie knew about all this, they laid down excessively strict rules of behavior for her. Debbie had rebelled against such rampant hypocrisy.



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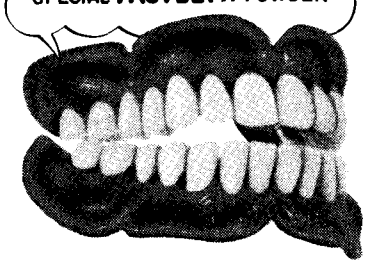

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"It was as though the mother, while storming at Debbie for her misbehavior, was getting a vicarious pleasure from it and was secretly saying 'go ahead,'" the psychiatrist pointed out. "This is not uncommon. A parent may use a child as his own 'bad self.'

"Through many interviews we eventually got the parents to see their own problems. We also helped Debbie to understand herself. When she finally went home, her parents gave her more understanding and a little more freedom, within the bounds of reasonable parental rules."

The family pressures on thirteen-year-old Martha were of a different kind and produced bizarre reactions. Always considered a model child, Martha startled her parents by expressing destructive wishes about various relatives. Doctor Rinsley learned that she harbored unexpressed resentment toward her parents for forcing her to grow up too fast. They had pushed too many responsibilities upon her—a major share of the household chores, care of the younger children when her mother went to the movies. The mother encouraged this, not for wholesome reasons but because of a wish to be dependent on the child.

"But if the child was assuming the responsibilities of adulthood, she wanted the privileges too," Doctor Rinsley explained. Once, when talking to the doctor, she told him, in bold, four-letter terms, that she'd like to have sexual intercourse with a boy. The psychiatrist, unfazed by her attempts to shock, calmly replied, "You are really asking me if it's O.K. to be *interested* in boys. It is. But you are thirteen, and at thirteen you have a different kind of relationship with them." Over many months he and others of the staff showed Martha that *they* did not feel she had to grow up so fast. They encouraged her to relax—even throw things, if she liked—and be for a while the child she had never had a chance to be.

It took a year and a half of treatment at Topeka to untangle Martha's conflicting childhood-adult drives. Meanwhile her parents, with the psychiatrists' help, achieved better understanding and were able to accept Martha's need to be a child before she became an adult.

"But a few more years without help," Doctor Rinsley remarked, "and this girl might have become a seriously withdrawn person."

Both Doctor Rinsley and Dr. Robert A. Kitchen, another Menninger-trained psychiatrist, who has charge of thirty younger children, emphasized that the parent-child relationship, even though faulty, can be so tightly bound as to constitute a barrier against help from outside.

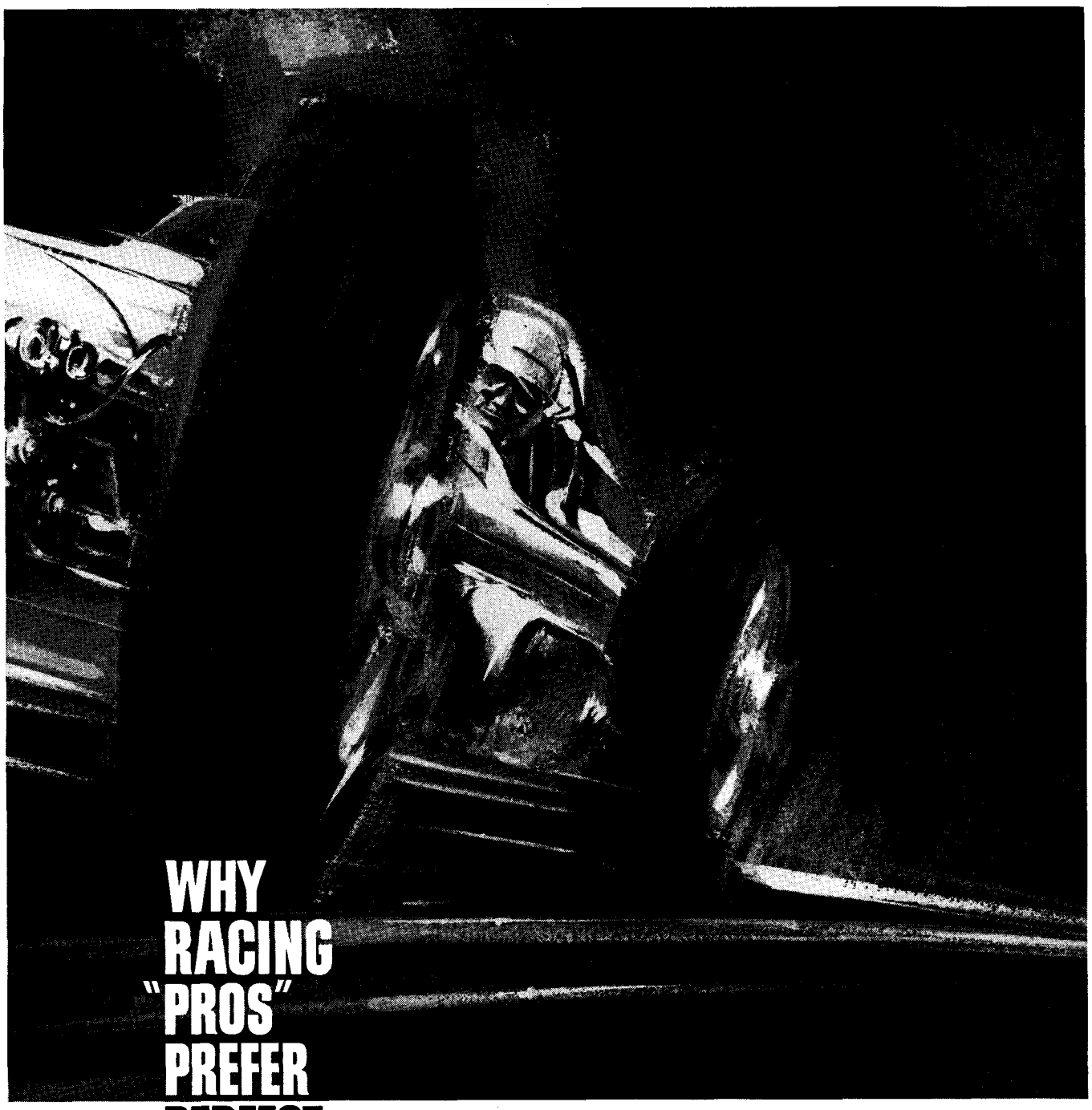
"Parents hate to admit they need help with their children," Doctor Kitchen commented. "They may even say to us, with some resentment, 'Do you really think you can do a better job than we've been doing?' The youngster may sense this attitude and feel he is being disloyal if he does get along better in the hospital than at home. These are conflicts we have to resolve."

In both the adult and children's sections of the hospital an increasing degree of responsibility is being placed in the hands of the aides.

"Surely, if there is anything in the hypothesis that people influence one another therapeutically," Doctor Bay, the hospital administrator observed, "we should make better use of the aides." Traditionally at the bottom of the mental-hospital hierarchy and still woefully underpaid ($185 a month in Kansas), the aides nevertheless constitute the largest single group of employees, and they spend more time with the patients than anyone else. They are a superior group in this hospital and have been helped by a special training school set up here with a $75,000 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation.

In a program organized two years ago under National Institute of Mental Health sponsorship, eight aides were assigned to a group of thirty-six women patients, most of them chronic schizophrenics. For years they had been completely out of contact. They were seldom visited by relatives because the relatives, like the family of Amos Wilson, had been advised to forget them. They lived in old Ward H, a long, barren room without calendars or clocks and with few attendants. In this environment, which accentuated the isolation already produced by their illness, they had lost all sense of time and identity and had no feeling of responsibility for themselves.

The aim of the project was to pull the patients back into the frame of reality. Calendars, chiming clocks and full-length mirrors were hung on the walls to stimulate their sense of time and identity. And the aides were trained to become key figures in what has been termed "intrusive therapy," to provide a "presence" which the patients could not escape.



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Each aide on Ward H was assigned to a group of nine patients and, since the aides worked in shifts, their "presence" was indeed inescapable. They worked closely with the ward nurses, reported periodically to Dr. Nick Colarelli, the psychologist supervising the project, and to the ward psychiatrist. "But we made the aides chiefly responsible for getting the patients well enough to leave the hospital," Doctor Colarelli said. "They were encouraged to use their own ideas and methods."

Mrs. Esther Watts, an amiable Negro woman with a delightful sense of humor, has shown unusual resourcefulness in the program. She told how she tried to get a very withdrawn patient, Jane, to understand who she was by placing her in front of a mirror, pointing to the patient's image and asking, as you would of a small child, "Who is that?"

At first the girl was confused and replied, "That's Esther Watts, or what's left of her." After several sessions of "mirror therapy" she understood that she was Jane, although she would occasionally lose her grip on her identity again.

"Then I would just sit quietly with her and hold her hand," Mrs. Watts said. "Her hands would perspire, and I would show her that these were her hands. And I'd say 'This is your ear,' and 'This is your eye,' pointing to them again just as you would with a child. And sometimes, when she was unusually disturbed or anxious, I'd just sit beside her and say nothing, and after a while she'd quiet down. You could just see the calmness spreading over her body.

"But Jane was a very sick girl, and there was a time when she would lie down on the floor and wouldn't move. When she continued to do this, I decided to lie on the floor beside her. Everybody was walking around us and over us, and we both still lay there. After about two days of this Jane looked at me lying on the floor beside her, and she said, 'You sure look silly,' and I said, 'Well, you look silly too.' So she got up off the floor, and I got up, and I don't think Jane has been on the floor since that day."

Mrs. Watts, the wife of a construction worker, has no children of her own, but she has the maternal patience and forbearance that fit her ideally for her work.

"I enjoy the project very much," she said. "But it is strenuous and often nerve-racking." We had noticed that most of the aides on the special project were Negro women and that patients were both Negro and white. All the Topeka mental hospitals have been desegregated, mainly at the insistence of Karl Menninger, who regards racial bias itself a sign of mental illness. Mrs. Watts commented on this situation, as it affected her. "Some of the patients do resent being bossed around by a Negro. Margaret here, in a fury one day, called me an insulting name. But next day she came to me and cried, with her head in my lap, and said, 'I'm sorry, Mrs. Watts. It just seems I always resent the person who's trying to help me.'"

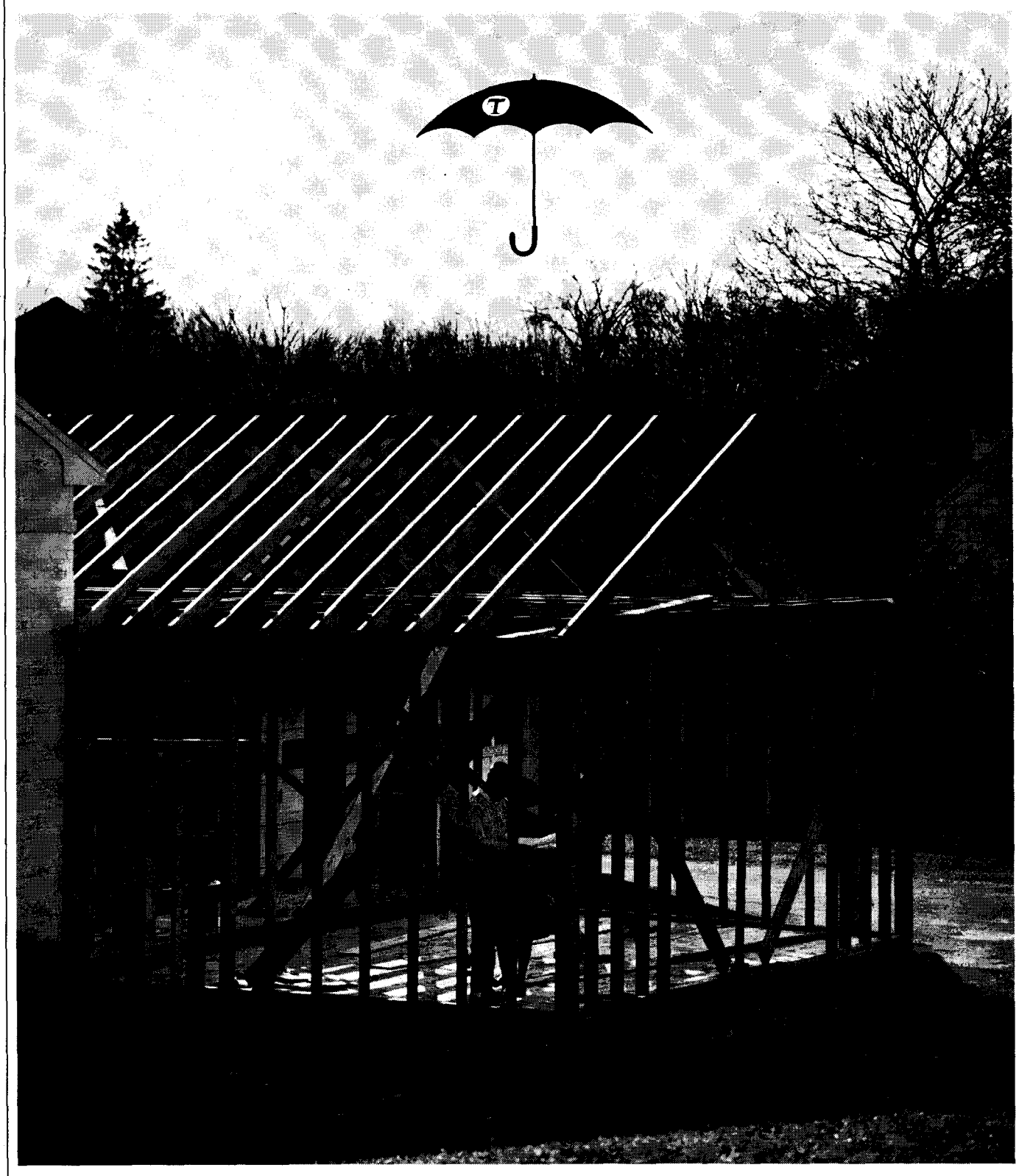
Of the thirty-six patients in the Ward H project, twenty-four have shown significant improvement, and a number have been discharged. Several have taken employment in Topeka. "And it makes you feel real good," Mrs. Watts remarked, "when you go downtown to the stores and have these former patients come up and wait on you, and you see how well they are doing."

Similar achievements on the Ward H project are being made by other aides—Mrs. Erma Stillman, Mrs. Louise Taylor, Mrs. Theodosia Douglas, to name a few. To maintain the overall quality of care in this or any other mental hospital also demands constant vigilance and cooperation by the public. The citizens, impressed by a spectacular step forward, are all too apt to turn their backs and assume all is well from then on. Even now the Menningers and others are distressed by the legislature's and the governor's action in temporarily diverting to the state universities more than $2,000,000 voted by the people for the hospital's building program.

I asked Dr. Will Menninger what he thought the mental hospitals in other states, without such a handy supply of psychiatrists, might do to meet the high standards of care set in Kansas.

"One of the most immediate solutions," he said, "would be for every medical school to become interested in the mental hospitals of its state. It is not enough just to have interns and residents spend a few months in the state hospital. The psychiatry department should send out its top men and maintain a deep and continuing concern with the hospital's program. In that way, our huge 'insane asylums' can become modern centers for the effective treatment of the mentally ill, places where these people can come not to stay but to get well."

Next week, in the concluding article of this series, we shall see mental patients, whose recovery is so often retarded by public rejection, get a helping hand from Topekans.



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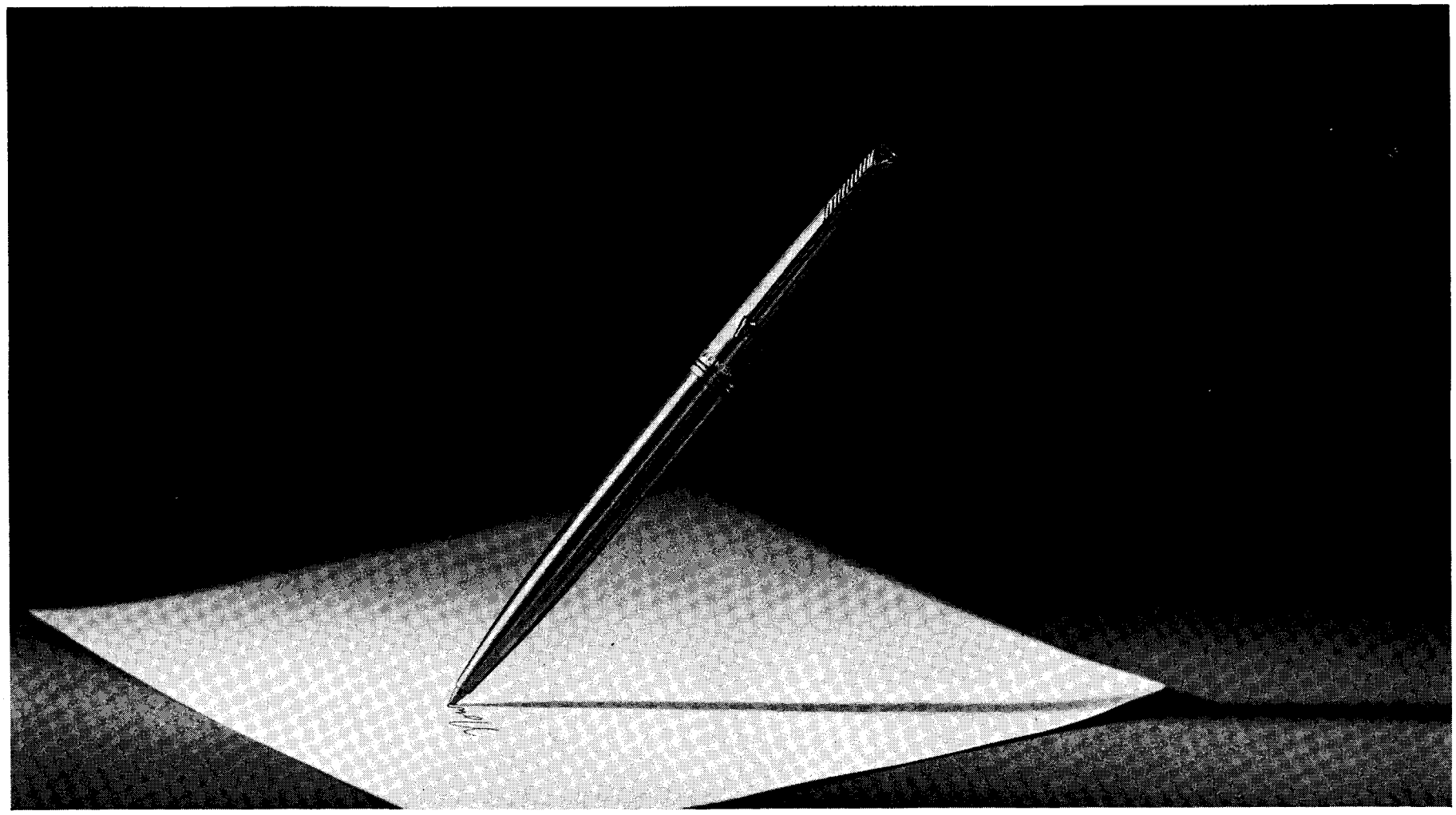

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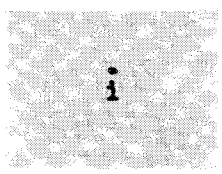
The ball pen with a difference you can feel the moment you put point to paper

This pen looks different to the naked eye. It has the sleek, rich beauty of fine jewelry. But the difference you *can't* see is what really sets this pen apart from ordinary ballpoints.

The T-Ball in the tip is only slightly bigger than the dot on an "i". It takes an electron microscope to see why this pen doesn't skip, slip, stutter, or write broken English.



ACTUAL SIZE OF T-BALL

A few short years ago, every ball pen manufacturer, except Parker, thought the smoother the ball, the smoother the writing. Parker spent big money to develop a *textured* ball (hence T-Ball) to gear the ball to the paper like a tire tread to the road.

The end result of this research—the Parker T-Ball—has some incredible specifications. Although only 43 thousandths of an inch in diameter, each ball is composed of approximately 1 billion tiny discrete particles of tungsten carbide, welded together but with little spaces between them. Magnified 400 times (see picture in the next column) you can see the texture this gives the ball.

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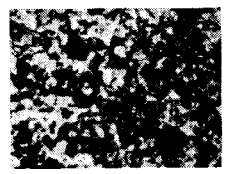

MAGNIFIED 400 TIMES

(There are no numerical or typographical errors in these paragraphs, even though it looks like it.)

You require an electron microscope to see the difference between this ball pen and an ordinary ballpoint.

But the difference is readily apparent the moment you put the point of one of our Internationals to paper. It will write beautifully without bearing down. It's remarkably long-winded; it should last you through 80,000 words before you need a refill.

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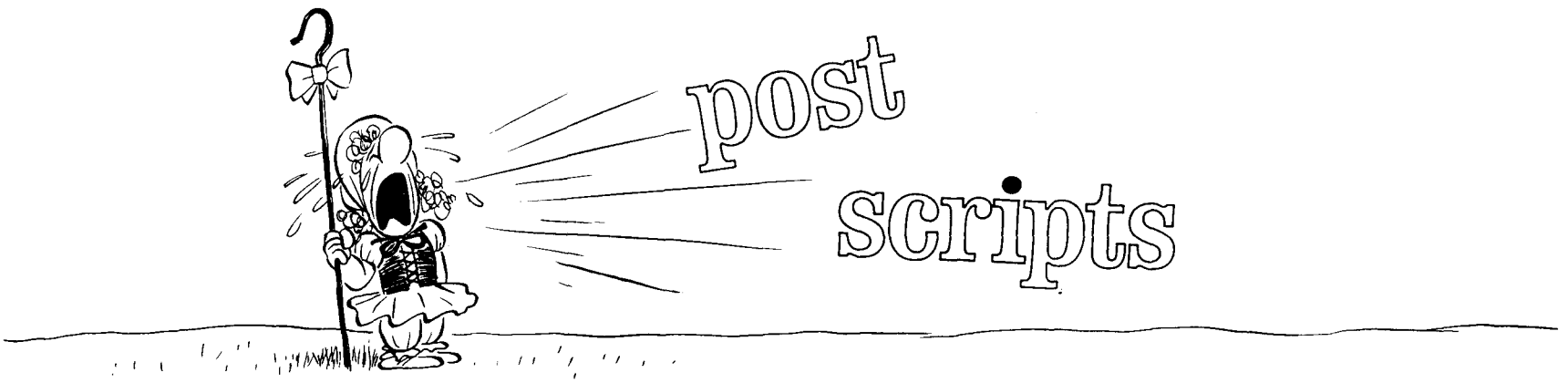


"My wife's in the hospital. Hit by a golf ball. Her own."

"Maternity hospital and please hurry!"

HISTORY IN MODERN-DAY HEADLINES

DUKE CLIPS BONY IN WATERLOO GO

'LET 'EM EAT CAKE!'—MARIE

GW TABBED 'DAD' OF OUR COUNTRY

QUEEN IZ OK's CHRIS VOYAGE

CORNY THROWS IN SPONGE AT YORKTOWN

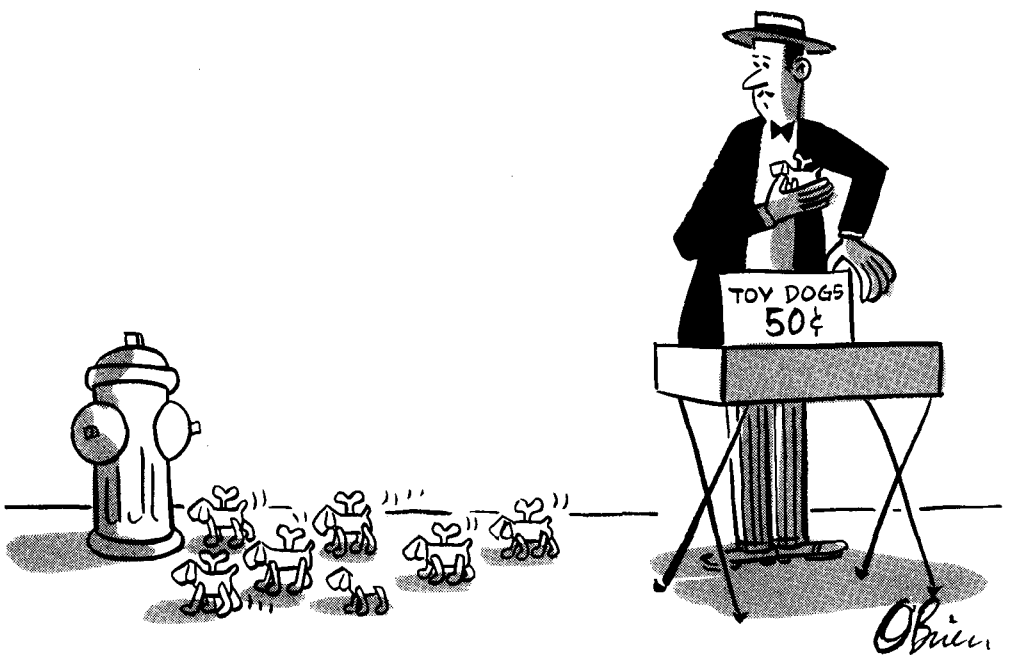
ABE SLATES G'BURG TALK

PONCE LAUNCHES 'OPERATION YOUTH FOUNTAIN'

SUSAN CHAMPS GAL SUFFRAGE

INDEPENDENCE DECLARATION INKED IN PHILLY

VERNON H. KURTZ



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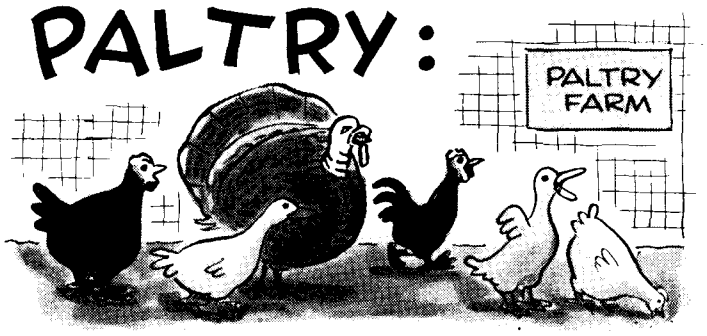
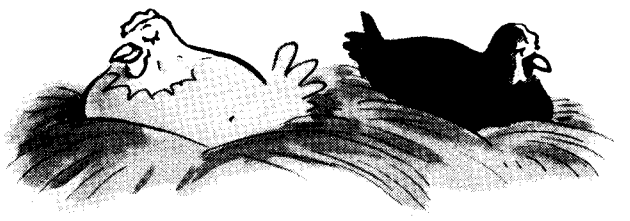
"We'll have the businessman's luncheon. Very dry."

PALTRY:



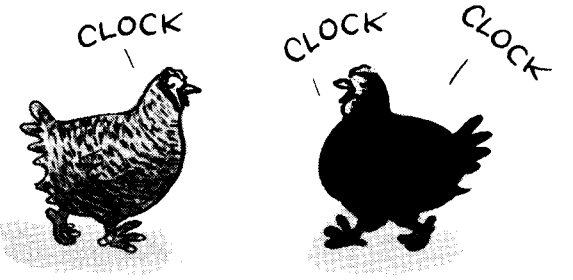
CHICKENS, TURKEYS, DUCKS, ETC.

HENCE:



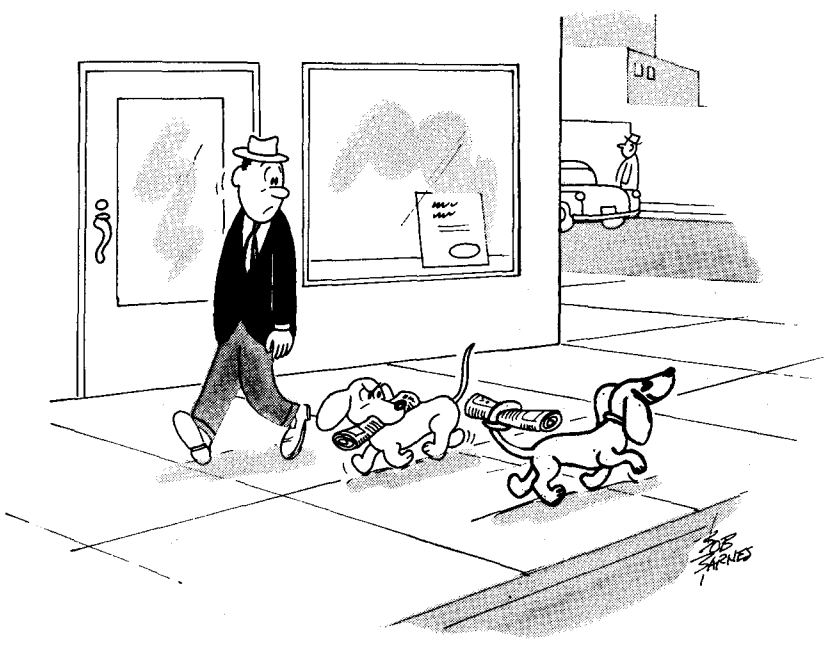
GIRL-TYPE PALTRY

CLOCK:



WHAT HENCE DO

BIL KEANE



"I know there's no opening."

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The Boss for Dinner

"I asked the boss and his wife for dinner," I told my wife. Eve widened her eyes. "Oh, dear! The house is such a mess!"

"It's not a mess. Just pick up the roller skates and the rubber bones and paper dolls."

"Darling," my wife said, "I'm thinking of you. It's the first time you've had your boss for dinner. Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"He isn't coming until Saturday. This is Monday."

Eve smiled wistfully. "I've got to get the windows washed. The rug certainly needs a shampoo. I'll need a girl to help me polish all the silver. What do you think about the wallpaper in the dining room?"

I nearly choked. "We haven't got time to repaper the walls," I exclaimed. "For heaven's sake! It's just a simple dinner."

Eve tapped a fingernail against her nose. "Could you put it off a month? The woodwork needs a good coat of paint and we ought to have that big chair reupholstered. I've meant to ask you about the floors being sanded and ——"

"Look," I said. "Forget it. Forget it completely. We'll take them to the Federal Club. You can't beat the Federal Club for swank and good food and wines."

"It's so expensive," Eve said slowly.

"Not as expensive as rebuilding the house," I noted. "In fact, the way I look at it I'll save plenty."

"You insist?"

"I insist."

"Then I'll have to have a hundred dollars or so."

"What for?" I gasped.

"Darling," Eve said sweetly, "the whole purpose of this is to have them meet your wife, isn't it? I can't go to a place like the Federal Club without a new gown and a permanent. I don't want you to be ashamed of me."

I felt weak. "A hundred-dollar gown just to go out to dinner?"

"Of course not. I can wear it to the Symphony Benefit Ball next month."

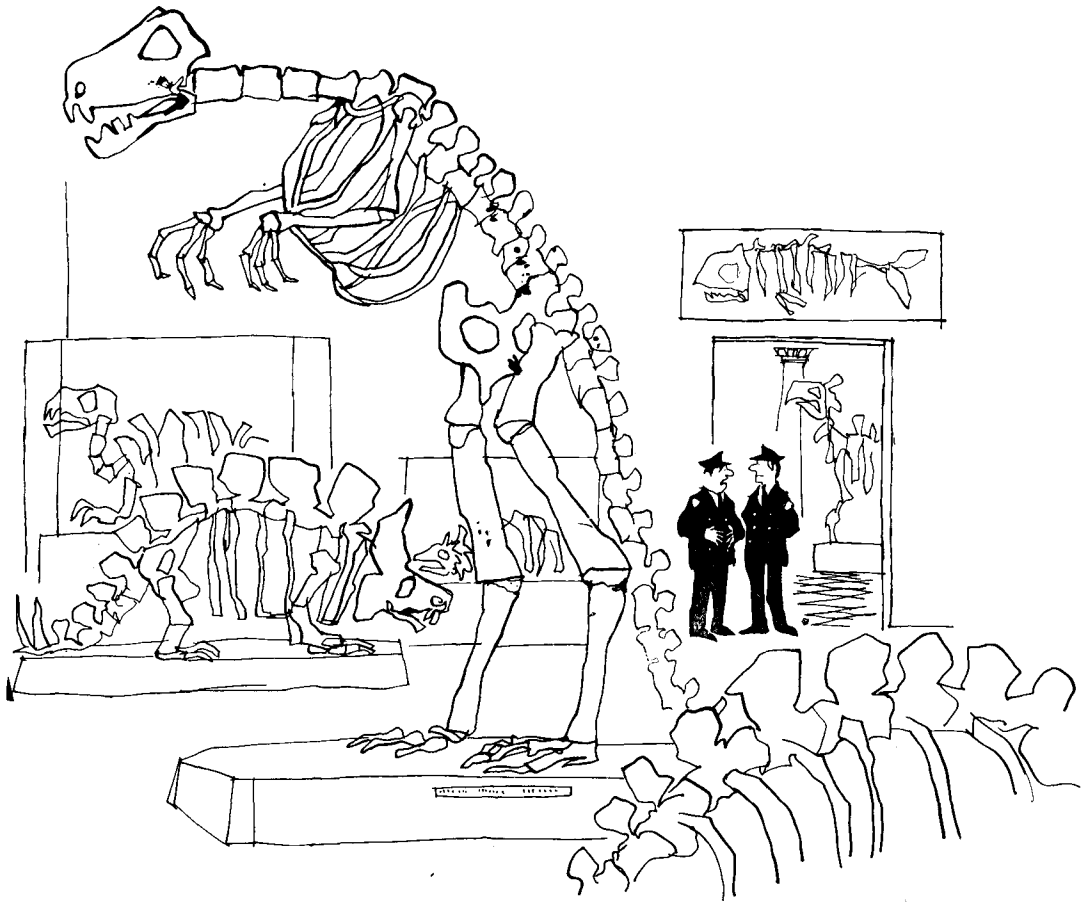
This nearly settled me. "Who said we're going to the ball?"

My wife smiled tenderly. "You wouldn't stay home and waste a beautiful, expensive gown, would you?"

She paused a moment and smiled dazzlingly. "You mind if I drive you to the office and then take the car? I've got a lot of shopping to do."

I just stared at her, numb. Husbands get that way. I imagine it's nature's way of stopping them from screaming.

OLLIN



"By the time eleven-thirty rolls around, I'm famished."

"That's one of our better birdcalls."

and more

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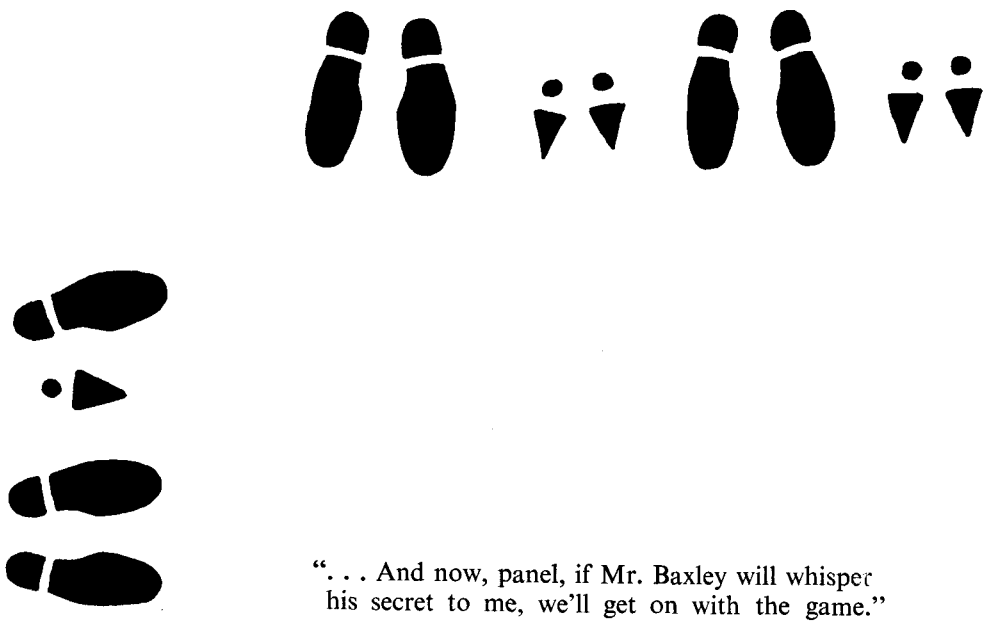


"... And now, panel, if Mr. Baxley will whisper his secret to me, we'll get on with the game."

THE PHILISTINE PRESS

Mr. Claude Grubek,
The Grubek Gallery.

Dear Mr. Grubek: Your letter anent the profile we did on you in our Cultural Tid-Bits column was dashed off in such obvious haste and—I suspect—anger that it was a little hard to follow. However, I gather you took umbrage at our regrettable typographic *faux pas* where we said, "Although a relative newcomer to our growing artist colony, Claude Grubek is fast gaining a reputation as something of an old masher." "Old master" is what we meant—high praise indeed, had it come off right. Since it didn't, I beg your forgiveness and assure you we will set things aright next week when, as I understand, the Women's Club will unveil the new murals you painted for them. I know they'll be beautiful and we shall be unstinting with our plaudits.

Yrs. most apologetically,
OWEN GRIMES, *Editor*,
The East Harmony Weekly Beacon.

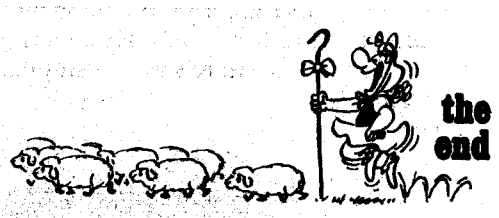
My dear Mr. Grubek: Indeed I do appreciate the "distress" both you and your wife felt upon reading that "Mr. Grubek's morals are the talk of the Women's Club," and I am terribly sorry "murals" came out that way. Yet I feel you judge *The Beacon* overharshly in calling it "a filthy, Philistine rag bent on perpetuating the myth of the artist as a dissolute rake etc." In its own way, *The Beacon* also is an art form, and we who publish it, artists—never quite attaining perfection, yet always striving. Now here's what I've done: I sent our Miss Thelma Sigley around to your gallery yesterday. (She posed as a customer since I feared that, in your present mood, *Beacon* staffers might be *persona non grata.*) Miss Sigley, although only our stringer-correspondent from the neighboring town of High Popples, once had two weeks of formal art training and paints beautifully on velvet. She is preparing a splendid review of your canvases—just as if she were covering a "one-man show." Watch for it next week. I know you'll like it. Till then, I remain

Humbly in my hair shirt,
OWEN GRIMES, *Editor*

My very dear Mr. Grubek: My mortification is complete (and so is Miss Sigley's, though she is blameless) over the part that read, "Mr. Grubek's nudes reveal an infatuation with Rose Madder." Miss Sigley explained to me how rose madder is a color, yet I must have gone ahead and made it upper case anyhow just from force of habit because of the local Miss Rose Madder who lives on Linden Street and is in the news so much through her ardent clubwork and breeding of Afghan hounds. Before you permit your volatile artistic temperament to, as you put it, "carry this to the highest courts in the land," may I earnestly suggest a cooling-off period of a week or so to think it over? Talk it over with your good wife. Meanwhile, if it is any consolation to you, Miss Madder is mad at me too. *Ars longa, vita brevis*—look at it that way.

With profoundest remorse,
OWEN GRIMES, *Editor*.

W. F. MIKSCH



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HURT

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Secondly, this kind of insurance can bring you a steady income for as long as five years if you are laid up because of illness (as distinguished from accidents).

Third, it can provide a lump sum to your family in case of accidental death—anywhere from $5,000 to $50,000, depending on how much insurance you buy. In addition, it can pay you fixed amounts for various specified injuries such as $5,000 for the loss of an eye, or $7,500 for the loss of a hand, depending again on the amount of the insurance.

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Key to your overall planning — THE HARTFORD AGENT

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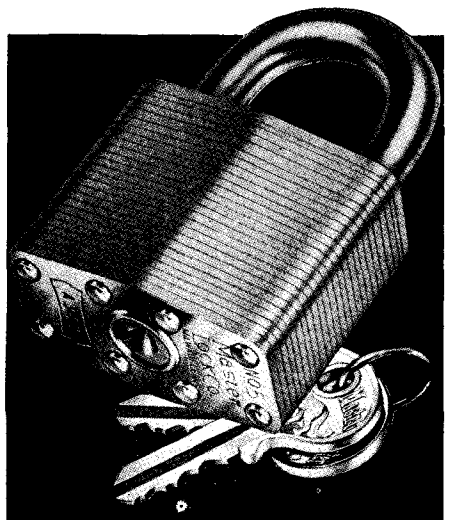

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WHAT A BIT OF MOONLIGHT CAN DO

continued from page 27

water, you got a kind of gunk that plugged the radiator effectively and kept it from leaking for a matter of weeks. I said, "Look, all we want's water. We don't want to *wake* anybody, for gosh sakes."

Morty Savage said a trifle nervously, "Don't see any watchdogs yet. I like dogs. I hope they understand I like dogs."

Cat Walker said scoffingly, "These things don't care if you like 'em or not. They'd take you in two bites. One bite, if you rolled up in a ball."

A moment later we all stopped; the oaks left off here, and to the west were some of the gardens, and under the moon a fountain was playing softly. You could just hear it splash and tinkle and smell its cool fresh scent, and Bill Springer's eyes caught mine, and we nodded together.

We went around the hedge, through thick shadow; and we were at the fountain. It was a statue of a shepherd playing his pipes, his head thrown back, the water bursting from the pipes which he aimed at the sky. In the skein of steady water pouring over his features, the stone shepherd had a look of blind enjoyment, a smile curling the corners of his lips, his curly head seeming as alive as though he were a real, slightly larger than life-size man and not a mere statue. Around the brink of the pool in which he stood, water gurgled merrily, spilling over the sides and down to the short grass, and in the water goldfish swam to and fro. Their scales caught the light and made yellow-gold and scarlet-gold reflections that spangled the flanks of the statue and confused the eye in a pleasant way.

Bill had his hands on his hips. "Saved," he said. "Now, only question is—what'll we cart the water in?"

Cat Walker stepped back, swinging his sax case around behind him. "Not this horn," he said.

Silly Birl said, "Or this one," whirling his trombone case around behind him, also protectively.

I said, "A cornet can't hold much. Anyhow, some of it's bound to spill. Look around for something else."

We all looked around us, rather vacantly, because there wasn't any receptacle of any type in sight. There were only the fine fountain, the swimming goldfish, and the lights and shadows of the enormous lawns around us, the rich shadow of the hedge almost reaching to one curve of the fountain's base. We weren't far from the west wing of the house; I looked up there in my aimless quick search for something to carry water in, and it seemed to me that for the smidge of a second I caught a stir of motion from a window on the first floor. In the next moment I decided it must have been a curtain blowing, or my imagination.

"Listen," little Morty said. "Bill's got to get home; he told you. Now listen. That trombone'll hold a good deal of water if you hoist it up on end, Silly."

Silly said, "Oh, well, I guess it can't hurt it much." He knelt beside the long case and opened the latches.

Cat Walker, frowning and with a look at Morty and Bill, said, "Wish I played drums or a bass fiddle. Maybe the water won't hurt it much; won't do my horn any good, either." He too was hunkering down and unlatching his sax case. I followed suit, opening my cornet case.

Then we had the instruments out, and Silly had rolled up the sleeves of his coat and gingerly was starting to dip his trombone into the water of the pool. Suddenly little Morty gripped my elbow so hard it hurt and said in an agitated voice, "Jiggers, oh, my Lord, look!"

I whirled. We all whirled. Squatting beside the fountain, Silly looked around too.

A dog the approximate size of a Shetland pony had just swung around the corner of the hedge. Ears up, it regarded us with what appeared to be either sardonic amusement or the joy of the kill.

It stood quite still for about five seconds. It was growling like minature thunder deep in its broad golden-fawn chest.

Then a soft voice from the direction of the west wing of the house and the window where I'd thought I'd seen a motion said, "Charley! You, Charlemagne! Sit!"

The dog sat down, panting a little. And all of us took our eyes from it and shifted them to the window from which the voice had come. There was a girl in the window. She was about our general age; and it came to me that I'd never seen a nicer face. I didn't know if it was pretty, or truly beautiful; in the moonlight it seemed beautiful indeed, with long dark hair rippling on either side of the cool, thoughtful face and with the eyes wonderfully alive as they surveyed us. There was a short pause, and then she said as if trying to be very polite, "He's not a bad dog. Just a little stupid. He won't hurt you now. What are you trying to do, catch the fish?"

Many have quarrel'd about Religion, that never practised it.

Benjamin Franklin
Poor Richard's Almanack

"No," Bill said. "We just wanted some water. See ——"

The girl broke in. Her voice had a fragile, quiet quality, as though all her life long she had never declared herself very loudly, or yelled at the top of her lungs.

"I used to try to catch the fish when I was little. I used a willow pole and a fishhook and a worm. But goldfish aren't very responsive." There was a precise something about her words, too, as though sometime, long back, she'd learned to enunciate everything with special care and couldn't simply let her words run together as we Midwesterners do.

I said, "But we weren't fishing. We wanted water. See, we're coming back from a dance—we're musicians—and the car boiled over, and ——"

"Oh, I see." I want to say that her voice was astonishingly sweet, too. It rang like little chimes out into the dark and competed with the fountain water for freshness. "Musicians! I couldn't quite see what you were doing over there."

Bill had begun walking toward the window. My cornet in my hand, I moved at his side. After another second Morty Savage followed us. The dog Charlemagne got up and came along comfortably at our side, looking up with a spark of inquiry in his dark-gold eyes and an expression that seemed to me now to be laughing slightly. Cat Walker waited a moment, then came padding along after us, and Silly followed.

We stood under the window. Closer, the girl took my breath away with her silver-touched eagerness, the fine bones of her face, her dark eyes and her large and generous mouth. Behind her in the room all was dark; she was leaning on the sill, just a little above us. Bill Springer said, "Maybe I ought to introduce us. I'm Bill, and this is Morty, and this ——" He went on, doing the honors; and to each of us the girl nodded, and I thought of a princess—a princess in a tower, looking out toward the world but not being in it. There was something about her that made me feel taller, cruder than I was.

When Bill had finished telling her our names, she said, "I'm Barbara. Barbara Patterson."

Nobody said anything. The last name had its own weight. The first name I barely remembered having heard or read somewhere; so this was old Joel's daughter, the tycoon's daughter. Somehow the name didn't even mean much as we looked up at her. She was young and eager and friendly; for all that her fragility and something else unnameable about her made you feel like a gawk, the friendliness was there. She went on, "I'm supposed to be asleep. But I can't sleep. The moon's too good—and there's too much to think about. Do you enjoy it—playing together? Is it a lot of fun?"

I nodded. "Sure it is! We get a lot of kicks."

She looked a trifle puzzled.

"Kicks," I said. "That's a word for fun."

Silly said thoughtfully, "Sometimes it's more fun than others. Sometimes, you know, we get going good and everything sounds the way it ought to ——"

"For a few bars, anyhow," Bill Springer said. I could see that for the moment, like us, he was enchanted too; he'd forgotten all about having to get home by two. "When Morty keeps the beat right."

"Yeah," Morty said. "And when Cat gets hold of a reed that isn't too stiff and Bill keeps his fiddle in tune."

Barbara was leaning even farther forward. She wore a blue housecoat, like a blue polished stone in the light. Her hands looked light as moths moving in the same light.

"I'd love to hear you play. Could you —— Would you play a little for me?"

Bill flicked a glance toward me, frowning again, and I said quickly and softly, "Uh, Barbara, we're not exactly a string quartet."

"We don't go very well with Brahms and things," Silly nodded.

I went on, "And we'd wake everybody else in your family, and ——"

The hands motioned again, curving fast through the air. "Oh, but I'm the only one in the family who's here! And I have to go away tomorrow." For just a second's fraction, I thought her voice trembled; but then I guessed I'd been wrong, because she went on strongly, "So there wouldn't be anybody to mind. And I'd so much like to hear you." She'd pushed her head farther forward; her chin lay on her hands. "I listen to the radio a lot, and there are scads of records; but it isn't like seeing and hearing something in person, is it?"

"Well," Silly Birl said. His trombone was still wet. Thoughtfully he took its mouthpiece out of his pocket—we brass men in The Night Owls always carried our mouthpieces in our pockets, just the way that we'd observed the professional musicians do—and put it in the horn. The first note he blew was watery and wild, but then he got out a couple of decent ones, and I had my mouthpiece out too.

I'd put mine in my cornet when Bill Springer said very soft-voiced, "No. Let's really play something for her. It's just the right night for it. C'mon, Morty, let's go get the bass and your traps."

Barbara's eyes seemed huge. Sometimes in the moonlight they looked violet,

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MOONLIGHT

sometimes dark blue when she lifted her head.

Cat Walker said, "My sax mouthpiece's back beside the fountain. I'll get it."

The three of them, Bill and Morty and Cat, went scudding over the lawn. The big dog watched them go as if he'd enjoy chasing them, but instead stayed where he was with Silly and me under the window. And without much more talk Silly and I warmed up; we played the first chorus of *After You've Gone* in an arrangement we'd practiced a little harder than most. A trombone and a cornet can reach an affinity now and then, when they're casual enough and the inspiration of the moon and an interested girl are there.

By the time we'd finished that first chorus, Cat was back with his sax mouthpiece; he joined us for the second. It seemed to me that we were playing pretty well. And when the second chorus was over, here came Bill Springer lugging the bass fiddle and Morty staggering as he always did under the bass drum and the snares. Then there was all the fuss of setting up in the smooth grass.

Barbara said, when we were about ready to start in again, "That was just wonderful. It's so full of happiness. You know?"

We'd had a lot of people comment about our playing, sometimes with good grace, but more often without it. We all looked at one another, with something like secret pride shining out; then Bill, plucking his bass-fiddle strings, said, "It's a little better with the rhythm added. Morty, you set?"

Morty, with a swift glance over his shoulder at Charlemagne, who was fascinated by the drums, jerked his chin "yes." And Bill patted his foot in the grass, said, "One, two," and we were off again. This time it was fuller, louder, and the semi-confidence we'd felt before had blossomed into a full confidence that shook some of the leaves of the driveway oaks and made the night ring. And when we'd finished, Silly Birl said, puffing and with a ring around his lips from the effort, "That's the best we ever did."

He said it with quiet judgment and a good deal of awe.

I said, "It's even better than that. Hey! You know, we could be good?"

Bill Springer said, "I hate to admit it, but maybe we could. Maybe if we could go like this all the time ——"

Cat Walker nodded too. He hadn't had any reed trouble at all; he looked down at his sax as though at a new-found friend. "Stop clowning around and really play," he said. "Sure, if we could do that ——"

Morty said with a squeak, "Good! We were terrific!" He flipped his brushes into the air and tried to catch them, but missed, and Cat Walker reached to trip him as he made a lunge after the brushes. Suddenly all of us broke up our mood of domination over the music and, in the happiness shooting through us at having played so well, we went a little wild. Through the moonlight and shadow we dashed, yelling as if we'd just been let out of school and were eight years old, with Morty dashing in and out of the paths around the hedges and with the night scents of the garden bright around us, and the dog Charlemagne loping along with us, now to one group, now to another. There was a game of leapfrog too. Cat Walker started it, and it led around the shepherd fountain and to another series of statues and fountains and sundials and out again, over a couple of long stone benches to the sweep of the lawn.

And back, then, to the window where Barbara Patterson sat laughing. Then we all settled down, breathing hard, warm and flushed, and she said, "Oh, my. I didn't know playing music that way could be so much fun. I never guessed it."

The spirit of the summer night was still on us, I guess; it was on Morty, at any rate. Because he reached before I could dodge and untied my bow tie and jerked it off and sailed it in through the window. It went over Barbara's head and landed somewhere in the room, and Morty yelled, "Souvenir of The Night Owls, Barbara!"

I said, "Oh, smart kid."

Barbara turned a little from the window and spoke to somebody behind her. I supposed it was a maid, and I thought that it was a shame the maid had to be kept awake; but maybe she wanted to be awake too. Everything was wakeful and cheerful in the huge night, and anything at all could happen without any particular trouble. Barbara turned back to us. "Thanks, oh, thank you," she said. "But the music's enough. I don't need a souvenir." Her eyes were glistening as if she'd seen the whole sweating and striving world with them and was still holding it close. There seemed something else she wanted to say. I didn't know what it was. She didn't remind me of any girl I'd ever known and liked; it wasn't just the difference of meeting her here like this, either. It was something else, and for a flash I tried to grasp it but couldn't pin it down.

And now Bill Springer was looking at his wrist watch. "Oh, baby. I don't know

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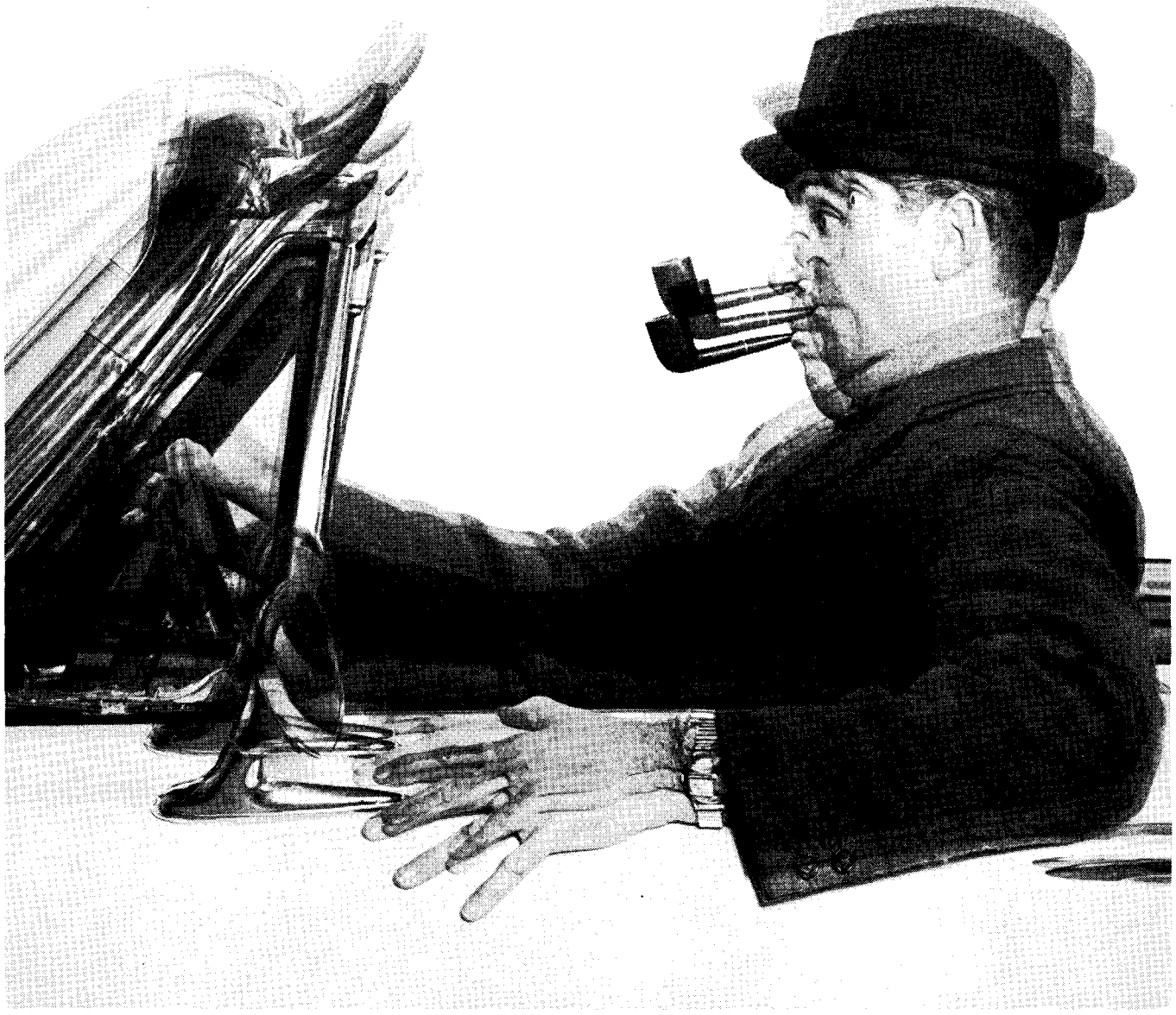

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just what got into us. Say, could we borrow a big washtub or something and fill it with water, so we can get my old crock back to our town?"

Again Barbara had turned a bit and was conferring with somebody else in the shadows of the room behind her. "Yes," she said, facing us again. "Miss Morton will have a vaseful of water for you. She'll bring it to the front door."

Bill nodded. "Thanks." He turned to me. "Pick up your necktie when you get it, will you? I'll take your horn."

I said, "O.K., sure," and handed him my cornet and left the bunch on the lawn and headed for the door. Nobody'd started to put his instrument back in its case as yet; but there was the feeling that we'd be leaving before long. Charlemagne stayed with the rest of The Night Owls, and I watched my shadow scissoring along beside me while I went across the lawn and around the house corner toward the great front door.

COMING

CZAR OF THE BUNNY EMPIRE

the amazing story of magazine publisher Hugh Hefner's "PLAYBOY" World

By Bill Davidson

I could hear Silly saying something and Morty chipping in and Barbara laughing softly again—with something in her laugh, this time, infinitely reaching and hoping. But I had no name for it. It bothered me, that was all.

Past boxwood hedges and portulaca and rhododendron and banks of summer roses I hurried; then I was at the door. For a little, nobody came, and I thought with part of my mind that it must be pleasant to be young and heiress to the Patterson millions, or was it billions, and spoiled enough so you had a maid to stay up with you all night when you felt like staying up.

But through this thought there was no envy. I was still searching for the other thing I could only feel, but not see.

The door opened. It wasn't a maid who stood there; it was a middle-aged nurse with a sandy complexion and nice blue eyes and a very white uniform. She held a large blue-and-gold vase, filled to the brim with water.

She said, "You can leave it beside the drive, near the gates. I'll get it in the morning, before we leave."

I took the vase. She tucked my bow tie in one of my pockets. And she said, lingering a moment in the doorway, "You've done her so much good. She sees very few people."

I said, "Why? She could see anybody she wants to. She could hire better bands than ours just to hang around."

There was a little silence between us; through it, crickets were chirping out on the lawns. The moonlight wasn't as strong as it had been earlier, but coming a little more on a slant, leaving the night earth gradually.

"Oh, no," the nurse said. "No." For a second she seemed to hesitate; then she said, "She can't leave the wheel chair. And she's very ill. It's got worse this summer. That's where we're going tomorrow. For another operation. The rest of the family is in the East. They told Barbara she could have this one last thing she asked." The nurse smiled, yet it wasn't really a smile. "To come back here, where she'd been a child, by herself—with just me along to take care of her and Rodgers. He's the chauffeur." I was merely looking at the nurse over the shimmering water in the vase. "Oh, yes. That's all she wanted. She'd been happy here. And she wanted to remember it this way—happily, without any of the rest of the family fussing around her. Without anyone pitying her."

The nurse stared at me, and her eyes were very level. "So you won't tell your friends this," she said gently. "They might show that they knew."

"No," I said. "I won't tell them until after we leave."

Then because there was nothing else to say and my throat was dry, I turned awkwardly and carried the vaseful of water back around the corner of the house. When I got back under the window, all The Night Owls were still there, and nobody'd made a move to leave. I set the vase down and, when I straightened, I said, "Bill, it's too late now even to try to make it home by the time your father wanted you in. Let's play one more number."

Morty Savage said, "We've *got* just one other decent number. We all know that. I mean without dragging out all the music from the car."

"And they're stock arrangements and blah," said Cat Walker.

Barbara was leaning far forward in the window again. "I'd love to hear whatever you want to play," she said.

Bill Springer shrugged. "O.K. My dad'll kill me anyhow. So O.K. Here we go."

So we played our best "other" number. I can still hear it moving around the moonlight, accompanying the splash of water from the shepherd's pipes. It was *Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye.*

The ship is sailing down the bay,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye—
She won't come back for many a day,
Good-bye, my lover, good-bye.

It wasn't a sad number, though. It rocked and sang, and we'd never been any better that time, either. And when it was over, we picked up all our gear—taking turns carrying the vase of water—and waved good-bye to Barbara and went back down the white drive, the dog strolling along with us for a short distance, then stopping, then curving back. And when we'd started the old car and it had enough water in it to see us home, we went on through the tunnel of trees and out to the highway, still with that easy and lovely music in our ears, still thinking about the girl, the night and the good music. As I do even these days. And often.

THE END

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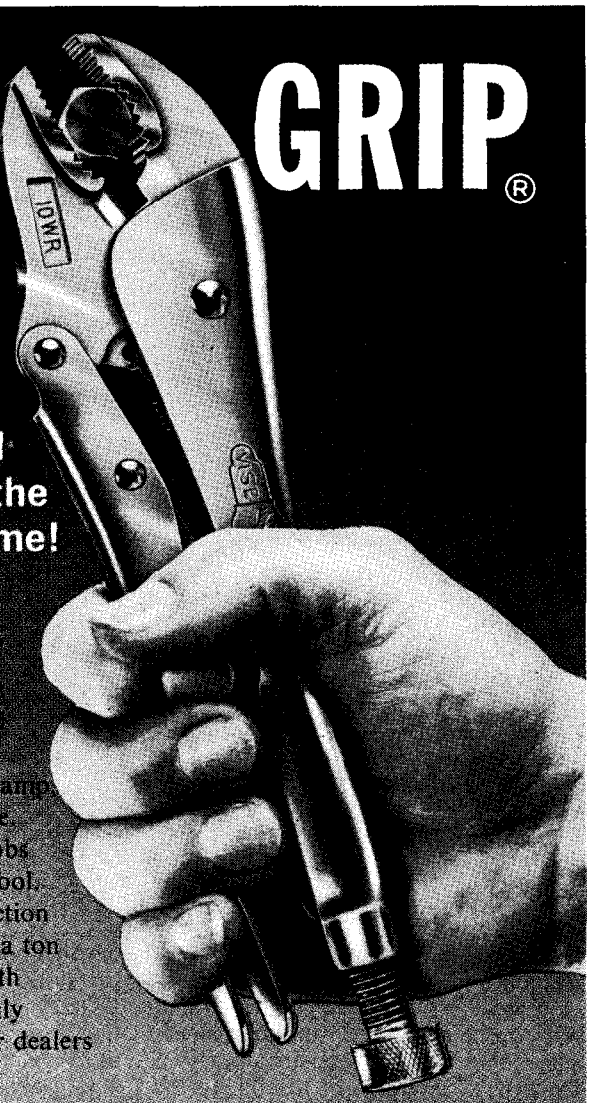

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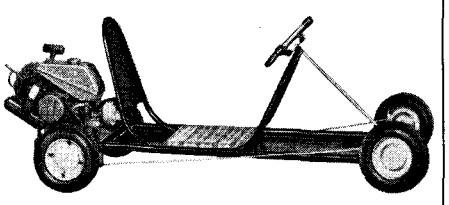

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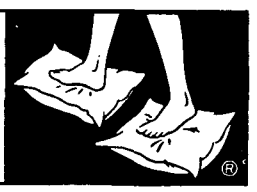

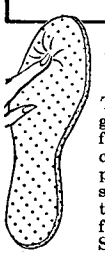

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FLATTERY CAN GET YOU SOMEWHERE

By PHYLLIS McGINLEY

Some people collect old Meissen or music boxes or original Picassos or blue-chip stock. I collect compliments, and they are far more rare. The genuine *objets d'art* which I keep for display in the private showcase of my mind—the authentic masterpieces—are few enough to count on the fingers of a pair of hands.

For a compliment is not flattery or even praise. Praise is warming and desirable and it is what the human race lives on like bread. But praise is an earned thing. It has to be deserved like an honorary degree or a hug from a child. A compliment is manna, a free gift.

Flattery, too, has its great uses, oiling as it does the wheels of conversation or good fellowship. I certainly approve of flattery and think that we ought to have more of it. Whether honest or not, a word of commendation can turn a bleak morning into June, or nourish the spirit and the body as efficiently as prayer or vitamins. It is what keeps marriages happy, nations at peace, and cleaning women from deserting one for a more congenial environment.

Nor does flattery need to be insincere. Indeed, the dictionary gives that meaning to it only as a secondary definition. It differs from a compliment often merely because it is studied. Let us not despise the art, for without it the planet would be a colder place.

"I love flattery," wrote the novelist, Joyce Cary, to his American agent after one triumphant lecture tour of the States, where his charm had captured the continent. "I think it's good for me, too—much better than whisky and not so hard on the liver." He had the root of the matter in him.

In my own day, which goes back now practically to the formation of the Appalachian hills, I have had my modest, normal share of both flattery and praise and been grateful for them. As a woman, it cheers me to be told I am wearing a becoming hat. As a writer it delights me to find fan notes in the morning mail even when they are addressed, as they have been on occasion, variously to Mister McGinley, Miss McGill, or Phyllis McGinkley. My ego is repaired, my disposition softened, and I grow more agreeable to my near and dear.

But a compliment, the kind I cherish in a sort of mental cabinet and finger affectionately from time to time, is quite another thing. It is never artful, although it brims with the essence of art. It must never sound planned or contrived—and it has to be completely unexpected. When it comes wrapped up in a *bon mot*, that is the bonus.

Let me see if I can give examples of what I mean. If my husband and I come home from a party and he mumbles to me while he unclasps his cuff links, "No, honey, you didn't talk a bit too much tonight. You were perfectly fine," that is praise.

If at some neighborhood soiree an aging cavalier singles me out three-times-running to swing me about the floor in an athletic fox trot and then exclaims, panting, "Good Lord, woman! Compared to those young things you can certainly still dance!" that is flattery.

"You can certainly still dance!"

But last week I was flung a nosegay which held for me the true complimentary bouquet.

At a meeting of professional artists and writers gathered together on behalf of some worthy cause, I sat across the table from a man as celebrated for his blunt and moody conversation as for his witty books. I do not know him well and have always been a little in awe of him, fearing his abruptness. In the middle of the meeting I looked up to find him glaring at me, or at least looking at me with what I believed was a glare. I moved my hat more nearly to the center of my head and straightened my spine. He continued to stare. Uneasily I glanced at my fingernails and was about to take a mirror from my purse to see if I might have a smudge on my chin, when he spoke. The tone was accusing, but the words rolled out like music.

"Tell me," he barked; "are your daughters pretty too?"

I have dusted off that compliment a dozen times by now and it sits at the moment in the front of the display case.

To belles and beauties, to the young, to the very famous, such coin of the realm jingles around daily in their pockets with the small change. But to a graying housewife whom, even at her best, no artist has ever longed to immortalize in deathless oils, it was like being made a present of the Comstock lode.

The best-known compliment of the era is the often-cited remark made by Charles MacArthur to Helen Hayes when they first met and he offered her a bag of salted peanuts, regretting that they weren't emeralds. That owns all the essential ingredients. It has spontaneity, uniqueness and wit. But on an occasion long ago, before he had ever heard the quotation, my husband (then merely a young man whose piano playing I enjoyed) said something similar to me and something very nearly as masterful.

It was the day he rescued me from a wild beast. The wild beast was nothing more savage than a wasp, but I have always feared wasps with the terror other people reserve for mice or sharks or snarling dogs. I can run and I can swim, but I can't fly, so the things take a mean advantage. Alerted by my girlish screams of terror, he captured the ravening insect in a handkerchief and dropped it out the window. When I turned to him with murmurs of gratitude, he managed to gild the moment.

"I wish it had been a dragon."

"Think nothing of it," he said lightly. "I wish it had been a dragon."

No wonder we were married three months later.

Still, a compliment need not be merely gallant. I keep that small jewel well polished in my memory, but mounted next to it on its own cushion is something he said to me not long afterward when we were happily starving together to prove that two could live as expensively as one. It was during the depression, at a period when our savings account was nonexistent and a riotous night on the town meant for us the dollar dinner at Joe's and a foreign film. Yet he came home from the office bemusedly one evening, threw his arms around me and announced, "I've been thinking. I love you so much

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that I'm going to leave you all my money." And so honest was the outburst that for some time neither of us began to laugh.

Men, though, are not the only donors of gems for my collection. A friend is a friend; and women can be as generous-hearted as their opposite numbers. I am lucky enough to have for a neighbor and dear acquaintance a young woman who is not only a brilliant novelist but, like so many of the new generation of female artists, dazzlingly good-looking in the bargain. As a matter of fact, I wonder what has happened to the George Eliots of the literary world, with their genius and their masculine faces? When I was younger, lady writers often came in odd shapes and sizes. And if one did not actually run to thick ankles and an extra chin, one was considered an ornament to the profession. I recall a sort of half-compliment handed to me across a luncheon table many years ago by an editor of a popular weekly. He himself was young enough to have been disenchanted recently by the pulchritude level of his woman contributors. "You know," he blurted [in a flood of confidence, "I'd never have taken you for a poet."

The new crop of feminine talent, however, could as well be starlets as literary phenomena. It must have something to do with orange juice in childhood or the changing Gulf Stream.

At any rate, this friend of mine is both beautiful and successful and has been showered already with more acclaim than most people receive in a lifetime. Yet in spite of that, or perhaps because of it, she herself owns a honeyed and charitable tongue. She goes about hanging witty words of kindness about people's necks like *leis*. Spend an hour with her and you come home feeling pampered and optimistic. So I do not count every solacing remark of hers as a compliment. When she admires my house or my clothes or my hairdo, I am flattered. When she speaks favorably of my verses, I put it down as praise. But recently she gave a dinner party. The guest list was a large and glittering one, a very pride of lions. One person absent from it would leave no noticeable gap, I thought. So when on its eve I had to tell her hoarsely over the phone that I was in bed with a cold and could not come, and heard her then and there burst into real tears, I knew my collection owned another compliment. It is the accidental, the haphazard, that adds to the value.

I myself, quite by chance, once said something so tactful yet so unpremeditated that the donee, if he is a collector, must have preserved it. I must confess here that while there are those who love me, I am not known far and wide as a model of diplomacy. I am apt to buttonhole Christian Scientists while I describe my operation. I denounce the evils of segregation to someone from South Africa. I berate a new novel to its publisher. But this day the stars were all in the right conjunction.

At a cocktail party I was introduced to an affable gentleman who turned out to be the playwright, Sidney Kingsley. During a pause in the conversation I looked across the room and said brightly to him, "Who is that marvelously pretty woman over there on the little sofa? The woman in the pink hat."

"The one in the pink hat?" asked Mr. Kingsley, not even smirking. "Why, that's Madge Evans. She's my wife."

My husband tells me I was still pale with shock when he took me home an hour later. Relief can bring its own trauma.

For the mining out of the genuine, fortuitous jewel, however, one must depend not on grownups but on children. Children have had no time to learn flattery, and praise is not native to them. When they speak, they speak from naturally hard hearts, unnaturally touched.

"Dear Mommy," wrote my younger daughter when she was six or seven and visiting my husband's people in the Middle West. "I am having fun. But I am sad because you are so far away. I miss you with my arms and my legs and my whole stomach."

The letter is tied up somewhere in a drawer marked "Special Correspondence," but I never need to bring it out. I learned it forever on first reading.

It was the same girl who once presented me with her personal certificate for being a *cordon bleu*. I admit I am conceited about my cooking, probably because it is not my native art and because I cook only on Thursdays and Sundays nowadays or have someone in the kitchen, usually, to lend me a hand with my experiments. But I felt justified in my conceit when she confided to me, "I always come home to dinner with excited feelings in my appetite"; and on another occasion, taking a sip of my two-day-simmered beef soup, crowed enthusiastically, "It tastes like a flower garden!"

But then she is talented. There are some people, like this daughter (or like my novelist friend), who have a natural turn for compliments as other people are born with perfect pitch or long eyelashes. Even now that she is growing up, she still scatters ego-building phrases about her as a sunflower scatters seed. I think it is a talent which should be cultivated the way we train a good soprano voice. The loving-hearted are too infrequent in the world not to embrace. When they add a touch of zaniness to the kind word, the result is a miracle of pleasure. We were discussing with her last week a certain delightful married couple whom our whole family dotes on, taking turns at praising them with honest, ordinary commendation. We were too plodding for the gifted child. "The Harrisons?" she cried. "Of course! They're wonderful. They're so wonderful I'm going to"—and she paused, reaching for some singular laurel to toss them—"why, I guess when I get married I'll invite them to be guests of honor at my wedding!"

I hope the Harrisons are connoisseurs. I plan to present that to them like a plaque.

Compliment inventors are often compliment receivers too. Kindness generates kindness, and this girl could have amassed a stunning collection of her own if she were old enough to care for such baubles. When she was very little, one came to her from Sarah, a housekeeper of ours, born in Alabama and endowed with a picturesque idiom. This daughter was her darling. One day when she came downstairs in a new party frock, stepping proudly in patent-leather pumps, Sarah gave her a glance, raised her arms skyward and erupted into speech.

"My, my!" she clucked. "Look at my baby! Know what my baby is? She's the President of the Bright Morning Star."

Still, it is really only children who give compliments untainted by a strict desire

"She's the President of the Bright Morning Star."

to please or any wish to barter in kind. All of us are vain of something—of our waistlines or our financial acumen or even of our faults—and when we turn a pretty phrase we rather hope to get one back. Children speak the truth as they see it.

One of my most treasured exhibits came in last month's mail. It is a letter written on school composition paper and in wavering script. And it says starkly:

"Dear Miss McGinley: Although I have just read your book, you are my favorite author."

What could be more spontaneous than that?

You might suppose I would not include so oblique a piece of adulation among my souvenirs. But you underestimate the collector's passion. As the stamp fancier cherishes his errata—the issues printed upside down, the blurred specimens quickly withdrawn from circulation—so I value the flawed compliment. In fact, I consider them the cream; and I would not exchange one of them for a suaver tribute.

Very dear indeed to me is the comment of an old friend, offered to me a number of years ago. She was a real friend, too, undemanding in her affection, uncritical in her admiration. She was also a good deal older than I, so I leaned on her as one would on a kindly aunt, knowing that she believed me, however wrong-headedly, to be comely, clever and destined for high places. The one thing of which she could not convince me was that I owned a brilliant and bewitching smile. I knew only too well that, having been brought up on the Colorado prairies where orthodontists did not exist, I would never qualify in a contest for Miss Ipana.

But, "Phyllis," she told me dreamily one day, "you have *fascinating* teeth. They're so individual—no two alike."

That friend has vanished from my life, gone on to more flowery places where she is no doubt consoling some angel, whose harp has come untuned, with the assurance that dissonances are always interesting. But treasure lies all about us. I have another crony living down the street in our village whom I revere as much for the unintentional nuggets she hands me from time to time as for the firmness of her regard. It is she who, when we were on a shopping expedition together, warned me away from a sale of sports blouses. "*Not* the round collars, dear," she cautioned me. "You know what round collars do—they call attention to the face."

Her literary judgments are equally striking.

"I think it's wonderful the way you write," she said once. "It's *beyond* me how you can go on and on about nothing the way you do." She also insisted, on an occasion when I was quoting a line of verse to her, that she "liked poetry—only not to read."

But it is in the matter of cuisine that she has set me most dashingly back on my heels. In our family we rather look down our noses at restaurants and cafés, considering that not even the most costly ones can serve us as well as we are served at our own table. Yet once when she was dining with us and I proudly brought in a *Côtelette de Veau à la Bonne Femme* with as glossy a sauce and as ambrosial a flavor (I thought) as any French housewife might brag about, she took one taste and said with simple sincerity, "My dear, this is like something you get in a hotel."

To this day she does not know why we all burst out laughing.

The most cherished object in my whole display case, however, came not from a friend but a stranger. And it was strictly professional.

Two summers ago I found myself, somewhat to my astonishment, the speaker of the day at a convention of very distinguished book sellers, publishers, and some of the informed general public. As I do not make a practice of such rashnesses, I was unprepared for the throng of well-wishers and autograph seekers who enveloped me after the luncheon. They thronged around me with graceful words and pleasant flatteries as well as with appeals, please, to "sign this book for Sybil Smith-Mason; she's a friend of my cousin and I know you two would get along—she tosses off little rhymes and jingles herself when she has time." I felt for once like a small lioness and was just on the verge of emitting a roar or two from sheer high spirits.

Then suddenly, out of the press, rushed a woman in a flowered hat and a mink stole who seized my hand ardently, leaned

"Someday I mean to read it."

close and said to me in a breathless voice, "Oh, Miss McGinley, I *am* so happy to meet you. I keep your book right on my bedside table. And someday I mean to read it."

That jewel is too precious to be put with the others. I am designing a special case for it and plan to keep it, as the lady did my book, beside my bed, where it will warm me better than a stove.

THE END

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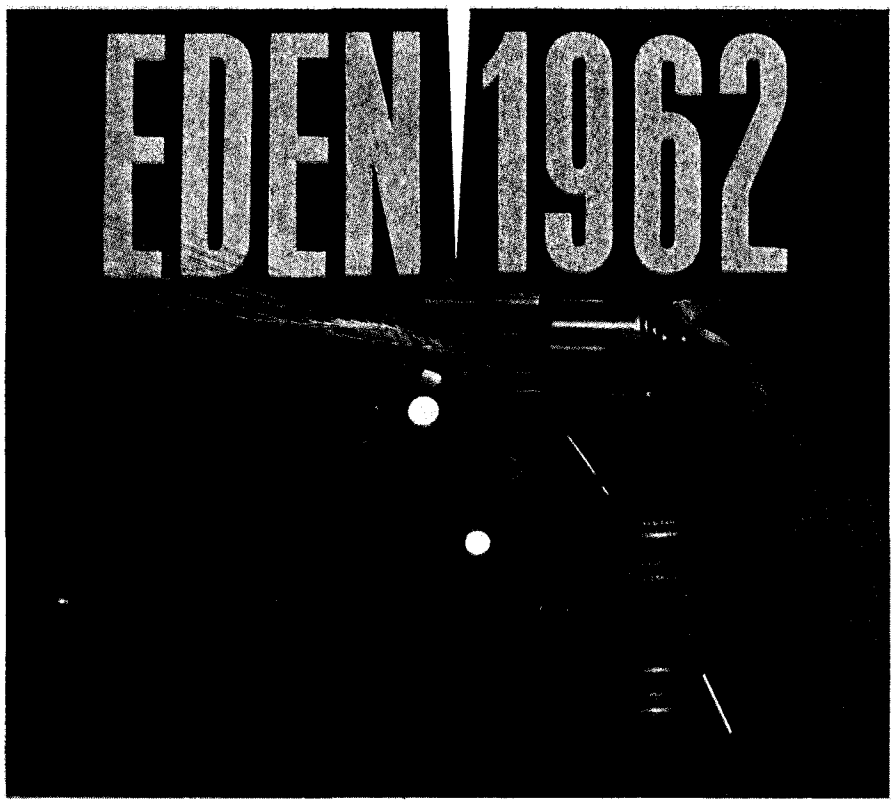
HE SAW THE GUN BUTT OVER HIS HEAD. WOULD THE VALLEY'S VILE SECRET BE BURIED WITH HIM?



CONCLUSION BY DICK PEARCE

Criminal lawyer Lee Halliday went to Mara Valley under orders from California's attorney general to investigate a mysterious conspiracy which prevented outsiders from settling in the area. At a party given by Anita Stillman, Halliday was goaded into a fight with Hugh Trock, son of the valley's leading citizen. The next day the girl was found dead in her car, asphyxiated by exhaust fumes. District Attorney Paul Pinkley gave the newspapers an account of the death which implied that Halliday had driven the girl to suicide. At the coroner's inquest Halliday and Sheriff Joe Schmidt kept Pinkley from forcing a verdict of suicide. Convinced that Hugh Trock had murdered Anita, Halliday followed through on Schmidt's new evidence and sought out Trock's former wife, Barbara Goss.

Halliday found the house, a modest duplex on a quiet, tree-shaded side street. When he rang the bell, a small dog inside began yapping. A young woman answered the door, a wriggly white poodle in her arms.

"Miss Goss? I'm Lee Halliday, a lawyer, and ——"

She cut him off with a satisfied smile. "Come in. I thought you'd be around."

She led him into a small, ordinary living room, offered him a drink and cigarette, then sat directly opposite him, that smile still on her face. It was a pretty face, and she had a remarkably fine figure, but her eyes reflected no great intelligence. Halliday didn't like the implications in that smile.

"I was in that court yesterday," she said. "Wouldn't have missed it for anything. Now then, Mr. Halliday, what do you want?"

"I want to talk about Hughie—why you married him, why you divorced him, what you know about him."

"You do, huh? In a pig's eye." She pushed the poodle from her lap. "What you want is how did I know in advance he would try to kill that Stillman girl. Why don't you ask?"

Halliday kept his face expressionless. "All right. That too. How did you know?"

"Because he tried to kill me too."

"When?"

"Two years ago."

"How?"

"Scuba diving."

"Scuba diving!" exclaimed Halliday. It was as though a tightly locked bud had suddenly sprung open full flower. A dark and evil flower, the name of which was Scheme and Pattern.

"Scuba diving," she repeated. "Off the Monterey coast. He jammed my air-reserve lever so that I found myself 150 feet down and no air. Thought I'd panic and kill myself. I fooled him. I was able to unjam the lever."

"You mean he had jammed this lever before you dived, and you didn't know it?"

"Of course. That's the only way he could do it."

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"You'll have to bear with me. I'm the indoor type. Does this lever ever get jammed by accident?"

"That's what it was, an accident—*he* said. I know better."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know Hughie."

"Why did he do it?"

"He's a phony, and I was going to divorce him."

"Had you told him that before the dive?"

"I had. Bigger fool me!"

"How long before?"

"I don't know. Two or three weeks."

"You mean you lived together for that long after you told him you were divorcing him?"

Her tone was faintly belligerent. "What's so funny about that?"

"Nothing. It's not uncommon. I just wondered why."

"He said I'd get more if I stayed with him while he divided the community property—sold some things to get cash and so on. What he really wanted was time to kill me."

"But isn't it physically possible that the jamming of that lever could have been an accident?"

"Look, mister! It takes a lot to jam that lever. And if it does get jammed, you find it out because you check your gear before you dive. That was my big mistake. I let Hughie check the gear."

This was going at a breathtaking pace. Too good to be true. Where was the catch?

He said, "Then what happened? After he tried to kill you, I mean."

Her laugh was not pleasant. "I told a lawyer. The wrong lawyer."

"I don't follow you."

"I hired a lawyer and told him to charge in the divorce complaint that Hughie tried to kill me. The lawyer turned out to be one of Tom Able's flunkies. As who in this valley isn't?"

"You mean the lawyer went to Hughie's father instead of filing the divorce petition?"

"I don't know who he went to. All I know is, the next thing Helen Spencer is giving me the big sympathy act."

"What did she say?"

"Said she wanted to help patch up the marriage. I soon found different."

"How so?"

"She got me to tell the whole story of how Hughie tried to kill me. Then she got me to agree to forget it and just charge cruelty in the divorce if Tom Able would make a big settlement."

"How much?"

"A million dollars."

It was all so apparent. An injured but greedy woman. And big bait to tempt that greed. He said. "But instead of a million dollars you got a threat of arrest for trying to extort money from Tom Able?"

"Yeah," she said. "I thought you'd catch."

"They accused you of making up the story of attempted murder just to force a big divorce settlement?"

"That's about it."

"Naturally you did feel you were entitled to a substantial sum?"

"I was too! And not just because Hughie tried to kill me. Anybody who lived three years with him is entitled to plenty."

"Which one of them actually threatened you?"

"Pinkley. Who else?"

"Did you ever see or talk to Tom Able about this?"

She shrugged. "No."

"You were his daughter-in-law," he said pointedly, "and he's an easy man to talk to."

"See here." Her eyes turned hard. "Whose side you on, anyway?"

"Relax. I want Hughie before a murder jury. And I want Pinkley in prison. You can help when the time comes."

"You bet I'll help! But not till you get Pinkley out of that D.A.'s office. Till then, I haven't told you a thing!"

Pinkley must have thrown a real scare into her, thought Halliday. Those dour, piercing eyes of his—they had frightened Sue too.

"By the way," said Halliday, "what did you finally get in the divorce settlement?"

"Five thousand dollars," she said.

"They really rubbed it in, eh? Tell me, why did Hughie want to kill you?"

"I told you. I was leaving him. He couldn't stand that."

"Why couldn't he?"

"Don't get me started on that," she said darkly. "Hughie's not a man. He just acts like one. I found that out the first week we were married."

"Why did he take up dangerous sports like sports-car racing and scuba diving?"

Contempt shaped her mouth. "He never finished first in a car race, or even second or third. But we weren't supposed to notice this. Pretending. Always pretending." She frowned. "The scuba diving. That's something else again."

"In what way?"

"I don't know. He really loved it." Her frown deepened. "I felt sorry for him sometimes. I really did. The way he'd mess around in shallow water long after the rest of us had had enough. You've heard about that 'rapture of the deep' thing that divers have to guard against? You know—you feel so good you forget the danger? Hughie never dived deep, but he sure got rapturous."

"Um-hum—Miss Goss, when I arrived here tonight I wasn't aware that you knew in advance he would try to kill Anita Stillman. Why should I have known that?"

"Well!" she said, pretending astonishment. "You disappoint me. I thought a brainy lawyer like you would have found the note I wrote her a month ago."

"What note?"

That satisfied smile returned to her mouth. "I wrote her that I knew she'd be quitting Hughie sooner or later. I warned her to break clean when she did break and stay away from him, or he'd kill her. Obviously the poor child didn't believe me."

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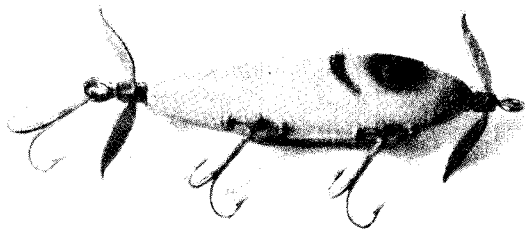

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EDEN "An unsigned note?"

"Naturally."

Poor Anita! So that's why she was afraid. Halliday said good night to Barbara Goss and walked through the quiet darkness to his automobile.

Halliday opened the car door on the driver's side. That was when a voice cracked at him from low on the front seat, "Stand right there, counselor. Get the hand off the car door and up in the air. Easy. Tha-at's it."

"Well, well. My chum Narrow Jaw," Halliday said as the face was revealed in the street light.

"Detective Sergeant Lipe to you, counselor." He raised his voice a little. "All right, Pete. Come on. He's behavin'."

A second man came out of the darkness, stood at Halliday's back and fanned his clothing expertly. "O.K.," he said. "Turn around." As Halliday turned, his right wrist was grabbed. He felt the steel of handcuffs on that wrist, then the left.

Narrow Jaw slid out of the car, holstering a pistol and stood before Halliday. "'Scuse the firearms, counselor. You got us edgy. You know how it is."

"No," said Halliday, "I don't."

"Come off it, counselor. We was listenin' at the house. Heard everything. Your kind always has to go too far."

"With cops like you around, my kind can never go far enough."

Narrow Jaw laughed. "Hear that, Pete? He's confessin' already. . . . Meet Detective Sergeant Cody, counselor. Cody's got a sharp ear for bribers and perjurers. . . . Haven't you, Pete?"

"Dry up, Ed," growled Cody. "Let's get the woman and take 'em in."

"Suppose," said Halliday, "you tell me on what charge I'm arrested. If this *is* an arrest."

"Sure, it's an arrest," said Narrow Jaw. "What the hell does it look like? And just for a starter, how about bribin' a witness for a charge? Or maybe attempted sub—sub —— Come on, counselor, you know that long word I mean."

"Certainly. Glad to be helpful. Subornation of perjury. And just whom did I suborn?"

"Come off it, counselor. I told you we was listenin' at the house. We heard you offer the Goss dame money to swear Hughie tried to drown her."

"I knew I had Pinkley worried," said Halliday. "I didn't know he was so worried he had lost his head."

Narrow Jaw laughed again, but his voice turned ugly. "Maybe you'd better do the worryin'. . . . Pete, hand me your gun."

"What for?"

"Never mind. Give me your gun."

"Now wait a minute, Ed. We're supposed to set him up for a bribery rap, and that's all we're gonna do."

"No, it isn't. This guy's too smart. You know what he pulled off in court today. He'd figure some way of turnin' the tables, and the rap would be on us. Give me your gun."

"Give him your gun," said Halliday. "It's a quick way to the gas chamber. And you know who'll enjoy sending you there? A man named Hoskins."

"Shut up, you! . . . Pete, you gonna give me that gun?"

"No, Ed. You heard him. He knows about Hoskins. He's an undercover State guy. We're all in the soup."

"Not if he's dead, we're not. Pete, you want to do time in Quentin? This guy's got to get himself killed grabbin' for your gun. Now give it here."

"Ed, I can't see it!"

"Damn you, Pete! Give me it!" Narrow Jaw jumped raging to Pete, grabbed Pete's pistol from its holster and ripped the right-hand pocket of Pete's coat half off. A good man for detail, Narrow Jaw. That ripped pocket was to be reported as Halliday's work, done as he struggled to take Pete's gun from him.

Narrow Jaw strode to Halliday, emptying the cylinder of its rounds as he came. He wiped the pistol clean with a handkerchief, held it by the barrel and said, "I want the prints of your left hand on this, counselor. Do we do it the easy way, or the hard way?"

"The hard way!" Lee yelled, leaping backward and raising his arms. He yelled it again and again at the top of his voice, "The hard way! The hard way!"

Narrow Jaw leaped for him, gun butt raised, not to kill him but to knock him out so he could be killed elsewhere. But Narrow Jaw never reached him.

"That's enough, Ed," came the growling shout of Joe Schmidt from somewhere in the darkness behind Halliday. "Just keep holding that gun high and by the barrel. I'm aiming right at you."

From down the street a voice called, "Hey, what's going on out there?"

"Quick!" said Halliday. "Where's your car? Let's get these two out of here before they're recognized."

"Around the block. Come on."

"Sheriff, you crazy or somethin'?" said Narrow Jaw. "This man is our prisoner. We're takin' him to the police station. You'll catch plenty of hell from the D.A. for interferin'."

Schmidt said mildly, "Skip it, Ed. I was here from the beginning. I saw and heard the whole thing."

Narrow Jaw was fast regaining poise. "I ain't goin' nowhere. We're all stayin' right here till the D.A. comes."

Schmidt swung once, swiftly, the blow coming out of nowhere to crash against the side of Narrow Jaw's head. The man dropped where he stood. Schmidt threw him over one shoulder. "You, Pete," he commanded. "Get out there in front of me. . . . Come on, Lee."

When the car was in motion, Halliday said, "Thanks, Joe."

"I enjoyed it."

"I didn't," said Halliday with feeling. "And I feel like a stupid clown for not realizing that Pinkley would stake out that house, anticipating I would look up Hughie's ex-wife sooner or later."

"I don't see how he ever expected to make such a frame-up stick."

"He didn't. First, it would have gained him time. Second, it would have thrown mud on me. Third, it would have thrown mud on a story you don't know about: the ex-wife's story of how Hughie tried to kill her too."

"The devil you say!"

"I do say."

Schmidt whistled, but he kept his voice prosaic, "You don't think then that Pinkley told Ed Lipe here to kill you?"

"I don't. But Narrow Jaw—or Ed Lipe, as you call him—is shrewder, in his brute way, than Pinkley. Hey, you're headed the wrong way. Not the courthouse. Let's take 'em to your apartment."

"Why?"

"Take 'em to the courthouse and word would get around that we've got 'em. We don't want that. We're going to sweat this pair without any interference from brother Pinkley."

"Good."

"Joe—how come you were so Johnny-on-the-spot just now?"

"Because you had the right hunch."

"About what?"

"You sent me some place, remember?" Schmidt's tone was guarded, because of the other two, but his exultation was evident. "Some place high. To look for something. Well, I found it! That's why I showed up back there."

With Narrow Jaw chained to the plumbing in Schmidt's kitchenette, and Schmidt's deputy called to hold Pete in the living room, the sheriff led Halliday back downstairs and threw open the trunk compartment of his car. There lay a diver's compressed-air tank.

"Don't touch it," said Schmidt. "I haven't had time to check for prints."

Halliday bent over for a closer examination. Though he knew little about such things, he did know they customarily were rigged with thick, corrugated air hoses in a loop, with a mouthpiece in the center that was gripped by the teeth. All this was missing. Instead, a narrow tube, perhaps three feet long, emerged from some kind of valve at the top of the tank.

Schmidt said in an ominously quiet way, "He sat there in the dark at the wheel of Anita's car and operated that valve and tube with his left hand, suckin' in good clean air while Anita died."

in next week's POST

REVENGE BY FIRE

a western story by Jack Schaefer

"How did you find it?"

"Wasn't hard. I knew where he'd have to leave his jeep and start hiking, to make Jason's Peak. I figured he wouldn't see any need to carry the thing far, so I started beatin' the bushes right above the spot where he left the jeep. And there it was, in some underbrush."

"This makes our murder case, Joe. Or enough of one to justify arresting Hughie now. But he'll keep for a while. Let's get started on our police pair."

Detective Sgt. Pete Cody held out in the living room for just one half hour. It was a not uncommon consideration that brought him around. The woman they had used to frame Hoskins in the theater was Pete's girl, dragged into the frame-up by Pete. He talked on Halliday's promise of immunity for her.

Pinkley, said Pete, had caught him and Lipe in a modest little shakedown of a truck driver. That was three years ago. For a year Pinkley had kept them dangling, threatening prosecution, demanding occasional small chores of them. Then, two years ago, he had suddenly stepped up his demands, forcing them in deeper and deeper—until, said Pete, he and Ed Lipe were bound irrevocably to Pinkley, and there was no turning back.

This much, or something like it, Halliday had surmised. It was the rest that surprised him. He had thought that Pinkley couldn't wait for Tom Able's death; that Pinkley was taking money through blackmail, extortion, shakedowns. No, said Pete. He and Narrow Jaw had pushed plenty of people around on Pinkley's orders. But not for money. It was fear that Pinkley wanted. He knew he had to consolidate his power before Tom Able died.

But how did the Spencers stay in the game? Pinkley had gathered to himself all the machinery of power. Once Tom Able died, Pinkley could and would push them aside. They must know that. Helen Spencer was much too shrewd to be caught without a face card. Hughie Trock. He was not *a* face card; he was *the* face card. Pinkley and the Spencers had to have a compliant Hughie to make their millions when Tom Able was gone. Halliday's memory went back to the morning of the inquest when the Spencers had entered the courtroom with Hughie close between them. The curious illusion had come then that the Spencers were like parents, both supporting and guarding an agitated child. It had not been an illusion, Halliday saw now.

Names. Places. Dates. Crimes. They gushed out of Pete as though he had to vomit himself clean of some frightful poison. Long before he had finished, Halliday was on the telephone to the attorney general.

"The nut is cracked wide open," said Halliday. "You can send a crew up here and enjoy your blitz now."

"You got Pinkley?"

"Got him cold."

"No. I mean have you arrested him yet?"

"Not yet. We're going to sweat another crooked cop first."

"Good! Leave Pinkley alone till I get there. I'm starting now. I want the pleasure of handling that man myself." There was a silence on the line. "Halliday. You don't mind?"

"No," said Halliday. "I don't mind. And it will make a wonderful newspaper photograph, as well as serving as a salutary warning to all other prosecutors, won't it? I mean, our alert and relentless attorney general personally arresting a crooked D.A."

"You go to hell, Halliday. You don't have to run for office." He hung up.

Narrow Jaw was tougher to break. But Narrow Jaw couldn't get around the fact that much of Pete's confession could be substantiated by independent evidence. Narrow Jaw gave reluctantly, volunteering nothing, holding back all he could. It was, nevertheless, enough.

Halliday stretched and looked at his watch. "Five till midnight," he said. "McCardell and his crew ought to be getting here soon."

He telephoned the inn and got the desk clerk. "This is Lee Halliday. Any calls for me?"

"Yes, Mr. Halliday. A stack of them. All from a Miss Sue Stillman."

"Good. Any messages on them?"

"Let's see. The first one was at 5:10. 'Please return call.' And a San Francisco number: Klondike 5-4631."

"Uh-huh. And the next one?"

"Seven o'clock. Same message. Please return call. Then it says: 'Urgent.'"

"Yes. Go on."

"Seven-fifty. It says, 'Please remain at inn. Driving up immediately.'"

"Oh-oh. Yes. Any more?"

A pause. Then: "There's a sealed envelope here next, addressed to you. She must have come in while my relief was on the desk, Mr. Halliday."

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Halliday hesitated for a brief time. Sue knew something important. But she would be discreet in anything she wrote. "Break it open and read it to me."

"All right, sir. Just a second. Now here we are. It says, 'Lee. I've gone on to our house here. Please come, whatever the hour. I know now why my sister was afraid of him. Sue.' That's it, sir."

Halliday grasped it then. Sue, going through Anita's effects after the funeral, had found the anonymous letter written to Anita by Barbara Goss. She had been right to think it important. She couldn't know the game had moved so rapidly that it didn't matter now. The big thing was that she was here, just five miles from him. And waiting for him.

"There's one more call slip, sir. Eleven forty-five. That's just fifteen minutes ago. Miss Sue Stillman. And a local number. Do you want to write it down, sir?"

Halliday wrote the number on a pad and said, "Thank you very much." He hung up, then dialed the number eagerly. No answer. He let it ring on and on, frowning, growing uneasy.

"Joe," he said, "look up the Stillmans' valley phone number, would you, please?"

Schmidt did. It was the same number the clerk had given him. Halliday hung up and dialed it again, very carefully. Still no answer. But she had to be there.

"Joe," he said, his voice going suddenly flat and cold, "can you see the Stillman house from Tom Able's house?"

Schmidt thought about it. "I'd say so. From the second floor of Tom Able's house you could anyway. What's the matter?"

"Sue's at the Stillman house. She got there less than an hour ago and, of course, turned on some lights. And Hughie is at Tom Able's." He went on more slowly, "I hope to God he's still at Tom Able's. But maybe he isn't any more."

Schmidt's face took on its familiar stolidity. "Wait a minute now, Lee. Hughie's a killer, sure, but he's not a madman. He's got nothing against Sue. She hasn't done anything to him."

"Yes, she has. She has made the same mistake that cost Anita her life. She has felt sorry for him and told him so." He flung down the phone. "Come on. We're going out there!"

"But what about the attorney general? He should be here any minute."

"Let him wait. Leave these two with your deputy. Joe! Damn it! Let's go!"

They shot out of Mara town. Schmidt kicked his car up to seventy. He said, "Sit back, Lee. Maybe she went to the inn looking for you."

Halliday didn't reply responsively. He seemed to be talking to himself. "The repetitive pattern. I should have thought it out thoroughly. It was a male he tried to kill the first time, sure. And it happened again. He tried to drown his wife."

"Yeah," said Schmidt. "You haven't filled me in on her story yet. How come she ——"

"Later, Joe, please. I don't think that wife ever felt sorry for him. She probably laughed at him, which was much worse. Then Anita. And now Sue. If he's got Sue ——"

"Cut it out, Lee!"

"Sorry, Joe. Can't you push this crate faster?"

"It's only another mile. When we get around this next turn, you can see the Stillman house."

They made the turn. There was the house, a cheerful glow in the distance. Every room seemed to be lighted. Halliday steeled himself against his thoughts. If Sue had driven back to the inn in search of him, she would have turned off everything but the garage and entrance lights.

Schmidt spun into the gravel of the Stillman lane. In thirty seconds he was skidding to a stop on the turnaround. Only one car was parked there, a sedan strange to Halliday. It had to be the Stillman family car, the car that Sue had driven up.

They raced across the turnaround and up the *lanai* to the door. Halliday got there first by a good three strides. The door was locked. He pounded on it with the heel of his fist. "Sue!" he cried. No answer. He threw his weight against it. He and Schmidt threw their combined weights against it. It held fast.

"Let's try the side and back doors," said Schmidt.

"To hell with that! We'll break a window! Where's a window?"

They turned back down the *lanai*. That was when Halliday heard Sue calling his name. A distant voice. A terrified voice. "Lee!" she cried. And again: "Lee!"

She came around the far side of the garage and into the light on the turnaround, running and stumbling toward them. Halliday raced to her. He caught her full on, absorbing the weight and momentum of her body, lifting and swinging her and holding her tight to him.

"Lee!" she cried. "He's here. Out there. Hughie. Out there somewhere!"

"It's all right, Sue. We'll get him. You're all right now, Sue." Then, with fearful sharpness, "Sue, you are all right, aren't you? Let me look at you."

She shuddered, clinging to him. "He didn't touch me. He just kept ——"

Schmidt raced to his car and pounded back with a flashlight. His gun was in his hand. "Where did you see him last?"

"Out there. In the orchard." She pulled away from Halliday. Her voice was a little steadier. "Oh, Lee, I was never so glad to see anybody in all my life!" She came back into his arms; he could feel the fear begin to flow out of her.

"Wait with her in my car," Schmidt told Halliday.

"All right, Joe. But he's gone now. You won't find him."

"Maybe not," said Schmidt, striding off. "But I'm sure goin' to look."

In the back seat of Schmidt's car Halliday held Sue close. "Feel now like telling me about it?"

"He could have caught me," she said, puzzled. "He could have caught me twice, but he didn't try to. He just kept herding me back toward the house as though I were a—a sheep. Lee, what was he trying to do?"

"Just start at the beginning," he said gently. "What happened first?"

"Well, I was in the house, and he rang the doorbell. I thought it was you but, since I was alone, I looked out a window first. I saw him, but he saw me too. I ran around making sure all the doors and windows were locked, and then I called the sheriff's office, but there wasn't any answer."

"What was Hughie doing all this time?"

"He just kept ringing the doorbell for a long time. Then I could hear him moving around the side of the house. I tried to telephone the McCabes'—he's our tenant orchardist whose place is about three blocks from here—but before I could, I heard a window break. That's when I ran out the back of the house."

Halliday could see the moving cone of light where Schmidt was searching in a widening circle beyond the house. "Go on."

"I tried to run to the McCabes', but he got in front of me. He could have caught me then if he had wanted to. Then I ran south into the orchard and hid. But he knew where I was, and he could have caught me then too. He just circled around, so I was between him and the house, and kept waiting and watching. I tried to slip away again, and I was running through the orchard, toward the highway, when I saw your lights turn into our lane. Lee—what was he trying to do?"

"Trying to kill you," said Halliday. "But not till he could think of a way to make it appear an accident or suicide. He couldn't think of one in time. Sue, never again let a paranoiac know you feel sorry for him."

"Is that what he is?"

"I'm afraid so. It'll take a panel of doctors to tell for certain, of course, but —— Look. Schmidt has found the open back door."

They watched the sheriff search the house and finally return to them empty-handed.

"We've got to find him tonight," said Schmidt. "Shall we see if he went back to Tom Able's?"

"Yes. . . . Sue, if you don't want to come, we'll take you into Mara first. But if you did come with us, and told Tom Able what happened here, I think it would help resign him to what must be done."

"Of course, I'll come," said Sue. "Don't worry about me."

They drove out of the Stillman lane and onto the highway, Sue and Halliday still in the back seat. They were a hundred yards short of the Trock lane when Schmidt's headlights picked up Hughie's red Italian sports car. It came fast out of the lane and turned away from them, north up the valley.

"Hughie!" bellowed Schmidt, as though the lone figure in the red car could hear him above the throb of its powerful engine. At the same time Schmidt hit his siren and red light. The red car shot screamingly ahead; in moments it was but a distant point of light.

"Hang on!" cried Schmidt, stamping his accelerator. The speedometer leaped to eighty. To ninety. It kept climbing.

"Let him go!" shouted Halliday. "He won't go far. You can pick him up somewhere later."

They skidded through a turn. The distant point of light seemed a little bit closer. "I'm goin' to catch him," growled Schmidt, "and I'm not goin' to endanger anybody's life doin' it. There's been enough lives endangered. That's why I'm goin' to catch him right now."

"He's got you outpowered, and he's got a lower center of gravity. You'll never keep up with him on this winding highway."

"I'll keep up." Schmidt's growl was deeper. "Maybe he knows how to drive a measured course. But I know highways. I didn't spend six years in the highway patrol for nothin'."

They came out of another turn, and the red car's wink of light was closer still. That was when Halliday began to relax just the least bit, to watch Schmidt and to discover the big man's courage and mastery with an automobile. Schmidt was outnerving Hughie on the curves, as he must have known he could. Schmidt could be fearful and indecisive when out of his depth; Halliday had learned that only too well. But not now.

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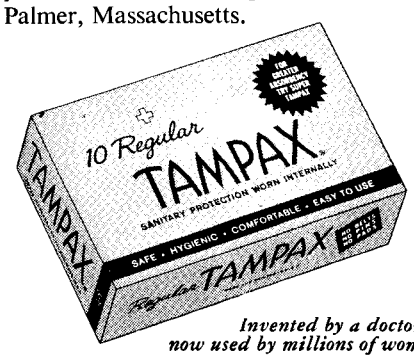

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EDEN The end came where the road began to climb out of the valley's northern limit, not far from the point to which Halliday had driven on the day he arrived. They roared around a rising turn. Schmidt quit the throttle and started an easy saw on his brakes, finally coming to a stop. He backed down the curve, jockeyed his car out to the shoulder and stopped again. He pointed out what the other two had missed—the stub of a heavy reflector post, sheered jaggedly off.

They found the red car among the rocks and the small pines 200 feet below. No fire. No explosion. Just a jumbled mass of metal. And Hughie's torn and shattered body still in it.

Schmidt said, "I sure don't relish the idea of tellin' Tom Able."

"You won't have to," said Halliday. He was suddenly very tired and very depressed and did not intend the curtness in his voice, "It's my job to tell him."

The attorney general and Halliday determined later, from an examination of the documents, that the confession to the Stillman robbery was actually made three days before the night McCardell spirited Halliday from the county jail.

"If I had known about it at the time," said Halliday, "I would never have taken on your Mara Valley job."

McCardell nodded. "Nobody's fault," he said. "Just one of those things."

The confession had been made in far-off Florida by a little man with an indistinct blob of a face who was dying from a heart attack suffered at a race track. The Stillman robbery was just one of dozens of holdups, all across the country, that he had claimed proudly as his work. It had taken time for the Florida police to get the separate robberies straightened out, to get it all down on paper and finally to mail a copy of the confession to the San Francisco police.

There, and in the district-attorney's office, the arrival of the confession caused no great stir at first; false confessions were not uncommon. But when the police inspector who had made the case against Carl Makin gave the confession a close reading, he got a cold feeling in his stomach. Naturally there were still doubts—or perhaps they could better be called hopes. More than a week passed before the inspector and a deputy district attorney could fly to Florida to talk to the dying little man. They could talk to him only a half hour at a time, so they were there four days. Then the flight back and further checking, in the course of which they found out the tall man in the Stillman robbery had indeed been killed in a later holdup, just as the little man said.

"I didn't hear about it," said McCardell to Halliday, "until the day I ordered you to come down here from Mara. The day of the Preston ruling, that was. I debated telling you then. But at that time they still weren't positive about it. I decided to keep still because I wanted you to devote all your mind and energies to the Mara Valley."

"You," said Halliday without rancor, "are a cold-blooded, heartless, ruthless ——"

"Sure," laughed McCardell. "But I got what I wanted out of you." He added, unsmiling, "I'm not all meanness. I've asked the governor to sponsor an indemnity bill for Makin in the next session of the legislature. And I can get him a job meanwhile, if you'll let me help."

Halliday shook his head. "Too late."

"Why?"

"Somebody came to me with a substantial sum of money that I passed on to Makin. He went on a big bat, as he calls it. Made the drunk tank, sobered up, paid his fine and disappeared."

"H'm. Was Harvey Stillman that somebody?"

"Let's just say it was somebody and leave it at that."

"Fair enough. How's Mrs. Stillman, by the way?"

"Not good."

"Have you tried to talk to her?"

"No. Her husband thinks it's too soon. He's right. He wants to take her away for a while. When he comes back, he and Sue will try to get her interested in hospital work, or work with handicapped children or something of the sort. I mean really working with people in need of help, instead of charity with a society angle."

"Help herself by helping others, eh?"

"Something like that. It makes sense."

"What about Sue? Has it affected her, knowing her mother sent an innocent man to prison?"

"Affected her? Sure. How could it not? But if you mean has it got her down, the answer is a big no. Her mind's much too healthy for that."

"Are you going to marry the girl?"

Halliday grinned at him. "Fill me in, general," he said elaborately. "What's the latest from the valley?"

McCardell grinned back, then sobered. "I've got a surprise. We were afraid we'd have to pass up the Spencers for lack of evidence. But they didn't have Pinkley's patience in waiting for the big money. We've just found out that Spencer was systematically looting the Trock companies, with his wife in it up to her neck. Goading him to it, I suspect. We'll convict 'em both, along with Pinkley, his pair of police hoodlums and lesser fry."

"Stealing from Tom Able, eh? Another blow for the old boy. But I'm betting he'll rise above it. There's a lot of resilience in great dreamers."

McCardell said emphatically, "That dream is dead."

"Of course. But the good in it will survive. The valley will keep that land-zoning law, because it's sound law—so sound that I'm told that several other farm counties have adopted similar laws in recent years. Outsiders will start moving before too long now into the Mara Valley, drawn by its prosperity. But because of the land law, Mara and the other towns will have to continue growing vertically to accommodate them, instead of sprawling over the orchards. And that's a good thing."

"You're forgetting the ridge crests. When Tom Able dies, there'll be heavy pressure to break up his ridge holdings for summer homes. Wouldn't mind having one there myself."

"Nor," said Halliday a little wistfully, "would I. In fact, I'd love one. But I don't think the ridge holdings will ever be broken up."

"Why not?"

"Couple of weeks ago I got a letter from Tom Able. I had stayed away from him, thinking I was the last man he'd want to see or talk to. Should have known better. It was a fascinating letter, a tragic and moving soliloquy. He was trying to understand how a man can take a good cause and turn it into a frightening thing."

Halliday stopped, his eyes reflective. McCardell prompted, "And?"

"It's a subject in which I'm not without experience," continued Halliday dryly. "I wrote back, saying that I was looking for the same answer and doubted either of us would ever find a satisfactory one. Who understands himself ever? But to get to the point, I suggested that he deed all the high-ridge country to the State, to be kept in perpetuity as wilderness for all the people. He wrote back that he had been weighing that very thing, that my letter had tipped the scales, and he was going to do it at once."

"H'm," said McCardell. "Not a bad idea. By the way, that Dupree girl is doing all right as acting district attorney. Handling just routine, of course. My own men will try the Spencers and Pinkley and his crowd."

"And I'm glad she got the job. She needed the lift of it, so that she wouldn't feel she had been a failure at the law. After a regular D.A. is elected, she'll marry Schmidt. Maybe—who knows?—she'll come back to the law later in life."

"Uh-huh. We've got one piece of unfinished business incidentally. You said when you took this case that you didn't want any credit, just a fat fee from the corporations. Remember?"

"Yes."

"I spoke to their attorneys about it. Told 'em you earned a fee if ever a man did. They're doubtful. Said they'd never hired you, which I must admit is true. Said the companies are waiting for the dust to settle in the valley before deciding now whether they'll put branches there."

Halliday laughed. "Forget it. After all, I did share the credit, didn't I? And jailing a crooked district attorney has brought me more criminal-law business than I can ever handle without help." He stood up. His expression sobered. "The question is, can I defend men as effectively as I used to when I was a rogue elephant in the courtroom? Well, we'll see. Good-by, general."

McCardell rose too. He offered his hand. "I'll not worry about you, Halliday. You'll always win the cases you're entitled to win, and more."

Halliday picked up Sue the next morning, and they drove north for Mara town, reaching it just in time for a pleasant lunch with Joe and Lois. Afterward they were back in their car, with Joe and Lois standing beside it, when the sheriff said, "I almost forgot. Tom Able said be sure to tell you a cougar has come back to the west ridge. A big young male."

"You don't say," said Halliday. "Hey, that's great!"

Halliday and Sue continued up the valley, driving slowly. The fruit trees had exchanged their blossoms for new leaves and were bracing themselves joyously for their summer burdens. The rows of staked grapevines, so lifeless in March, made endless streaks of bright green across the earth.

"Lee," said Sue, breaking one of their sweet silences, "will you explain something to me?"

"You have but to ask, my love, and I'll explain the universe."

"All right, smarty, I'll just do that some time. Seriously, you sounded as though that cougar was important. Why?"

"He's important to a bewildered old man who has made mistakes hard to live with, Sue. That makes him important to me too."

"Oh."

They had gone another mile when Halliday began laughing.

"Now what?" said Sue.

"That cougar! He just walks in and takes that western ridge where I wanted a weekend place, and he does it without a by-your-leave. Me, I have to marry the girl just to get visiting rights at the Stillman place on the valley floor."

"Oh, you!"

Halliday twisted the car up a wooded side road and stopped. Sue came to him. They shared a kiss—a long, warm, thoroughly satisfactory kiss. Afterward they sat long, holding hands and making love with their eyes. THE END

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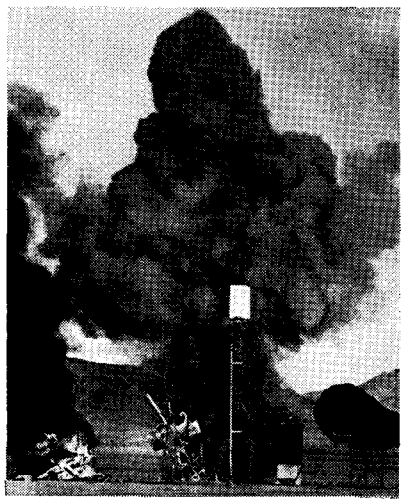
BY WILLIAM R. BYRON



Tinguely's mechanical "world," made of junk, ends with a bang.

Before the blast, the sculptor totes a batch of oddments to the pyre.

Unlike most artists, who hope their creations will live forever, Jean Tinguely is happiest when his commit swift suicide. His most ambitious work to date, *Study No. 2 for an End of the World*, did just that on March 21 on the desert south of Las Vegas—but not quite as Tinguely had planned.

An improbable piece of sculpture composed of such heterogeneous parts as old washing machines, bathroom fixtures, dolls, beer cans and toy wagons, it was supposed to writhe to life, animated by a series of electric motors, while colored smoke rose, rockets shot off in all directions, and a radio blared frantically, until the final agony when more than 100 sticks of dynamite finished it off. Unfortunately, however, the electric circuitry failed Tinguely, and in the end most of the *Study* simply blew up without ever having come to life.

But the sculptor accepted his disappointment philosophically. "You can't expect the world to end the way you want it to," he said.

At thirty-six, Jean-Charles Tinguely (he pronounces it "Teenglee," like the bells on the junk-pile sculpture in his Paris studio) has done more to make scrap iron respectable than anyone else since World War II. Tinguely assembles his assortments of junk into outsize machines which he calls "metamatics." (The Greek prefix *meta* means beyond, or transcending, as in metaphysics.)

This is Tinguely's way of explaining that they are not conventional machines, in the sense of being precise and repetitive. They have an erratic, unstable quality that he calls "the functional use of chance."

The current market for metamatics is not erratic, however. Tinguely's machines are selling at a rate of almost one a month at up to $3000 apiece.

To comprehend metamatics one must consider Tinguely's origin. His native Switzerland—his father is a chocolate worker—is a country whose standard of excellence is the delicate precision of the watch. The national image is one of order and method. Thus if the artist is, as the maxim goes, always in rebellion against his society, then irregularity—or organized chaos—is the natural goal of the Swiss artist. Tinguely admits that "I probably never would have thought of working this way if I had been born, say, on the Mediterranean or in South America."

One of the most spectacular offensives in Tinguely's revolution against the perfection of the machine took place on the evening of March 17, 1960. The lone combatant was a machine called *Homage to New York*—a contraption twenty-three feet long and twenty-seven feet high that "committed suicide" in the garden of New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Homage was made of oddments that included eighty assorted bicycle wheels, parts of fifteen motors, an old upright piano, a fire extinguisher, an addressing machine, a golden weather balloon (that refused to pop on schedule), a collection of empty bottles (that were supposed to break, but didn't), a machine for making abstract paintings on a continuous roll of paper (the paper ran off backward and didn't get near the paint) and an enamel bathtub.

This anguished behemoth, painted white to show against the evening sky, coughed colored smoke. Before it died, the machine "gave birth"—a child's go-kart scooted out of its fuming innards, rolled a few feet and stopped.

Homage was designed to burn up and disintegrate in planned phases, but things got out of hand. A nervous fireman administered the *coup de grâce*.

Outside the museum, a man distributed leaflets condemning the performance as godless and an example of "miserable neurotic reality." Tinguely pronounced himself hugely satisfied with the show.

Most critics laughed at the machine, yet took the artist seriously. "Inspired tomfoolery," said one. "Encouragement to *joie de vivre*," exulted another. *Time* magazine dismissed the machine as "an unbeautiful joke with no punch line."

By September, 1961, Tinguely was ready to present *Study No. 1 for an End of the World*. This mammoth metamatic took $250 and three weeks of painstaking labor to build and not quite five minutes to destroy. More than 2000 people showed up in the courtyard of Copenhagen's Louisiana Museum to view the spectacle.

"The trouble was," Tinguely says, "everybody thought it was just a fireworks display and began crowding around before I could warn them there were thirty-five pounds of explosives aboard.

"Very violent destruction," he recalls with satisfaction. "Nothing left but cinders. No one seriously hurt though. But I've reached the end, you see, for museums in this kind of thing. I need a place where I can build as big as I want, and destroy as violently. The only two settings I can think of as appropriate are the Sahara and the American Desert."

Tinguely's scrap-iron aesthetics may not be so far out of the mainstream of art as a first glance might suggest. Italian Renaissance painter-historian Giorgio Vasari, in his study of the life of Leonardo da Vinci, joyfully recounts the master's passion for monstrous creations:

"Leonardo thus brought together, in a room which only he could enter, lizards, crickets, snakes, butterflies, grasshoppers, bats and other strange beasts. Putting (parts of) them together, he made of this a horrible monster, terrifying, whose poisoned breath inflamed the air around it."

Oddball? Maybe. But this was the man who painted *Mona Lisa* and experimented with a flying machine.

Tinguely first made art news in 1955 with his metamatic painting machines. These are weirdly handsome devices looking like a surrealistic cross between a block-and-tackle and a dentist's drill. They allow anyone investing a coin in them to jiggle the machine, press paint buttons, waggle the paper, speed or slow the electrical impulse governing the mechanical brushes, and come up with a three-minute abstract design that as often as not will be decorative and pleasant.

When Tinguely showed a late model at a Left-Bank Paris gallery in 1959, an average of 500 people a day tossed coins into the machine's craw to become artists the easy way. More than a few were professionals, come to see themselves automated.

Tinguely has sold seven of the painting machines and nearly fifty other metamatic sculptures to museums around the world. The United States is his biggest market.

He also has decorated two walls of a West German opera house with moving sculpture and has flown over Düsseldorf scattering 150,000 copies of a manifesto exhorting that eminently businesslike city to "resist the anxious drive to fix the instantaneous, to kill that which is living."

Tinguely's studio, one cubicle of a condemned warren of artists' shanties adjoining a municipal heating plant in the Montparnasse section of Paris, is a hodgepodge of machines, some of them whole, some dismembered objects which Tinguely refers to as "carcasses."

The ones that excite him are the ugly ones, the strange ones, the machines which seem to have souls of their own.

He turned to one which was little more than an angular, erratic coil of heavy, rusted steel about three feet long. A rusty chain dangled from the zigzagging coil and was clamped to a cowbell at the top of the spiral. The coil was attached to a small electric motor cemented to the top of a concrete block about waist high.

In repose it looked silly. Tinguely switched it on and the delicately balanced coil came to life, springing and writhing, clanking and whirring as though struggling desperately to be free of the restraining concrete. The bell bonged, the coil swayed and shuddered, its flanks whipped by the chain. It seemed panicky and a little evil.

Tinguely laughed. "Most people have the same reaction," he said. "While the

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Jean Tinguely rebels against machines by creating mechanized sculpture designed to commit suicide.

machine is going, they smile, they think it's ridiculous. Then it stops, and they begin to feel doubt, a kind of anxiety."

Tinguely's interest in aggressive machinery showed itself early and with disastrous results. As a Basel schoolboy of fourteen, he rigged up a device that rang bells under the desks behind and in front of him. He was expelled. "The teacher was very annoyed," he recalls fondly.

A few months later he was in jail for stealing twenty Swiss francs (about five dollars) from his boy-scout troop. He had planned to join the Albanian resistance against Mussolini's army and had got as far as the Italian border. Tinguely delighted in the hard bed and vile food of his three days in a cell. The experience stuck with him: Lunch still is likely to consist of cold cuts gobbled disinterestedly while he sits on the studio floor.

At fifteen Tinguely entered the Basel School of Fine Arts. His academic career ended two and a half years later, when he was thrown out for chronic tardiness.

"They had a time clock," he explains, "and a red light showed over your name if you were even one second late. I couldn't stand that light. Even if I got there on time I'd wait at the door just long enough to be late."

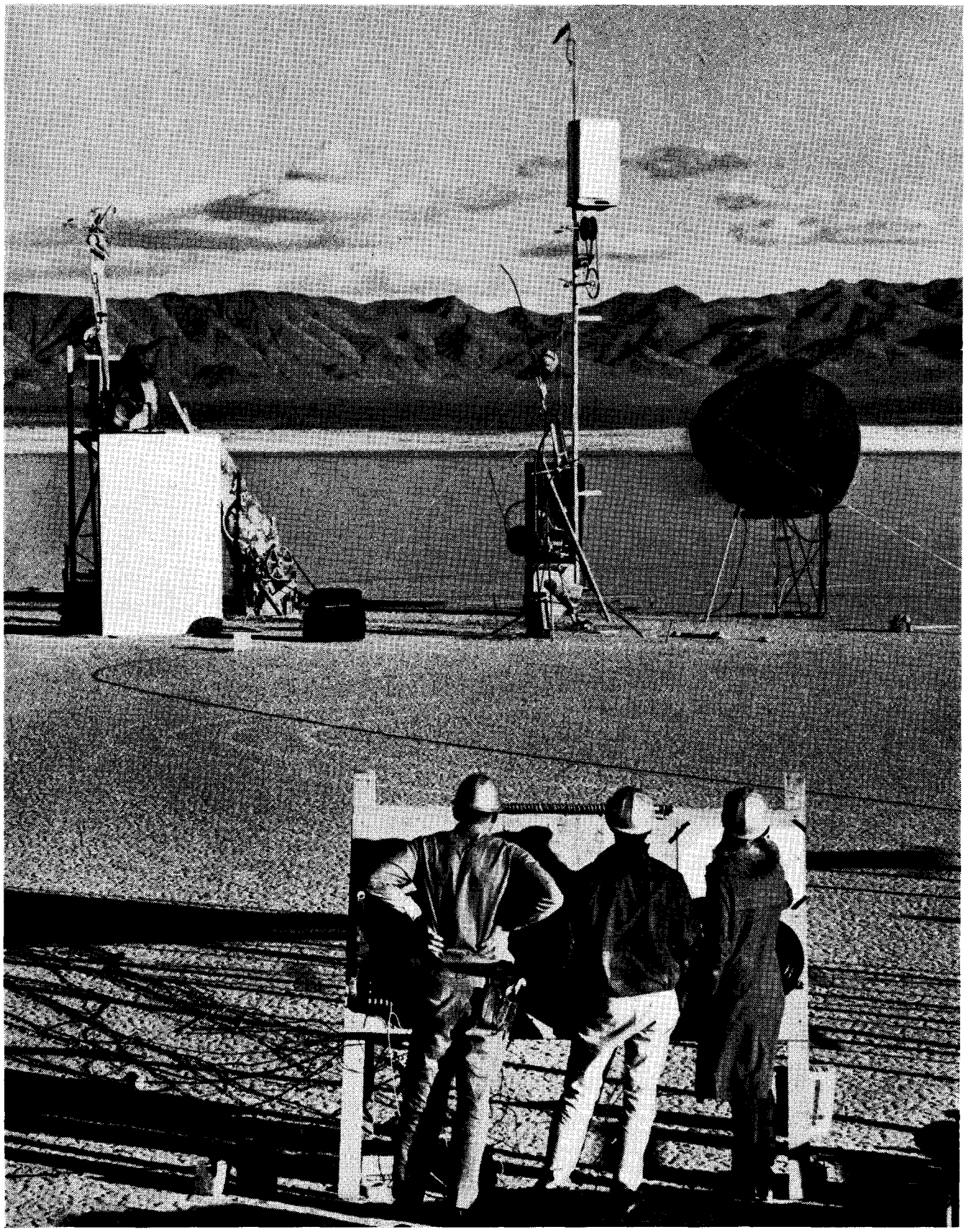
For seven years he drifted in and out of the Swiss Army, of odd jobs, of casual friendships, growing increasingly impatient with Switzerland and with the friends who helped him. His first metamatics were made in 1948, but he didn't think of them as an art form until years later. He says he made those first ones "for my friends' children, so they could shock their parents with them."

In 1951 Tinguely went to Paris, following a trail blazed for Swiss intellectuals by architect Le Corbusier, composer Arthur Honegger and others. Accompanying him was painter Eva Aeppli, whom he was to marry a few months later and divorce in 1961.

"After years of fooling with art," he says, "I began to work seriously. Up to then I had been a painter, but painting didn't satisfy me. The results always seemed static. I began experimenting, and by 1953 I realized that the machine gave me a way to leave things 'unfinished'—an opening onto infinity which paint couldn't approach.

"We were really bums in those days, living from hand to mouth, sponging off our friends, begging. At one point we were stealing the milk out of cats' saucers—just a little, so as not to get sick—for want of anything else to eat."

The break came in 1955, with the sale of a painting machine to the modern-art museum in Stockholm. His star has risen so rapidly in the years since that one of



Outside Las Vegas, Tinguely (center) and his assistants stand back at a discreet distance to detonate Study No. 2 for an End of the World. *His* Study No. 1 *exploded prematurely and injured two bystanders.*

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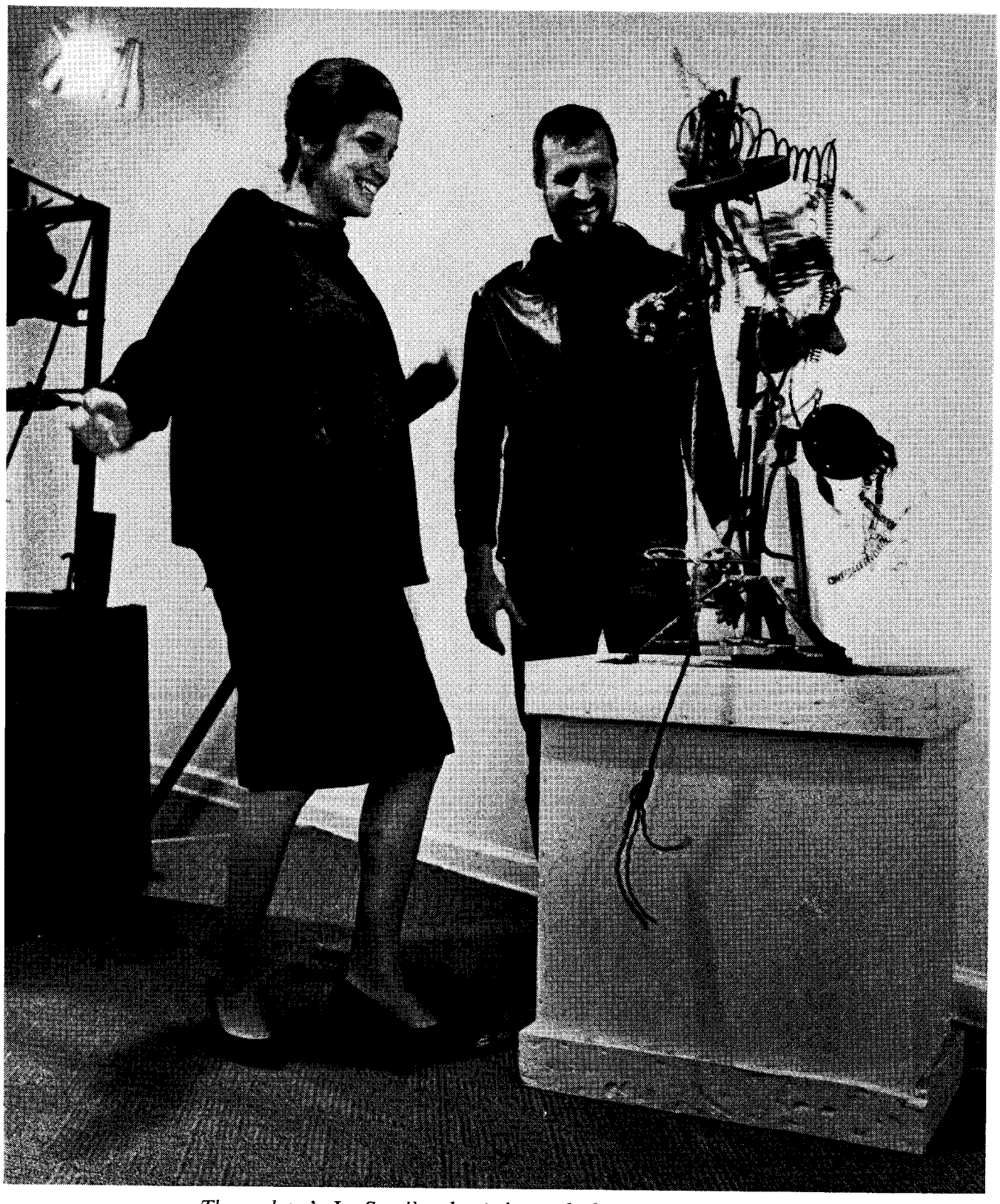
"I take noise and blood and brutality and make a work of art of them. . . . It's like a lunatic end to everything monstrous in the world."



The sculptor's La Sorcière *bewitches onlookers in a Los Angeles gallery. Through his motorized studies Tinguely strives to create an interplay between the artist and the spectator.*

his metamatics will be included in an international show of the 100 best contemporary works of art, to be held in Seattle this spring.

Success has had no appreciable effect on Tinguely's standard of living. He owns one good suit, says he dreads to possess things. Prosperity is reflected only by the luxurious new sedan—equipped with safety belts—parked in the alley that leads to his studio.

Tinguely has the physique and hands of the soccer player his father wanted him to be. With his squarish face and neatly combed brown hair, he'd look like the mechanic next door, except for the gleam, half-mocking, half-fanatic, in his sleepy brown eyes. He needs no coaxing to expound on his art. He talks quietly, intensely, but the fingers of his great hands curl like the roots of a tree as he hammers home his points.

"It's maddening, the work I'm doing," he says. "The possibilities are immense. After all, we're living in an age when the wildest fantasies become daily truths. Anything is possible. Dematerialization, for example, that will enable people to travel by becoming sound waves or something. Why not?

"I'm trying to meet the scientist a little beyond the frontier of the possible, even to get there a little ahead of him. That's the world I'm trying to live in, not the everyday world of the slaughterhouse."

Are his creations elaborate practical jokes? "These things are serious for me. Absurdity can be carried a long way, and when it's carried far enough, its effect is to make conventional values ridiculous, cut them down to size, cast some badly needed doubt on this 'wonderful age' we're living in. 'Century of the Common Man!' Man today is ill-treated, humbled as he has never been before.

"I take the noise and blood and brutality and make a work of art of them. That makes them doubly ironic, to be raised to the level of art. I feel a tremendous relief that the whole thing is going to be destroyed, because it's like a lunatic end to everything monstrous in the world."

He sipped deliberately at a mug of bouillon, his stocky frame bunched uncomfortably on one of the three stools that, with a bed, make up the furnishings of the studio. "I suppose," he reflected, "my attitude makes me a kind of criminal who never committed a crime."

Tinguely has observed that museum employees care for his machines as if they were good friends. This attitude puzzles him. "As far as I'm concerned, the machines are like people I met once, casually. If they die, that's just too bad.

"One guard at the Stockholm museum—he's a fanatic. He loves for them to break down, just so he can fix them. Whenever I go into the place he greets me with an eager look, rubbing his hands. 'Hasn't broken down yet,' he'll tell me. 'But don't you worry. I'll fix it if it does.'"

There are two main schools of critical thought about Tinguely's work. Art critic John Canaday of *The New York Times* spoke for the first when he said: "Mr. Tinguely makes fools of machines, while the rest of mankind permits machines to make fools of them."

The second is probably best expressed in a letter to the artist from his mother, written in 1959 on her return from Bern, where she had visited Jean's first show in Switzerland. "Your father was very angry," she said, "that people can make money out of stuff like that. . . . I can't understand how an intelligent boy like you can make such idiotic things." THE END

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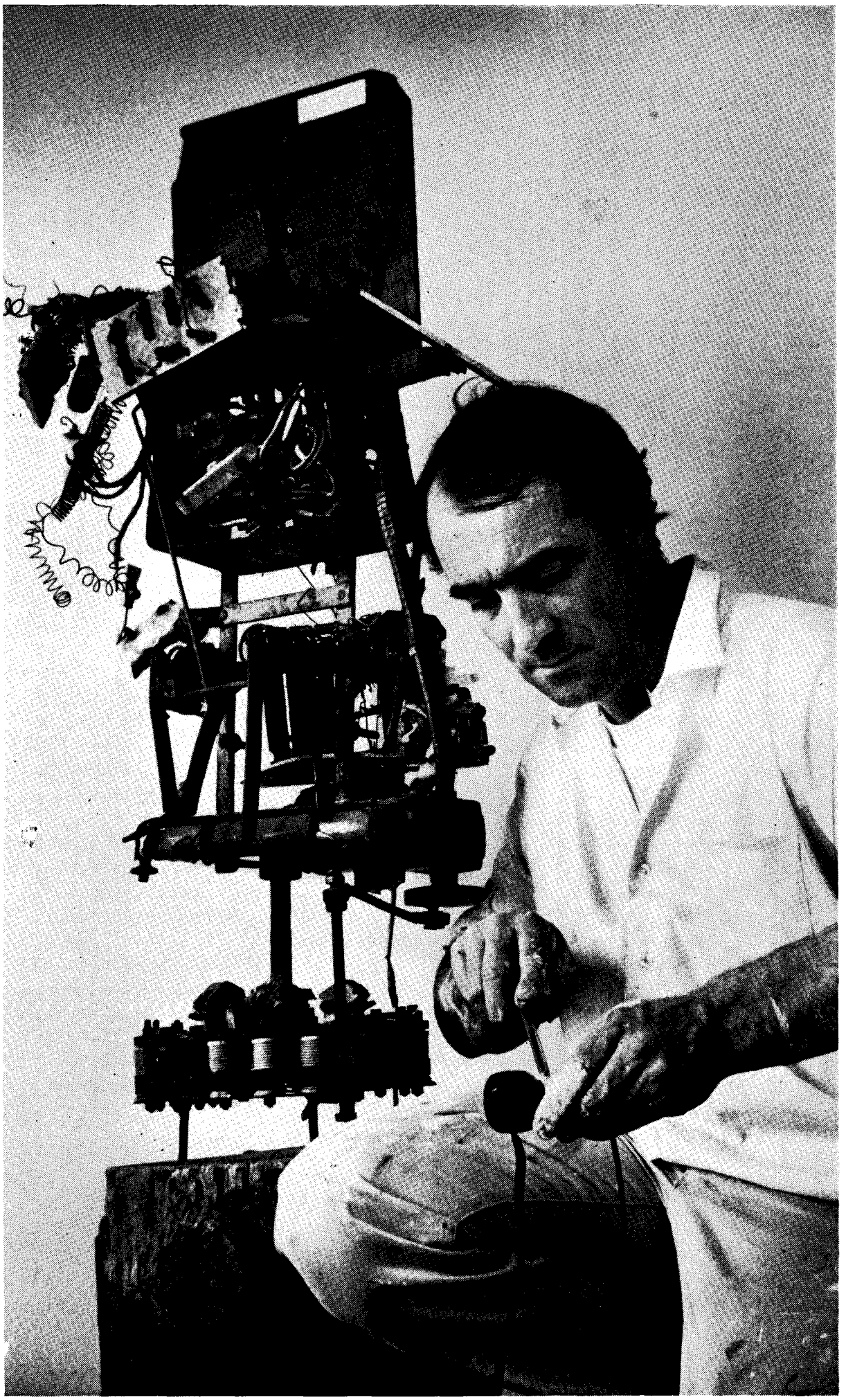

The metamatician with his Totem No. 2 (Wildman). *"These things are serious for me," Tinguely says. He festoons chunks of scrap iron with jiggly springs, then hooks the whole business to a motor.*

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EDITORIAL

What's in Sacrifice?

John F. Kennedy, like most of the rest of us, finds himself beset with troubles. The recalcitrant Russians won't budge on disarmament, which the President has called his greatest disappointment. Congress won't pass the Administration's education bill, and his plan to give the old folks more medical care may be doomed too. The Alliance for Progress is floundering because the rich Latin Americans don't want to pay taxes or let go their land. The fallout-shelter program is a bust.

In fact, the Kennedy record, though it has included a few surprising successes (the tax bill, for one), has been quite spotty. The President is a keen enough politician to know that in several instances he is doomed to failure this year, but he continues to build for the next.

One Kennedy scheme, the Peace Corps, has been a success almost without qualification. When it was created in March, 1961, skeptics put it in the harebrained category. They called Peace Corps volunteers everything from "the kiddie corps" to "another set of hit-and-run do-gooders in Bermuda shorts and button-down shirts." General Eisenhower described it as a juvenile experiment designed solely to spend money. A learned professor said it revealed the twin American weaknesses, naïveté and arrogance, and tended to simplify "the whole matter of international relations." Also, nepotism reared its inelegant head when the President named his brother-in-law, Sargent Shriver, to run the Corps (even though he gets only a dollar a year).

But Jack Kennedy made a deep impression with the most memorable line of his inaugural address: "Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country." Young people volunteered in droves who were willing to help in disease-ridden, backward countries for a delayed paycheck of seventy-five dollars a month. After a course of training they turned up in Colombia, in Ghana, in Thailand, to work side by side with the people of these countries, teaching, mapping roads, draining swamps, working on farms and fighting disease. As President Kennedy directed, they did the same work, ate the same food and spoke the same language as the people they came to serve. The Corps survived an early incident set off by a twenty-three-year-old corpswoman who carelessly mailed a postcard in Nigeria which told her boy friend about the "squalor" of the country. It became the most widely publicized postcard in history. The president of Nigeria quieted the storm by forgiving her and requesting more of the American volunteers.

Last month as the Peace Corps reached its first birthday the House Foreign Affairs Committee unanimously approved a request to double its budget. By then the Corps was a thousand strong, and an average of 250 Americans a week were offering themselves for the hard lot of a patriotic missionary. A year from now Sargent Shriver, who has proved an excellent director, expects to have 5000 in the field, one tenth as many as have been requested by the forty countries which have applied for volunteers. Understandably, Mr. Shriver says he can't fill all these requests so quickly without diluting "the spirit, the dedication and the quality that we now have."

Since imitation is universally recognized as the sincerest form of flattery, the Peace Corps could feel flattered when three groups of young Communists from Poland, China and Czechoslovakia turned up in Afghanistan to work under the name "Peace Corps." In English.

There is a lesson for President Kennedy and for all of us in his most successful experiment. Sacrifice is an ennobling virtue, as millions of Americans have observed in wars we have fought. If the President can point the way to us overfed Americans and enlist more of us in useful work in behalf of others, he is certain to be long remembered. But he must devise ways and means to appeal to the finer spirit of us, his countrymen, and show us how we can serve during these years of unmitigated peril.

Perhaps we could all begin by recalling a bit of verse by an Englishman with style. On his last night as British Ambassador to wartime Washington, January 12, 1918, Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice wrote a pledge which Americans might be proud to pledge to their own land:

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no questions; the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

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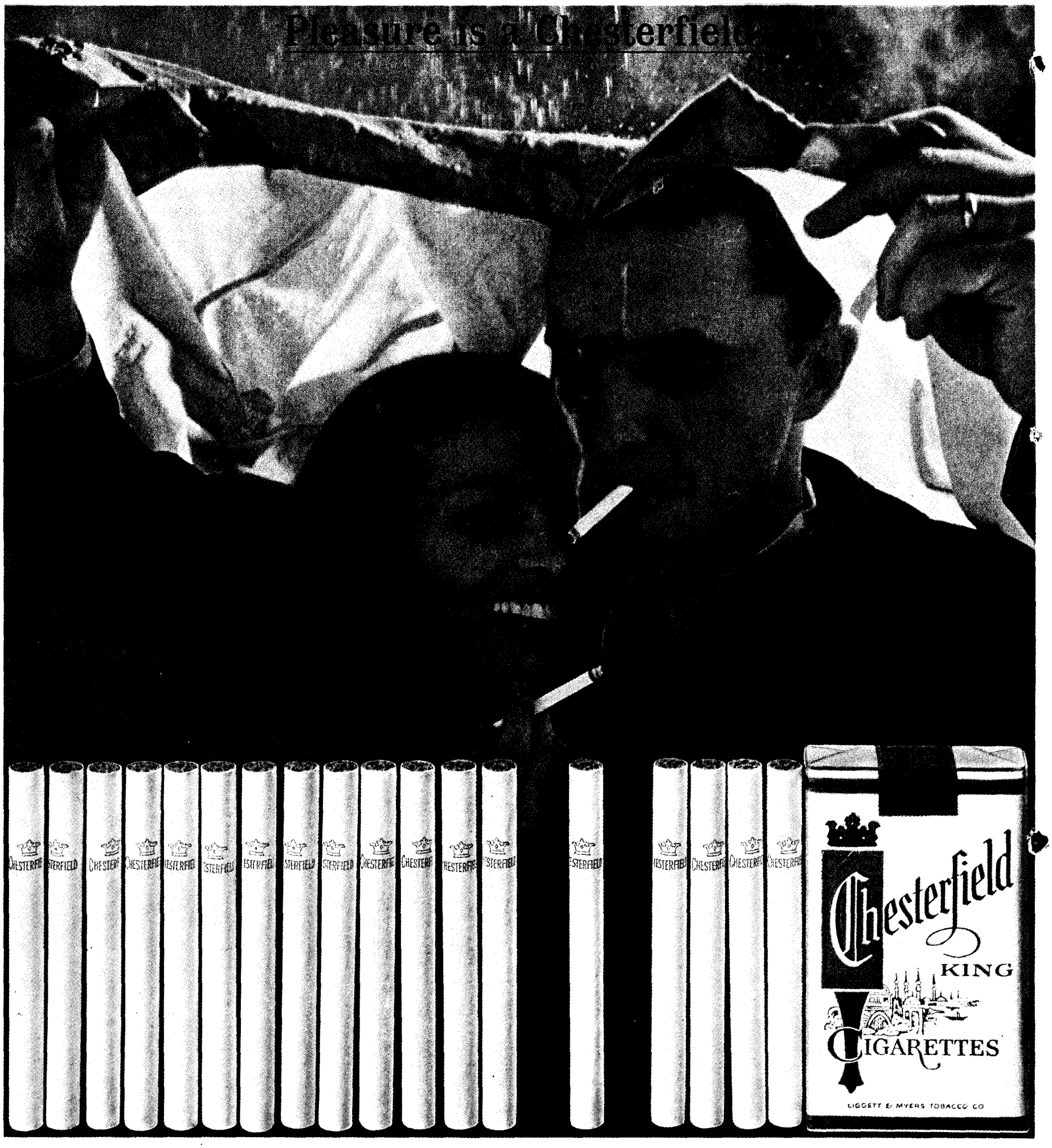

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